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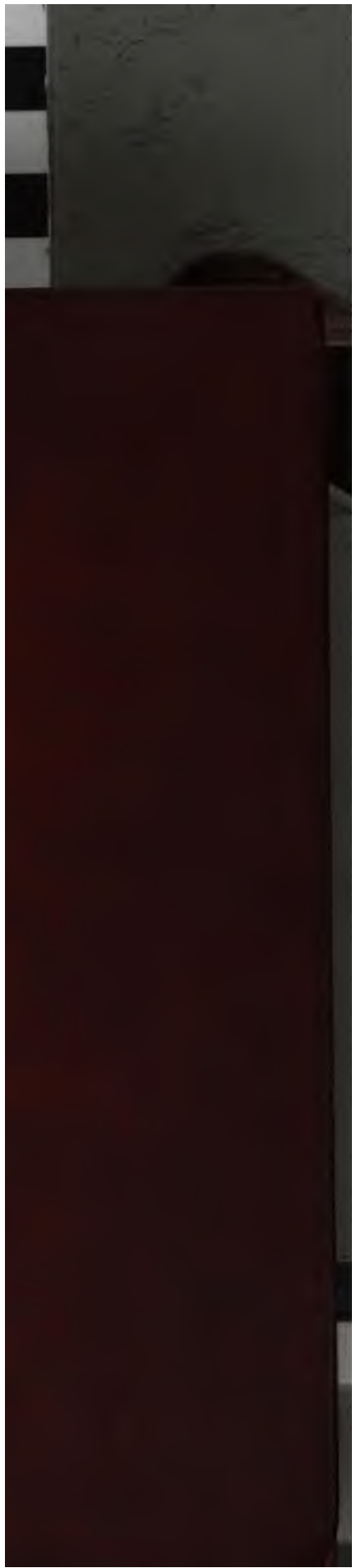
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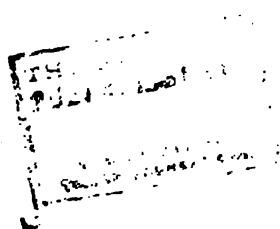
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LEROY E. MOSHER



LEROY E. MOSHER

("HANK WAGONER")

The Stranded Bugle"

AND OTHER POEMS AND PROSE

INCLUDING

"The Eagle"

(ORIGINALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE LOS ANGELES TIMES.)

TOGETHER WITH AN

INTRODUCTION BY GEN. HARRISON GRAY OTIS,

AND

Personal Tributes

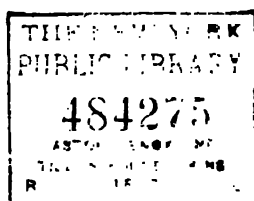
From Former Associates and Co-workers of The Times Staff.

WITH PORTRAIT

The Times-Mirror Company

LOS ANGELES, 1903

A C C





"THE STRANDED BUGLE."

Some Opening Notes.

LEROY E. MOSHER was known to me personally, and was my close friend almost from the time when I first came to California, in 1876, up to the time when he suddenly began that mysterious journey "from whose bourne no traveler returns." My actual acquaintance with him did not, however, begin until 1878. He was then living in Colton, acting in the modest capacity of station agent, telegraph operator and general factotum at the then new railway station under the shadow of San Geronio Mountain.

I was early attracted by his quaint and unique writings in a local newspaper, and especially by that exquisite and incomparable bit of verse, "The Stranded Bugle," first published in *The Aldine*, and republished many times in California journals. These exquisite lines are found in this volume; they will not die, but live, because of their beauty, grace and admitted poetical merit.

Mr. Mosher and I first met at Santa Barbara in 1878. At that early day we used to talk together with fond enthusiasm about a possible ideal newspaper venture in Los Angeles at some indefinite time in the impenetrable future, yet not daring to predict that we would ever realize our dream or see here the strong young city that has grown up in twenty-five years. It was then that I first obtained an insight into his tender heart, genial nature and perennially bright humor—an insight which never failed me, and the accuracy of which was confirmed by the long personal relationship which

W. W. M. Mosher, June 4, 1910

Opening Notes

ensued. That relationship was not merely personal and social; it was also journalistic and business; and through it all he proved to be the true man, the steadfast friend, the lovable companion, the willing co-worker, the honorable gentleman. These testimonies it is my duty and pleasure to give here.

His character, work and personality were not of the ordinary; they were pronounced in their qualities. He had pursued a somewhat varied business career, and had occupied numerous responsible positions in the railway service and in other lines of activity; but he came to be known chiefly as a newspaper worker of rare gifts and distinct achievements. He commanded a literary style distinguished for strength, beauty, versatility, brilliancy. As a correspondent and reporter of great national conventions he won a distinct place among the foremost descriptive writers of the country. His convention work was always read avidly by the thousands of delighted readers who followed him in the columns of the journal which he served so well. As a poet he wrote not so voluminously, but what he wrote had the poetic fire and grace of a natural builder of verse. His poems were mostly high in sentiment, sometimes written in dialect style, often humorous, and occasionally deliberately *outré*. Foremost among them are the superb lines whose title I have quoted herein.

As an editorial paragrapher his work was abundant, vigorous and almost invariably good. His paragraphs had pungency, sparkle and originality, and a penetration all their own, and were not surpassed by the similar work of any contemporary editorial writer.

When he undertook more serious editorial writing he accomplished it with force and effect, excelling also in this line. His work won wide and keen attention. "The

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Eagle," appearing regularly in The Times during so many years, was universally popular. It is copiously quoted from in this volume. The peculiar character and style of this feature gave free scope for his talent for saying patriotic, pathetic, humorous and sentimental things in an original and happy way. He wrote "The Eagle" with clearness and force, as well as with swing, spirit and dash, always going to the core of his subject, and never leaving the reader in doubt as to his meaning.

He could always be counted upon to stand fast, and never to stampede, when it became necessary for his journal to meet a sudden wave of popular disapproval hurled against it for some real or imaginary reason.

He was rapid and prolific, and wrote well under stress—the stress of limited time and exigent circumstances—when occasion required. This quality was especially shown in his great convention reports, written in the moil and under the strenuous surroundings of mighty national gatherings, where everything was hot and at high pressure. His descriptive dispatches won high place in the political literature of the time. In nearly all his work he wrote optimistically, in a blithe mood, with joy and hope bubbling over.

A soldier in his early youth, a boy bugler in the Kansas cavalry, who had left parents and home, long before he was eligible to enlist, for the purpose of fighting under the flag to which his young heart was devoted, he showed himself to be an ardent lover of his country and her matchless standard—an American in whose soul burned the fires of an enduring patriotism. He served with honor throughout the War of the Rebellion as a private soldier; and when the war with Spain came on he became possessed of an ardent ambition to again don the uniform and rally on the colors—to take the



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field and fight again for Old Glory; but the fates were against him — he could not go to the front. Instead, he remained at his editorial post, which I had committed to him with trust and confidence upon my departure for the field in the Far East. At that post, during my entire absence, he performed his daily tasks with intelligence, zeal, fidelity and enthusiasm, and with an eye ever upon our soldiers fighting upon distant foreign soil for the honor of the American arms and for the enforcement of the national authority. With loving enthusiasm and unceasing interest he followed our armies in Cuba and the Philippines; and I, who had the honor to serve with the colors beneath the ardent sun of the Orient, was always conscious that my true friend Mosher was with me in heart and memory; that he was, in his mind's eye, tracing our voyages, marches, campaigns and actions with unabating interest, and that he recorded our successes with the military intelligence, pride and exultation of a soldier who had learned war on the larger fields of that mighty conflict which shook the nation and the world a third of a century before.

Personally, Mosher was genial, loyal and lovable to a degree. His personality was sunshine itself. He was absolutely devoted to his family and friends. His was a hopeful, optimistic and cheery nature. He loved beauty in Nature and Art, and the soul of a poet resided in his gentle breast. He possessed a manly and chivalric nature, scorning, with a fine scorn, meanness, falsehood, deceit, cowardice and dishonesty. Possessing a tender and affectionate disposition himself, his heart responded with alacrity to every evidence or sign of friendship and affection on the part of those whom, through close personal contact, he had learned to trust. He was a steadfast friend, a generous associate, an always dependable



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worker in the devoted phalanx of the Los Angeles Times, whose members, standing back to back, have slowly and steadily built this journal up from nothing to the recognized position it occupies today in the broad field of American journalism.

He possessed an independent mind, and had the courage of his convictions. He was a delightful companion — one who was a joy as a comrade, as a staff worker, as a host or guest, or as a fellow-camper in our Californian woods and mountains. His heart was so gentle and generous, his friendships so true and steadfast, that he failed not to attach himself, as with hoops of steel, to those near unto him. It was his habit to give unstinted praise to others in the service who did good newspaper work; and he was immeasurably generous to her whom he knew throughout the years, whose poetic soul he could fathom, but who no longer serves with “ours.”

With unaffected sincerity, and with a grateful heart, I here acknowledge my many obligations to Leroy E. Mosher in his lifetime. I bear willing testimony to the close friendship and satisfactory relations which subsisted between us for more than a quarter of a century as personal friends, business associates and co-workers in a common cause.

Others of his journalistic associates and personal friends have been invited to write of him — for they knew him, toiled by his side, and loved him — and their tributes are printed with mine in this book, the purpose of which is to preserve, in more permanent form, some of his many meritorious newspaper productions.

His untimely taking off was inexpressibly sad. He went before his time, and his friends and the world are



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distinct losers because he is no longer upon earth.* The clarion notes of the sweet songs he sang in his lifetime will not die out. As he himself wrote in "The Stranded Bugle":

"I hear that last note ringing yet,
Like cry of lost one far away,
Adrift and drifting past recall;
I fancy it may be a soul —
Perhaps the soul of melody!

So let it drift, and sink, and swell
With every motion of the deep!
The bugle hangs against my wall.
And when I will, I'll send once more
A blast upon it to the sea,
To keep the lost one company."

Peace be to his translated soul in what, let us hope, is its better environment on the shores of the mysterious Beyond!

HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

*This gifted man and brilliant journalist died by his own hand on the sands of the seashore at Santa Monica on the afternoon of February 23, 1904.



TRIBUTES OF CO-WORKERS.

I.

It has been said that no epigram contains more than a half truth. Most writers have learned how much easier it is to say striking or pungent things if one leaves fairness and candor out of the equation, than to mark a hit and at the same time hit the mark. But after reading one of the epigrammatic paragraphs of our companion, Leroy E. Mosher, you heard the "spang" of the bullet that had struck the iron of the bull's eye.

It always seemed to me, in following the work of Mr. Mosher as a paragrapher and newspaper essayist, that its most conspicuous characteristic was its good sense, a quality in which many brilliant men and most brilliant women are obviously deficient. The intense partisan of this cause or that generally sees only one side of a thing. Study the daily outgivings of the average writer or speaker and you find that he really has but one point of view. If we closely examine ourselves when we sit down to give some expression to our thought and observation, we are apt to discover that we have a squint. That is why we often fail to hit the antagonist with our shaft, or we strike against some point in his armor that we had overlooked and from which the barb harmlessly rebounds. Again, it is the fault of many, in the desire to attract the attention of a jaded and elusive public, to say freakish, bizarre and empty things, without regard to aim. But there was an honest purpose in every paragraph I ever knew Mr. Mosher to write; it expressed a conviction; it embodied a broad human understanding, however trivial its theme may have been. To write as Mosher wrote, a man must have lived, as well as thought; his keenness of vision must have come from much seeing.

A narrow man, capable of discerning only a few of the many considerations entering into the adjustment of a problem, scatters chaff that the first wind blows away. A man of Mr. Mosher's comprehensive grasp and common sense sows seed that drop into human hearts and bring forth fruit in their season. No matter how strong a man may be, he cannot touch unless he has the human quality. A writer, too, may wear the smile of gentleness and may possess the art of pathos, but without the leaven of good

Tributes of Co-workers

sense, he spoils. And so it seems to me that first of all among the many admirable traits of our friend Mosher must be put his strong common sense, that enabled him to feel deeply, to view broadly and to aim true.

This sense was apparent in the melting things he said, as well as in the biting things. Mosher well knew how to bring a tear—a tear that he felt himself; but is there anything shoddier or less lasting than pathos misdirected? To sensitive souls there is nothing more abhorrent than rant. True, this false coin passes among the masses; they seldom stop to ring it; we see it accepted from the stage and from the pulpit; but the abiding spirits of the world of letters and of speech are not the meretricious, and the discerning minds are those whose judgments stand. Mr. Mosher spoke to men and women who think deeply and look beneath the surface. The hard sense underlying his epigram, his imagery, his picture-painting—is not this the thing that stays with you?

In his human sympathies, Mr. Mosher was Shakespearean. He touched all the chords of the great human organ. He used every stop from the piccolo to the diapason. He could thrill; he could hush; he could charm. But it ever seemed to me that he was at his best when evoking the homely conviction of right and wrong and awakening a sweet reasonableness within us. He could sweep one with his enthusiasms, through which flowed the warm blood of his own genuine heart; but what one seized and treasured, after all, was the hard gem that sparkled in the current of his impetuosity.

May I say that this jewel, Mr. Mosher's common sense, was so appealing because so uncommon?

HARRY E. ANDREWS.

II.

If I were asked to say what I remember as the most striking characteristic of Leroy Mosher, I should answer, without hesitation, "He was a lovable man." During the ten years or more that I was in somewhat close contact with him, I do not remember a single occasion upon which he used harsh or unkind language toward anybody. He gave out emanations of joy and good will, so that a man felt better and happier for coming into his presence.

Tributes of Co-workers

Perhaps you consider this a comparatively small matter. Nay; not so! In these strenuous days, when the struggle of life is so fierce, we who are engaged in moulding public opinion, in aiding the wheels of commerce to revolve and the wilderness to blossom, too often are inclined to become sombre, and abrupt, and inconsiderate toward those with whom we are brought into daily contact. Many of the great men of history are largely the gainers by the distant view we have of them, for their personal lives might not bear close inspection. There was, for instance, the poor dyspeptic Carlyle, who has given such great and valuable works to the world. Yet he made life a hell to his patient wife. It is not always those to whom stately monuments are raised that live longest in the hearts of those who have known them. Be assured that when the recording angel balances up the good and the bad that a man has done on earth, he will give as much credit to the kindly word and the cheering smile as to a great mechanical invention or the winning of a battle.

Mosher possessed a remarkable faculty. He was ambidextrous. He could take a pencil in each hand, and in that stylish, copperplate writing of his, dash off a sentence simultaneously, writing the one forward and the other backward, each perfect. I have sometimes thought that this was typical of his versatile nature. For he was an ideal newspaper man, knowing something of everything, although perhaps not deeply versed in any one thing. He was level-headed in all matters where his own personal affairs were not directly concerned, and remarkably quick in perception. It required no surgical operation to get a joke into his head.

It looks like a satire upon human life that this sweet-hearted man, who wrote the names of his enemies on sand and of his friends on marble, to whom scores of willing hands would have been stretched out, had he but spoken the word, should have gone so prematurely hence into the Great Unknown. May God rest his soul!

HARRY ELLINGTON BROOK.

III.

Let me speak of Leroy E. Mosher as man, as friend, as fellow-worker.

First of all, he was a Man in the best and noblest sense of the word. His manhood was sincere, undeviating, fundamental.

Tributes of Co-workers

It was not a veneer. It came from within. It was the outward symbol and manifestation of a soul that was truly great; great in the majesty of simplicity, of uprightness, of loyalty to principle, and of instinctive adherence to the right.

In the soul of this man there was no pretense. It was too full of love to have in it any hypocrisy. His nature was so gentle that he could not be unjust; so just that he could not be unkind. Yet with all his gentleness, with all his inherent sweetness and wholesomeness of character, strength and firmness were not lacking. His manifold and multiform sympathies did not degenerate into weakness. The firm foundation of manhood upon which his character was builded held him securely above the weaknesses that are belittling.

The character of this man whom we all so loved and honored was a mine of pure, unminted gold — opulent, exhaustless, growing richer and deeper in proportion as it was drawn upon for sympathy, and hope, and the love that conquers all.

As a friend, Mosher was the heart and soul of loyalty. He followed with loving fidelity the admonition of Polonius to Laertes —

“The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.”

Among the long, long list of friends who loved him as their *alter ego*, not one can be found to say that he ever betrayed or forgot the sacred trusts of friendship. The writer will remember with deep thankfulness, to the end of life, that his was the good fortune to be counted as one of these. Between man and man there is no holier tie than the altruism of genuine friendship. All that man can find in the heart of man to love and honor, the friends of Leroy E. Mosher found in his faithful and generous heart.

As friend and fellow-worker, the writer could tell of a thousand kindnesses, of consideration that had in it no thought of self, of cheery words that go so far to brighten and uplift the lives of those who hear them. His greeting was always “Brother.” If he had sorrows — and who has not? — he did not weakly yield to them nor utter complaint.

He set himself cheerfully and resolutely to do the work to which Duty called him. The esteem in which he was held is

Tributes of Co-workers

not expressible in words. The thought that we shall see him in life no more cannot all be minted into terms of speech.

Farewell, Brother; and may peace be with you forevermore!

"Friends, this frail bark of ours, when sorely tried,
May wreck itself without the Pilot's guilt,
Without the Captain's knowledge."

THEO. M. CARPENTER.

IV.

It was my privilege to serve on The Times for quite a long period almost directly under the late L. E. Mosher. I had known him in quite an intimate way for years. My opinion is that it was in such relations as we bore in the way of superior and subordinate that we knew Mr. Mosher best. His nature was sunny and kindly far beyond the average. He had as little asperity and acidity in his disposition as any man I ever knew in close friendship. This brightness and kindness of his nature came out to those under him, perhaps more than to those on his own level or to his superiors in position. In all the trials which beset the path of the reporter in the discharge of his duties, L. E. Mosher always held out both hands in encouragement and practical helpfulness. He never condemned without a full hearing, and when patiently and kindly he had sifted the matter to the bottom, no matter who stood behind the attack on the reporter, if he could show honesty of purpose and diligence in the work he had done, he was safe. Where a man made a slip he always treated the matter with forbearance, but always exacted greater care in the future. The hand of his discipline was laid on lightly and kindly.

His talents in the newspaper world were by all recognized as very high. He was a diligent user of his own talents, and made the utmost of each of them. He expected in a liberal measure that those whose duty it was to co-operate with him in the arduous task of getting out a newspaper whose motto is "All the news all the time" would realize that earnest, persistent and wisely-directed effort were essential every hour of every day in the year. He was not a commander who stood back and said to those in the ranks, "Go in, boys, and win." His cry was ever, "Come on, boys, and win." That spirit secured for him honest service from every man on the staff.

Tributes of Co-workers

L. E. Mosher had high ideals of American citizenship. The patriotic impulses which led him in his boyhood to risk his life on the battlefields of his country continued with him through life and made him ever watchful over all that threatened to stain the honor of his country or his State. For he was an ardent Californian in his appreciation of the grand possibilities of this commonwealth. He realized how great a responsibility rested on a newspaper, and never allowed its columns to be prostituted to corrupt influences in politics or business.

Mr. Mosher's temperament was in a large measure that of the poet. His affections were of the warmest, and I think it may be said that he never failed a friend, much less those who had a claim on his heart for its best love. And dreamer though the poet may be, the fancies which flocked thick through his brain never dimmed his vision to the practical, prosaic side of life. His training in the railroad service was the most rigid from the business point of view, and no matter how much the scintillations of the imagination might flash before his mental vision, they never dazzled him so that he lost sight of the substantial realm of hard facts in the every-day and work-a-day world.

G. W. BURTON.

V.

There are some persons whose dispositions are so amiable and guileless that one feels at ease with them and pleasantly impressed on first acquaintance. Such a man was Leroy E. Mosher. To look into his eyes inspired confidence and friendship. He seemed to regard every one from the best standpoint, and to take it for granted that all were worthy of his confidence. Even when convinced to the contrary, he was loath to acknowledge it, and more sorrowful than embittered.

During the many years of our acquaintance, I cannot recall a single instance where Mr. Mosher uttered an unkind word or indulged in a pceevish remark, even when under pressure in a strenuous moment.

At a very tender age our friend lost his mother, and the little home to him became a sad memory. Times were hard. Border warfare was ravishing Kansas. Grown men were fighting, and women and boys were working. Young Mosher was placed among neighbors to help in farm-work; in plant-

Tributes of Co-workers

ing time he toiled behind the team and plow among the clods of a Kansas cornfield; and during the dreary winter days he stood in the snow and husked corn.

Such was our friend's boyhood; but even then he was learning from Nature the lessons of life, and absorbing the inspirations that made him the patriot, the poet and the rounded-out man.

Leroy E. Mosher was descended from a long line of distinguished ancestors, who emigrated from France in the Seventeenth Century and located in England. They were prominent Protestants, and are supposed to have gone to England to escape religious persecution. A son of one of these immigrants was a man of superior business talents and became a member of the East India Company. He was sent by the company to Calcutta, where he amassed a large fortune. He subsequently returned to England and was made a baron. He died childless, and efforts have been made by American descendants to secure the property. A number of descendants of other branches of the family subsequently came to the United States and became distinguished in the ministry or in the army. A number were prominent officers in the Revolutionary War and friends of Washington. Capt. John Mosher's commission was signed by John Hancock. He had two brothers killed in the battle of Bunker Hill, and when Gen. Warren was wounded in that battle he fell into Capt. Mosher's arms, where he died.

Good bye, old friend! May we meet on the other side!

"The good, the brave, the beautiful!
How dreamless is their sleep,
Where rolls the dirge-like music
Of the ever-tossing deep!

Or where the mournful night-winds
Pale Winter's robes have spread
Above the narrow palaces in
The cities of the dead!"

ALBERT MCFARLAND.



NOTE.

The reproductions which are here taken from the writings of Leroy E. Mosher necessarily take a wide range, and hence no attempt has been made at continuity or at classification of subjects, beyond arranging the matter under the general subdivisions of "The Eagle," Poetry, Prose, Editorials and Editorial Paragraphs, with suitable sub-headings over special articles on a variety of subjects.

Some of the descriptive matter, particularly that relating to great political conventions held in the past, may possibly be regarded by critics as not exactly timely; yet it is appropriately reproduced here on account of its style and graphic qualities, and with the additional object of marshaling in review the great public events of the past with which the author dealt through his brilliant pen.

For reasons equally candid, there has been no studied suppression of political or partisan utterances by the outspoken journalist during his service with the Los Angeles Times. He wrote earnestly, with admirable candor, and without malice; and it is therefore considered the fairer way to faithfully reproduce, without excuse or apology, what he wrote and as he wrote it, as far as his writings are republished here.



Poems.

THE STRANDED BUGLE.

Written about 1877. Reprinted from *The Aldine*. Reproduced
in many different journals.

One eve, I, musing, paced the sands
That skirt a shore where sets the sun,
Where every ripple of the sea
Is warm as kisses, love to love;
I listened to the droning waves —
The lace-like waves which fret and lave
The tinted shells upon the beach.

Among the jetsam washed ashore
I found, deep in a sea-weed bed,
A bugle, with the rime of years
Corroded, tarnished, long since dumb.

I paused, and, wondering whence it came,
Stooped down and took it from the sand.

Long, long before, I, young, had stood
Where armies gathered and advanced,
Where sabers clanked and trumpets blared,
And I had been a bugler then.
I dipped the mouthpiece in the sea —
I dipped the bell into the sea —
I washed its battered, brazen throat,
Then held to lip and flung a blast
Out on the pulsing, starlit air.

The long-hushed bugle woke and rang
A limpid cadence 'long the shore,
Which drifted out to sea, and came
In ripples back upon the waves,

The Stranded Bugle

Which rocked its echoes back and forth
From cliff to cliff — against the crags —
Far up the heights, around and 'round
As though it pealed, "I'm found, I'm found!"

I blew again, a softer note,
Though full, which rang along the land —
Rang full, and clear, and sweet, and far ;
I thought (but could it swell so high?)
I heard it echo 'gainst a star,
Then drop into the placid sea,
A strain of perfect melody.

I hear that last note ringing yet,
Like cry of lost one far away,
Adrift and drifting past recall ;
I fancy it may be a soul —
Perhaps the soul of melody!

So let it drift, and sink, and swell
With every motion of the deep!
The bugle hangs against my wall,
And when I will I'll send once more
A blast upon it to the sea,
To keep the lost one company.

ODE

TO OUR HEROES, RESTING.

I.

How sweet they sleep, our heroes,
Each like a babe upon its mother's bosom,
Lulled by the silken rustle of her robe.

II.

No bugle startles them at night
When high and far the white moon
Seems shouldering her way among the stars;

And Other Poems and Prose.

No throb of drum frets them into effort —
No clank of saber and no shriek of shell
Pierces the weight of silence lying
Upon their pulseless hearts.

III.

Dawn creeps over the hilltops,
And with its ruddy light
Smiles on the dew-gemmed grasses
And kisses the fragrant meads;
Yet still our brave sleep on.
No neigh of steed nor voice commanding
Reaches the changeless quiet where they lie.

IV.

Clouds gather, and the dun sky
Weeps above their faces; the rain
Gullies the knolls that show us
Where they're resting; across the
Forests and the fields the wind sweeps,
Sobbing in the trees like mourners
In the streets; yet still they slumber on,
Our brave whose hearts are hushed.

V.

Absent in the farther Southland,
Amid the marshes and dark morasses —
By the rivers drifting to the sea —
Upon the mist-crowned mountains, where
Gaunt pines like spires pierce the upper air,
They rest in unknown graves.
No shifting bayonets gleam in the
Summer sun — tho' were it so
They could not know — their hearts are hushed.

VI.

Yet once was war! That awful noun
Of fire and death! Long, gleaming lines
Of steel threaded the land. The wheels



The Stranded Bugle

Of cannon made furrows in the fields
Where once the song of birds
Flooded the pulsing space; a bugle's trill
Rent the glad air of morning, and night
Was born amid its brazen echo.

VII.

With lance and sword, with musket and carbine,
Columns wheeled into place; around the
Gilded eagles and the flaunting flags
The battle swirled, and brave men
Fell from the lead-swept ranks
In death upon the field of honor.

VIII.

And these, and those who died since
Peace came crowning all with laurel,
Robe we in the sweetest flowers of spring.
Upon their quiet graves we lay
Roses and lilies and blossoms blue,
The blended colors of the flag they bore.
The sunlight glitters on our tears
For them, the truest, bravest, best of earth,
As all alone we leave them, sleeping,
Each like a babe upon its mother's bosom,
Lulled by the silken rustle of her robe.

THE THIRTIETH OF MAY.

Time on his golden rosary another year has told,
And the camp grounds on the hillsides show the graves grown
manifold,
As our soldiers fall from the ranks of life to be in heaven
enrolled.

For God's great regiments go on recruiting every day,
As the heroes of the Union on Death's rapids drift away;
We scarcely know how fast they go till the thirtieth of May.



And Other Poems and Prose.

But, ah! we count our losses then as we stand above the dead
And see the multiplied mounds of earth and hear the roster read,
The while the blossoms of May we heap above each lowly bed.

Under the silent guard of stars they sleep thro' the quiet nights;
Their eyes no more will see the valleys blaze with battle lights,
Nor watch the flashing signals on the giddy mountain heights.

Stacked in the armories are their guns, their sabers are red with
rust,
And youth's unheeding laughter floats and ripples above their
dust,
Forgetful of that epoch when the nation was in their trust—

When they stood on Freedom's battle fields in the mad world's
maddest war,
And died that the flag might bear no stain nor lose a single star—
Died that no longer on limb of slave the gyve might leave a scar.

And whenever I hear the throbbing drums and the wailing bugles
play,
I think of the "unknown" sleeping in the Southland, far away,
With never a flower upon their graves this thirtieth of May—

Their couches made where the rivers drift, or among the cypress
trees
Which from the bayous' waters lift their gnarled and knotty
knees—
The only requiem over them the sighing of the breeze.

And my thoughts run on to the starving men in the prison pen's
stockade,
Looking death calmly in the eyes, fearless and undismayed—
Now lying asleep forevermore beneath the pine tree's shade.

And when I heard the drums today and the wailing bugles play,
I said: "No comrade shall ever stand above their hallowed clay
And read the roster of their names on the thirtieth of May.



The Stranded Bugle

"But, on some grander muster-roll than the dreams of mortals know,

Their names are surely written down in letters of light that glow
As the camp fires glowed in the valleys in the days of long ago.

"And ere we file through the narrow path that leads to the mystic shore,

To bivouac forever where the bugles blow no more,
Here's a rhyme for our men of valor already gone before."

ENVOI.

When the last button vanishes from the garish light of day,
And we lie on the sloping hillside sleeping the years away,
May some sad voice our roster call each thirtieth of May.

A PLEA FOR THE VETERANS.

From column headed "The Wagoner Column — Brief Installments of Sense and Sentiment."

[I wonder if this favored city has heard that there is a movement on foot to build a Veterans' Home for the poor old, worn-out boys in blue who on the plains of Mexico and upon the battle fields of the rebellion poured out their blood that we might have a Union today. . . . This theme has touched me somewhat in a tender place and suggests these lines:]

In '61 and '2 and '3, when there was called to rally

Brave men to keep our flag afloat in Freedom's sunny air,
A loyal host responded, and from hill, and plain, and valley,
They filled the gleaming lines of blue amid the trumpet's blare.

From sea to sea the long roll beat — each fair home's hope and blossom —

A hundred times ten thousand of the flower of the land
Went out to meet the enemy for God and human freedom,
Each man a cheer upon his lips, his sweet life in his hand.

And Other Poems and Prose.

They never paused to count the cost, nor sweetheart, wife nor
mother

Could hold them back with prayers or tears, but grandly to
the front

They went 'mid crash of music, each man a freedom lover,
And every man a hero bold, to meet the battle's brunt.

In bivouac 'mid fetid swamps they fought the fiend of fever,
In midnight march, at picket posts, they burned their noble
lives.

Worn out they dropped upon the earth, to find in sleep's reliever
Fair dreams of happy northern homes, of sweethearts and
of wives.

But how they fought, and how they marched, and how they
bathed in glory,

Our country's glowing annals tell with blessings to the
world —

Tell how the years with valor shone, in ringing song and story —
That over all debated ground they left our flag unfurled.

They left their footprints on the land, and left their comrades
sleeping

'Mid brake and fell, 'mid dark morass and 'neath the south-
ern pines.

Yes, Death was paid with loyal lives most richly for his
reaping,

For all the Southland billows with their graves in serried
lines.

But some came back — Old Libby's doors flew open to the
ringing

Of the music of the Union, as it sprang from throats of
brass.

But oh! the tattered columns and the empty blouse sleeves
swinging!

And see the tears on women's cheeks a-glitter as they pass!

Yes, some are with us, but you know, kind hearts, that Fortune's
goddess

Pours not upon earth's worthiest ones her blessings and
rewards —

The Stranded Bugle

Those gallant ones whose lives were staked are now adrift and
homeless,

When they should be a people's care — a grateful people's
wards.

No, Golden State! you cannot let their mute plea go unheeded;

But as their decimated lines grow thinner day by day —

As they were prompt to bravely fill their country's ranks when
needed,

So prompt the sunshine of your love should light their home-
ward way.

THE BLOODY SHIRT.

If telling of brave men's heroic deeds,

If telling how they fought and where they fell,

If praises of the starry flag that leads

On Freedom's bloody fields, on plain, in dell;

If glorying in the cause for which we marched,

If telling of the camp fires that we lit —

If this be flaunting of the bloody shirt,

Then make the most of it.

If singing for the Union rhyme on rhyme,

If counting off our vict'ries one by one,

If telling of the thrilling, red war time,

When in the land was heard the noisy drum;

If weeping for our thousands honored, dead

Upon the surging sea — in ghastly rifle pit —

If this be hanging out the bloody shirt,

Then make the most of it.

If telling of the soldier widow's tears,

Whose husband gave his life up for the land;

If singing of the awful, bloody years

When Discord swept the harp with reeking hand;

If telling how black serfdom's chains we broke,

And of the dust these fighting freedmen bit —

If this be flying of the bloody shirt,

Then make most of it.

And Other Poems and Prose.

If telling of the happy northern homes
Made mournful by the bullet and the shell;
If singing for the North in honest tones
And writing down the re-roused rebel yell;
If praises of our heroes be a crime,
I then plead guilty — just here where I sit —
And to the mast I nail the bloody shirt.
Now make the most of it!

—[Colton, 1879.

"OUR PAUPERS IN BLUE."

The Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier is credited with having
used the above expression in referring to Union
veterans of the late war.

Where the thunder of treason's first cannon
Broke the slumbering peace of the world,
And roared 'round the ramparts of Sumter
Until its torn banner was furled,
There is breathed, like the hiss of a viper,
A breath foul as dastard e'er drew,
And its form is the legend laconic,
"Our paupers in blue."

It is said of the heroes of battles
As hot as the furies of hell,
Who, maimed for the flag and the Union,
Yet linger the story to tell —
Whose brothers lie under the starlight,
Asleep till the final review —
It's of *them* that the byword is printed —
"Our paupers in blue."

Thank God! tho', 'twas left for *that* city
To breed from its treasonous womb
A man who could think it and say it;
Let these words be inscribed on his tomb:

The Stranded Bugle

*"He who lies here was stranger to valor;
He sneered at God's blessed and few,
And called them who kept us a nation,
'Our paupers in blue.'"*

But I'd say to him now in these stanzas,
That if these old warriors be poor,
Though sorrow abides with them ever,
And hunger stands gaunt at their door,
It's because, sir, they lost health and vigor
In saving a country for you
Who taunts them as being but paupers —
"Our paupers in blue."

In the rush and the whirl of the era
We haven't forgotten their scars,
And, in memory, yet hear their drum-beat
As they followed the banner of stars;
We think of the ones who are "absent,"
Whose blood flecked the grasses like dew,
And with tears say "They're ours, not yours" —
Our heroes in blue.

Yea, sweet unto us is their hist'ry,
These grandest men mothers e'er bore,
The flower of the age and the nation,
Whose glory shall live evermore;
And until the last one, drifting outward,
Salutes as he bids us adieu,
We hail them, and bless them, and crown them
Our heroes in blue.

—[April 16, 1890.]

NINETEEN REBEL BRIGADIERS.

[“It is generally known that the political changes which have been gradually taking place in our country since the war have culminated in the control of the Congress of the United States by southern Democrats, many of whom were officers of the rebel

And Other Poems and Prose.

army. They come into authority with their old hostility to the North and their old indifference to the Union, shown among other things by their openly expressed wish to see Jeff Davis made a senator of the country he tried so faithfully to destroy. In appointing officers and chairmen of committees they have found room for nineteen ex-Confederate officers and only four ex-Union soldiers! The head of the pension department is an ex-rebel soldier, which would be amusing were it not so aggravating."]

Lo! our Congress has assembled,
And where floats the Stripes and Stars
Sits a host of rebel leaders
Who once cheered the stars and bars.
"Time," 'tis said, "makes all things even,"
And in fifteen peaceful years,
Lo! our capital is "taken"
By the rebel Brigadiers!

Was't for this we scaled the ramparts
Surging with the smoke of hell?
Was't for this we marched and labored?
Was't for this our heroes fell?
Was't for this they starved in prisons —
'Decked ten thousand crimson biers —
That the nation now may honor
Nineteen rebel Brigadiers?

Deep within the damp morasses
Fought we long and fought we well,
While the booming of the cannon
Rang the soldier hero's knell;
High upon the heights we rallied,
Rent the heavens with our cheers,
That the South might send to Congress
Nineteen rebel Brigadiers.

'Twas for this we tramped on picket
Through the night and through the rain;
'Twas for this the country labored,
Heart and hand and throbbing brain;



The Stranded Bugle

'Twas for this that friends were parted —
Wives and sweethearts from their dears —
That today our great (?) lawmakers
Might be rebel Brigadiers.

Though we won the hard-fought battles,
Though we gained the laurel crown —
Still the "blue" is way "off color,"
And our flag hangs "union down,"
It's the "gray" that now is honored,
And this hard fact burns and sears —
That the sum of all our vict'ries
Are these nineteen Brigadiers.

And the ghost of treason once more
Stalks across the saddened land,
While the life blood of our brothers
Drips from either bony hand.
And the Goddess of our Freedom
Shades her eyes to hide her tears,
As the country cries, "Go higher,
Nineteen rebel Brigadiers!"

SINGING SMALL.

Inscribed to the "Confederate Brigadiers" in the Forty-sixth
Congress.

There's a break in the shadow of treason
Which last season darkened the land,
And the voluble Brigadier member
At present is lovely and bland;
No more does he yawp of erasing
The statues inscribed by the sword
Of blue-coated heroes who slumber
In graves 'long our southern seaboard.

He sees that his little diversions —
His pistols and coffee for two —

And Other Poems and Prose.

Are simply but common amusement
For the boys in the jackets of blue;
That we dote on all sorts of heroics —
And he's possibly happened to see
That swords are our regular diet,
Except we have shotguns for tea!

And I doubt not he heard in the autumn
The solid North's resonant boom,
And trembled as each ringing echo
Resounded the crack of his doom!
Saw't his raids in the House and the Senate
Would be met by a resolute foe —
That his coercing game of "starvation"
Was a game that he couldn't make go.

For the people have risen and voted
As one, from the sea to the sea,
That this is a glorious nation
Which flutters the Flag of the Free!
Arose with the sovereign ballot
And voted it just as they shot —
Straight into the eyes of the traitors —
Straight into the eyes, and red hot!

* * * * *

Tho' the bugles are dusty and tarnished,
They hang within reach on the wall,
And when the day comes that they're needed
There are lips will be ready to "call!"
Meanwhile, I am pleased (and the country
In praise of this member joins in),
To congratulate him on the cushion
Which fits so well under his chin.

—[Colton, January 14, 1880.]

The Stranded Bugle

ARMY JIM.

Ever know him —
Little Jim?
Eyes like stars
Were set in him.
Hair like night
When clouds are high,
Drifting lazy
'Cross the sky.

Such a daisy
As was Jim.
When the bullets
Went "bim, bim,"
And when trumpet
Had to blare
"Boots and saddles,"
Jim was there!

Was a bugler —
Such was Jim;
Tenth Ohio,
Comp'ny M,
And at Shiloh
(So they say)
His brass bugle
Saved the day.

Cannons thundered
'Cross the hills,
Blood of heroes
Flowed in rills;
Blue-clad lines
And lines of gray
Tossed like billows
Through the day.

Rank on rank
They charge and fall;
Bayonet
And minie ball

And Other Poems and Prose.

Soak the hillslopes
Deep with blood;
Blue and gray each
Swells the flood.

Down a long slope
Jim's brigade,
Platoons dressed
Like on parade,
Rode at "gallop,"
Sabers high,
Swinging, smiting
Hip and thigh.

'Cross ravine
Like leap of fire,
Through the gray ranks —
Purpose dire —
"Right cut," "left cut,"
"Rear moulinet,"
Flashed they
On their gory way.

Like mad demons
Down they rode,
"Cut" and "parry,"
"Fire!" "Load!"
"Charge!" and "Rally!"
"Platoons wheel!"
See the gray lines
Falter, reel!

"Halt!" Beyond
That clump of trees
See the gray coats!
Swarm of bees
Ne'er was thicker
Than those ranks —
Reinforcements —
Good-by, Yanks!

General saw them;
Turned to Jim:

The Stranded Bugle

"Sound retreat!"
But Jim, blame him,
Kissed his mouthpiece —
Swelled up large —
Then like a clarion
Sounded "*Charge!*"

God of Heaven!
See the Yanks
Smite the half-dazed
Rebel ranks!
See them, like a
Blast from hell,
Hush the taunting
Rebel yell!

Any previous
Charge that day
Had been only
Baby play;
And the troopers'
Guidon flies
Where the conquered
Moans and dies.

Did they hang him,
Do you say?
Jim, who saved
The fight that day?
Hardly, honey!
Shoulder straps
Fit him better'n
Bigger chaps.

And he got 'em,
Pair of "bars,"
But I'll swear
He won two "stars!"
Such a brick!
My eyes just swim
When I think of
Army Jim!

—[1882.

And Other Poems and Prose.

JULY FOURTH.

Read by the author at the celebration in Colton, July 4, 1879.

Hail! once again, the day aflame with glory!
Hail! once again, the day that made us free!
Hail! starry flag that lives in song and story,
And flies today on every sunlit sea.
This side the purple peaks and sky-filled passes —
Amid the valley's bloom, and bud, and song —
We greet our natal day with brimming glasses,
To drink to Freedom as she speeds along.

Across the world her gonfalon advances,
Beneath her blows the iron monarch reels;
In every land there gleam her burnished lances,
And everywhere her golden trumpet peals.
The despot-trodden Russian is uprising —
Germania's hosts are watching on the Rhine —
All eyes look on the priceless thing we're prizing,
And waiting — waiting — only bide *their* time.

Our light is on the world, the gilded scepter
The king holds quaking in his palsied hand,
And to the dark slow glides the gloomy specter
Of iron rule which blasts each blooming land;
Our eagle's plumed for higher reaches sunward,
The stars gleam bright upon our free flag's blue,
And every step is onward yet, and onward —
Up to the heights where rest the brave and true.

Although at times a storm cloud fills our ether,
Though sometimes rings a mad cry in the night,
Our banner floats from sea-washed sand to heather,
And every fold is thrilled with living light.
The heritage won by our bleeding legions
Is prized and guarded by their patriot sons;
All o'er the land — in vale, in mountain regions —
The troops of peace are sleeping on their guns.

Then once again, O patriots! be plighted
To guard more close the high-born rights of man,



The Stranded Bugle

And in the light let Freedom's wrongs be righted,
And press her ensign forward in the van.
Here on this day that lives in song and story—
Here in this land that sleeps beside the sea—
Beneath the flag oft bathed in blood and glory
We'll pledge again our goddess— Liberty.

WELCOME TO GRANT.

It's like painting the God-painted lily
To spend words in a welcome to you,
For the flash of the ocean waves tell it,
And the winds from the mountains of blue!
Every leaf in the emerald forest—
Every bud, every blossoming plant—
Along with each fluttering banner,
Is waving a welcome to Grant!
—[Colton, Cal., September 27, 1879.

A REQUIEM.

Upon the death, in 1878, at Colton, Cal., of his young wife
he wrote.

She lies at rest within her narrow home;
Blossoms she loved upon her heart,
And in her quiet hands
Roses rich and rare;
Jessamine, fragrant and sweet
As was her lovely life.
The morning sun kisses her grave;
The evening shadows of the mighty hills
Fold 'round her tenderly
And lay her, sleeping, in the arms of Night.

And Other Poems and Prose.

IN MEMORIAM.

James Cameron, minister and artist.

Amid the russet ripeness of the year,
Amid the ripened fullness of his prime,
Within the sunset land he fondly loved,
He's fall'n asleep, to wake in fairer clime.

The great, great secret he has learned, and we
Who linger yet this side the shad'wy way
May count his virtues that were gleaming bright
As sun upon the bosom of the bay.

Yea, thick they were as stars in summer nights —
Sown broadcast 'long the pathway of his years.
A gentle heart had he, a kindly way
That mingled joy with joy, and tears with tears.

When sorrow darkened hearth or heavy heart
In these fair homes that are a-cluster here,
His was the voice that never failed to speak
Comfort and love and words of hearty cheer.

To him this scene about us — peak and hill
And sweep of valley — was a poet's song.
A Christian artist, while he worshiped God,
He worshiped beauty through a whole life long.

Yon mountain — San Jacinto — whose blue crest
Upon yon fair horizon seems to lie,
Struck his fancy, and, true artist-like,
He named it as "A poem in the sky."

But down his brush is laid, his work is done,
The hymn is chanted and the prayers are said.
Yet, while we're weeping for his vanished life,
The brave heart only sleeps, and is not dead.

—[Colton, January 11, 1882.]



The Stranded Bugle

A FANTASY.

This scene and the hour are haunting me yet like the ghost of a
beautiful dream —
Of a shadow afloat in a shadowy boat on the shadowy breast of
a stream
Which flows through the star-spangled space that uplifts its arch
in the ambient air,
Till the wind and the sea and the world are all lost on the
limitless ocean of — where?

A FRAGMENT.

The earth pours its perfumes, like wine, on the air, in odors of
orange and rose,
A mocking bird sings from a chaparral near a melodious stave
that he knows —
Sings a song that's as liking and sweet as the tunes that are
played on the viols at night,
Nor hushes till night winds its robe 'round the world and covers
the distance from sight.

A FRAGMENT.

Across the great ocean of Peace in the west the trade winds
drifted and blew,
Out of the deeps a lone star's light struggled slow from the void
into view;
The coppery moon wallowed out of the east, reaching over the
mountains of snow
To filter its mellowish, yellowish light on the blossoming valley
below.
The curtain of gold hanging over the west flashed its radiance
into the town
Till the window-panes flamed like the jewels that gleam in the
front of a majesty's crown —
Each spire was tipped with a globule of gold that bloomed in the
light like a star,
As the Day and the Night bade each other adieu at the dusk of
the horizon's bar.

—[June 30, 1895.

And Other Poems and Prose.

SONG.

Christmas morning, 1878.

Ring out, sweet bells, and make the limpid air
A waving sea of rhythm clear and sweet,
Which, drifting over miles of blooming vales,
Shall break in echoes at the mountain's feet,
And, rising up in chorus sweet and clear,
Resound the holy anthem far and near —
Christmas is here!

Loud in the golden morning ring and wake
The world to gladness and the birds to song;
Ring in the birth of gentle love and faith,
Ring out the death of deadly sin and wrong;
Ring peace on earth, ring till the angels hear
The glorious music rising high and clear —
Christmas is here!

THE YELLOW POPPY.

Gay are the mornings of summer,
Sweet are the roses of spring,
Blithely the meadow lark warbles,
A-tilt on a chaparral swing;
The mountains lean, shrouded in purple,
Over the valleys below,
But naught in the land is so gaudy and gay
As the beautiful poppies aglow.

The orange blooms filter their odor
Across the broad chambers of air,
The orchards are swimming in sunshine,
And beauty is everywhere;
But naught in this land of the summer
So sets all the senses aglow
As the beautiful blooms on the beautiful hills —
The deep yellow poppies ablow.

Gold in the sands of the rivers —
Gold in the rocks and the hills —

The Stranded Bugle

Gold 'neath the sibilant waters
That murmur along in the rills,
But never mine yielded a treasure
So rare as these blossoms I know —
This sunlight imprisoned, abloom in the fields —
The beautiful poppies ablow.

Blow! blow! flutter and glow,
Crowning the hills like golden snow,
Brightest bloom that the breezes know —
Yellow poppies ablow.

THEM SONGS JIM RILEY SINGS.

I don't quite understand why 'tis, but somethin' grabs my heart
And wrings it till the dampness makes my old eyes fairly smart,
But it 'pears to happen ever' time I p'ruse them little things
That's printed in the magazines — them songs Jim Riley sings.

I hear in 'em the chatterin' of the bluejays in the trees,
The noddin' tassels of the corn a-rustlin' in the breeze,
And the cows a-trompin' up the lane with clatterin' bell that
rings,
A-chimin' right in with them songs — them songs Jim Riley
sings.

I seem to see the fences where the chipmunk climbs the rails,
And on the barn-floor hear the poundin' of the farmer's flails,
And in the hazel bushes see the quails whose whirrin' wings
Go a rippin' through the music of them songs Jim Riley sings.

Oh! I tell you, there's no Brownin' business 'bout that kind of
rhyme,
'Nd societies to interpret it 'ld be a waste of time,
But when it comes to searchin' hearts 'nd hidden founts of
things,
You don't get things much searchener 'n them songs Jim Riley
sings.

And Other Poems and Prose.

For it 'pears to be his reg'lar style to get right to the spot
And make a feller show up feelin's that he'd ruther not—
In fact, I have a idee that the angels pick their strings
And jine into the chorus of them songs Jim Riley sings.

THE END OF THE PASSAGE.

There are no flaring torches
Where the passage ends —
Not a glimmer of light,
Nor sound, nor perfume;
Only the dank, moist smell
Of newly-dug earth—a rift
Cut through the greensward —
A ghastly stab in the earth's
Big bosom—a stab that does not bleed.
And all the sons of men —
The daughters of mothers —
Warm-veined, lithe-limbed,
Jocund and debonair,
Who dally day by day
Along the world's rose-leaved carpets,
Through the sunny days
Go down the passage,
Each alone,

And there they wait —
Wait for the years to roll away,
The centuries, the ages, the eons —
There at the end of the passage.
Some there are that go down
That way crowned with
The blessing of youth—the
Sun yesterday glinted and
Shimmered through the tresses of gold.
There were peach blooms in
Velvety cheeks, star-shine in
Twin eyes, and pulses that
Fluttered and danced;
But there, where there is

The Stranded Bugle

Not sight, nor sound, nor
Sun-ray, nor perfume —
Only the dank, moist smell of
Newly-dug earth, they
Wait,

There at the end of the passage.
The curving arm on whose
Warm, supple surface another's head
Has lain in happy peace,
Lulled to blissful quiet
By the throb of a happy
Heart, is all a-cold;
The bloom has vanished
From the cheek of plush,
And the red in the lips has paled;
It is dark there, and quiet,
And lonely,

There at the end of the passage.

—[March 10, 1895.

WHEN ABBOTT SINGS.

The air with harmony is gay
When rosy morning tints the sky,
And birds with lilting carols drift
Through limpid seas of melody.
But never bird-song's half so sweet
As is the melody that rings
Like matin chimes from belfreyed bells —
When Abbott sings.

The world has other queens of song;
Mayhap they're greater in their art;
But music's something more than that
When poured straight from the singer's heart —
Beyond the hypercritic sense,
It leaps to touch the quivering strings
A-cluster in each listener's breast —
When Abbott sings.

And Other Poems and Prose.

I see about her feet the leaves
Of tattered roses — summer's last —
The pathos lingers with me yet
Of that song heard in summers past;
I mind me of its sweet refrain —
The tears its cadence ever brings —
For tears are ever in the songs —
When Abbott sings.

TO MR. AND MRS. C. C. CASTLE.

Crystal wedding, September 18, 1882.

There are "castles of air" that we build while we dream,
To the heights of the stars with a tireless labor,
Yet they're wrecked by a breeze that blows on Time's stream
As it bears on its bosom, friend, lover and neighbor.

There are "castles in Spain" builded gaudy and gay
As the roses that nod in the gardens of beauty —
Yet, frail as the roses, they melt day by day
In the glare that is garish, of doing and duty.

There are castles of stone that are famous in song,
That the romancer touched with the wand of his story;
Sometimes for the right, and again for the wrong,
Across their old thresholds did knights march to glory.

But not of the dreamland's frail castles of air
Would we sing in these stanzas this fond autumn night;
Nor of castles in Spain — nor of castles that rear
Their turrets aloft in exotic sunlight.

But, instead, it's of Castles with hearts warm and tender,
Beating love in each throb with a blessing to earth;
With home life as bright as the glow 'cross a fender
From fire ablaze on the happiest hearth.

Their hands we would grasp with the same hearty greeting
They give to their friends, who are numbered by scores;



The Stranded Bugle

Who, could they but join us in this happy meeting,
Would throng through the hallways and o'erflow the doors!

May their days be as clear as the "crystal" that glitters;
May we all see their weddings of "silver" and "gold,"
And (e'en though the autumn leaves all the earth litters)
The "diamond" day reached with their hearts not yet old.

Still clustering 'round them, the love-chain unbroken,
May they always be blessed with the bounties of earth,
And we pray them accept this, tho' but a faint token,
As the tribute we'd pay to their honor and worth.

THE BLUE AND THE RED.

Inscribed to Confidence Engine Company No. 2, Los Angeles,
May 27, 1885.

Where pennants of flame stream the farthest
Through the night with their terrible glare;
Where the bells, in the belfries a-quiver,
Boom out on the ambient air;
Where the danger is dizzy and awful,
Where eyes are a-kindled with dread,
There rallies the theme of your poet —
The hero in blue, or in red.

He's an everyday hero, but valor
Is not of a time nor a place,
And honor is often withholden
From him we should praise to the face;
So my lyre is tuned to the measure
Tonight of the lustre that's shed
On bravery and brawn all about us,
By heroes in blue, or in red.

The warrior, in song and in story,
Is praised for the battles he's won,
But here is a valorous soldier
Who fights where ne'er thunders a gun.

And Other Poems and Prose.

And no knight of the lance or the saber
Is worthier a place at the head
Of the roll-call of heroes than this one —
Our hero in blue, or in red.

No flame is so fierce 'cross his pathway
But dares he to find a way through;
No parapet towers so high but
It yields him a good point of view;
His ax is the sword of the righteous,
From a conflict he never has fled,
And where he is needed you find him —
This hero in blue, or in red.

Like a meteor flash through the darkness
He speeds where the danger is dire,
And the zeal of the zealot is his as
His eyes greet the billows of fire;
The toppling of walls does not blanch him
As, with life held by slenderest thread,
His ringing cheer pierces the darkness —
This hero in blue, or in red.

As a friend he is steadfast and loyal,
As a lover he's tender and true,
While his ways are the ways of the breezes
That swim 'round the mountains of blue;
His hand-grasp is warm as his heart is,
And we call him "Dick," "Harry" or "Fred,"
But he's always, wherever you find him,
A hero in blue, or in red.

And it's fit that we meet him and greet him
With roses and stanzas of song,
To show that our gratitude reaches
About him with tentacles strong;
So here 'mid the gardens of beauty
We honor him, living and dead,
The fire lad faithful and ready,
Our hero in blue, or in red.

The Stranded Bugle

JOHN CORNING.

The sword clanks not at side
Of all the heroes, and glory's won
On other fields than crimson. Some there are —
And many — who fight great wars
Along the sunlit ways of peace
For justice unto fellow-men, and
Bravely stand upon the heights
Of honor, to do to others well.
Sure these are heroes. And this one,
Stalwart, strong and with a lion heart,
Lies low this day, asleep
Within the lap of Earth.
The deeds he did are peaceful ones,
And blessed are the countless benedictions.

—[Colton, Cal., 1878.

POEM.

Delivered at the dedication of Odd Fellows' Hall, Riverside, Cal.,
Saturday, April 26, 1879.

Picture an arid plain fringed by a shallow stream,
Set round by peaks of purple, blue or gray,
As at the dawn or in the sunset's gleam
Their kaleidoscopic colors rise, then melt away —
An arid plain, drear in its wide expanse,
No bloom or beauty all its presence fills —
Silence is king — no echo breaks its lance
Against the ramparts of the mighty hills.

No bird makes music in the blinding glare,
No welcome verdure greets the weary eye —
Bleak desolation reigns only where
The lone winds drift with melancholy sigh;
A lizard skurries o'er its burning crust,
A squirrel burrows deep within the soil,
And all the land lies deep in tawny rust
Because not blessed by the touch of toil.

And Other Poems and Prose.

When from the east, as wise men did of old,
A noble pair comes proudly, hand in hand —
Labor with brawny arm and Capital with gold —
Who smite the dreary waste of sunburned land.
Each life to each, from early until late,
Together toiled they, each within his sphere.
No sound of strife was then, nor bickering, nor hate;
Today their monuments about us — here.

Here where the cleft plain leads the gentle stream
To quench the thirsting earth on either side;
Here where the sleeping soil awoke, to gleam
With flowered beauty and with fruitful pride;
Here where green fields stretch waving near and far,
Where in the tree the song bird builds her nest —
Where tired day slips 'cross horizon's bar
And drops asleep upon an ocean's breast.

Here where the orange blooms along the way,
Making a bridal of the fruited year;
Here where rose blossoms drift from May to May,
And spend their od'rous richness far and near;
Here where the harvest's always rich and full,
Because man's labor breaks the need of rain;
Here where he sweetly sleeps amid the lull
That comes from rustling of the golden grain.

And hour by hour, as the days glide by,
The desert garden groweth wide and long —
While Sorrow stands apart, and comes not nigh
To lay its hand upon the throat of Song;
And here the noble toilers twain do make
A temple to a trio fair and sweet,
Which here today we come to dedicate,
And lay these tributes at the Graces' feet.

To three fair Graces of a lovely mold,
Who blessed are with a perennial youth —
Friendship that's brave, and Love that ne'er grows old,
And grace of all the Graces — white-robed Truth.

The Stranded Bugle

And may they with you worshiped ever be,
These gentle Graces with the souls divine,
And may we 'mid these fragrant ways e'er see
Them rest and 'bide until the end of time.

THE MUSE AND THE PRESS.

Written for the California Press Association banquet, Palace
Hotel, San Francisco, Thursday, October 9, 1879.

Awake, O Muse! Throw wide the gate
Of song and let the flood pour through,
As pours the ruddy autumn air
From pine-clad mountain peaks of blue.
Come down from thy ethereal height,
And with thy soul this presence bless,
By ringing out a stave of song
In honor of the mighty Press!

The Press! Which flings thy thrilling notes
Like bugle-calls beyond the gray,
Great veil of distance swinging wide,
Which stretches to the break of day!
Beyond yon Golden Gate, whose pass
Is flecked with tossing caps of foam—
Beyond yon blue, sail-studded sea,
Wherever language has a home!

Like wingèd harbingers that fly
Across the fruited garden land,
It takes thy song upon its lips
And echoes it from strand to strand;
It scales the mountain's rocky height—
It leaps the yawning mountain gorge—
It rings it in the ears of men,
Behind the plow or at the forge.

Its messengers are winging on
Amid the ever-sighing pines,
They fly from snow to orange bloom,
And rustle 'mid the gleaming mines;

And Other Poems and Prose.

There is no hamlet placed so far
They do not find a glad ingress —
Then ring, O Muse! Ring out a chime
In honor of the mighty Press!

Tell of its grinding toil — its cares —
How it does battle for the best,
And how in Freedom's chosen land
Its freedom has been ever blest;
Tell how the years bring noble minds
To drive the giant engine on
Along the shining path of gold
Which reaches upward to the Sun!

And with your singing, gentle Muse,
Tell its brave toilers how they may
Bring out the darkest spots of life
Into the flushing of the day;
Bring to its nature some of thine —
Thy lofty faith, thy soul of snow —
Until its fragrance is as sweet
As does from flaming roses blow.

Send forth its knights like knights of old,
With burnished shield and burnished blade,
And nerve each arm to strike straight home
At every cause which Wrong has made!
The time is ripe for noble lives —
For honest men to dare and do —
And there's no lack of schemes and schemes
To drive the gleaming lances through!

Here in this empire by the sea,
That's studded with the gift of gold;
Whose breadth from wave-washed sand to peak
Is filled with blessings manifold,
Hold up the standard, battle on
For better faith to man and man —
Thou gentle Muse and mighty Press,
Whose song and grasp the world doth span!

The Stranded Bugle

A recompense is further set
Up near the golden heights that lie,
Serene, and fair, and thrilled with song,
Close by the overarching sky!
Up where the lustrous crown doth rest —
The dazzling diadem of Fame!
Where Hope full crowned has her reward,
And every hero has a name!

* * * * *

The gentle Muse throws wide the gate
Of song and lets the flood pour through,
As pours the ruddy autumn air
From pine-clad mountain peaks of blue.
Adown from her ethereal height
She comes, this genial hour to bless,
And pledges in this stave of song
"The honor of an honest Press!"

THE MAN WITH THE LITTLE TIN PAIL.

Read by the author at the opening of the Sixth District Fair,
Los Angeles.

The poets have sung of the hero of wars
Since time first began until date;
They have lauded his valor, exploited his scars,
And the blood that he shed for the state;
But mine is the theme of that everyday chap
Who wears neither sword-knot nor mail;
Whose battlefield's everywhere down on the map —
The man with the little tin pail.

In the broad, yellow fields flooded over with sun,
Where the harvester whirs out its song;
Where the ground squirrel flits and the fruited vines run,
And the furrows are many and long,

And Other Poems and Prose.

He follows the wake of the glittering plow
As the snowy foam follows the sail —
This jumper-clothed, valorous hero of now!
The man with the little tin pail.

Where the nerve-racking thrasher high into the air
Casts cyclonic breathings of chaff,
On the spot where the seed-sower late ruled its square
To the tune of the tickled soil's laugh,
He labors with faith in a future benign —
A faith that no creed dare assail —
And on Mother Earth's face he emblazons his sign,
This man with the little tin pail.

In the mines' dizzy deeps, in the winzes and drifts
Where the ore bodies shrink from the view,
He flashes his pick as the creaking cage lifts
The coin, in the rough, up for you.
And where the coal ledges their ebon veins hide
Beneath the tall mountains of grail,
We find him, this base of all wealth, in his pride,
The man with the little tin pail.

In the orchard's dark depths where the golden globes shine,
And the apple trees shed their sweet blooms;
Where the musical mocking bird lilts out his line,
And the corn tassels shake out their brooms,
He holds in fee-simple the sun and the soil
Direct from his Maker's entail,
And the lush harvest reaps as the toll for his toil —
This man with the little tin pail.

In the mills where the whirling wheels tremble and crush,
And the white-heated furnaces glow,
Where thro' chute and conveyor the yellow streams rush,
To be changed to the daintiest snow,
He comes on the scene as a genie in white,
Who walks with a floury trail —
This everyday hero, but not less a knight,
The man with the little tin pail.

The Stranded Bugle

At the forge where the iron bars sputter and flame,
And the steam-hammer's baton beats time,
He creates, for far lesser men, money and fame,
And improves the designer's design;
To the throb of the engine he fashions the kedge,
While the sparks, pouring out their red hail,
Coruscate a salute from this man of the sledge,
This man with the little tin pail.

Not a tower or pinnacle climbs to the sky
But sounds him a pæan of praise;
Not a harvest-wain comes from the fields loaded high
But exalts him and crowns him with bays!
Not a keel cuts a gash on the breast of the blue,
Not a barkentine flutters a sail
O'er the tremulous surge, but exploits him anew,
This man with the little tin pail.

So my rhyme it is tuned to the musical chimes
That the anvil and trip-hammer rings,
Whose cadences beat on the air of all climes
Like the rhythm of harps and of wings;
Enraptured, I see him push into the dawn
A world that without him would fail,
And I pledge in these stanzas that hero of brawn,
The man with the little tin pail.

STAND IN.

**Read at the reception given the Orange Carnival managers by
the Chamber of Commerce.**

In the giddy game of fortune, whether men's or whether towns',
Fate can easily be conquered, never matter how she frowns,
If we all catch on together, absolutely bound to win —
Or, as the street phrase has it, "If we all stand in."

In the 'days when clothes were scant and grub was scarce at
Valley Forge,
And the heroes of the colonies were massed on Father George,
How was it that so easily they shed the monarchial skin?
Why, they simply said, "We'll do it," then they all stood in!

And Other Poems and Prose.

What is it makes Chicago the eighth wonder of the world,
And sends her name resounding where'er our flag's unfurled?
It is just because each resident gets in and makes a din
About the glories of a city where they all stand in.

Look how they stacked the cards and won the World's Columbian
Fair!

See the acres that she covers and how high she is in air!
And it all has been accomplished by the liberal use of "tin,"
Mixed with music of the jawbone and the fact of standing in.

You remember when, the other day, we had a citrus fair,
And talk was had 'bout going east, but the weak ones didn't dare,
Yet the rustler said, "We'll do it," then they let the work begin
Of moving to Chicago, 'cause the nerry ones stood in.

Here lies a land unparalleled beneath the skies of blue,
Whose riches lie within the grasp of every one of you,
But wealth will come almighty slow — and here just stick a pin —
Unless you join the chorus of "We'll all stand in."

Out! out! upon the souls that pinch the eagle till he screams!
May their days be full of scale bugs and their nights be bad with
dreams!

May their brick blocks fail of tenants and their interest rates
grow thin,

Unless they join the rustlers, and every one stand in.

"Stand in!" Yes, that's the shibboleth; in unity is strength;
Let's make the thing unanimous, combine and go our length;
Declare hard times a fallacy, face the future with a grin,
And in the resultant happiness we'll all stand in.

The Stranded Bugle

THOUGHT.

I held my sweetheart's hand in mine,
I looked into her dreamy eyes,
And saw my own face mirrored there; she spake —
The air was filled with rhythm, and the birds, entranced,
Forgot their songs and listened unto her!
She ceased; her ripe lips shut the portals of her soul,
And all alone she plunged into the whelming sea of thought —
Into that sea which has no shores, no tides,
But which is peopled thick with lives and beating hearts —
Fathomless, waveless, clearer than the skies, darker than depths
of hell.

This sea she entered in alone, and I, with her fair hand to lip,
Was far away as had a lifetime swung between.

—[December 17, 1899.

MR. DUGGAN OF BUTTE.

In September, one morning, quite early,
Mr. Duggan and friends at a game
Were seated where jack-pots were frequent,
And a-raking them in were the same.
There were straddles and raises a-plenty,
And the blue chips were tossed to and fro,
But the game it was straight, right and reg'lar,
And each man for his wad had a show.

Slow the hours slipped by on the timepiece
That ticked busily on, on the wall,
Until one in the morning had ushered
Itself 'neath the short hand a-crawl.
The stacks on the table were lofty,
Big twenties of gold were in sight —
Ah! Duggan and friends were a-playing,
And you bet they were playing it right.

When into the bar-room there entered
Two gents most discreetly *en masque*,
And with guns most promiscu'sly handled,
They were heard somewhat harshly to ask:

And Other Poems and Prose.

"Hands up, and be d——d quick about it,
For we want to get into the game,
And if you don't hustle to do it,
With lead will we plug up each frame."

But Montana miners are gamy —
Yes, you bet, for "sang froy" they are great,
And Duggan and friends kept on playing,
Raking pots upon flush, full and straight.
This rattled the masquers somewhatly,
For never before had they seen
So cool and collected a bevy
A-fing'ring twin eagles and green.

But finally Duggan got nervous,
When he rose to his feet and he said:
"I have shotguns and pistols for diet,
Each morn with my coffee in bed."
Then he took that there bandit a wallop
In the jaw that just hit like a thud —
Disarmed him right quick of his shooter;
Oh, you bet, that man Duggan was blood!

Then Duggan rolled over that bandit,
And through him he quietly went,
Extracting some seventy dollars
He had prob'ly collected for rent.
Then the other chap riz to the 'casion,
And a-shooting he then did begin,
But others got into the circus,
And Duggan hung onto the tin.

The records agree that those masquers
Escaped with their unuseful lives,
But they lost, besides seventy dollars,
A stock of hats, pistols and knives;
Which makes me conclude, most unan'mous,
That for a gallus collector of loot,
Few experter experts are a-goin'
Than that same Mr. Duggan of Butte.
—[September 29, 1895.

The Stranded Bugle

DON'T WORRY.

Things are all right, good people —
If you only think so.
The stars shine just the same
These summer nights
As ever stars gleamed any time.
The sun is just as bright,
The breeze as sweet,
The odorous fields as gay
With lilt of larks
And twittering of other
Happy birds,
As e'er since time began.
Don't worry,
And say that times are bad
And money hard to get.
Great Scott! look up and
See how beautiful the world is
Every minute of the time —
See riotous Nature
Smothering in joy of her
Own sweet self!
See how gay the rivers run,
And the ripples of the sea —
How in the sun
They sparkle full of gems.
Go out upon the heights
At dawn
And see the big dew-wet
World wake up,
And thank your blessed stars
You're here to do it.
Don't worry —
Everything's all right —
I reckon!

—[August 13, 1893.

And Other Poems and Prose.

SAND.

We're down here on the sloping beach,
We—wife and girls and I—
And having times that might be termed
Almighty "old" and "high"—
Behind us spring the bluffs in air,
Before us sobs the sea,
And all around us is the sand,
With some of it *in* me!

It's in my pockets, down my neck,
And in my "auburn" hair;
And shoes! well, I should rather say
There *was* some sand in there;
And just about an hour ago
I casually dropped asleep,
But woke to find myself in sand
Some two or more feet deep.

One summer on this stretch of shore
Would make a pugilist
The terror of the land we love
By the simplest twist of wrist;
For here he well could "sand" himself
Until his spunk would be
A terror quite unto himself
As well as for to see.

The children (bless their happy hearts)
Can in it roll and play,
And turn handsprings and "somersets,"
And lug it by quarts away
In little shoes and stockings,
And in little folds of frocks,
While their papa can, if he has good luck,
Take some home in his socks.

But still it's good, clean sea-washed dirt,
A "mud" that never sticks,
And would, I fear, not suit the folks
That boss the politics.

The Stranded Bugle

For instead of leaving any stain
These seaside people say
It acts just like a very charm
In taking stains away.

But I must not tarry longer now,
The cry is "to the beach!"
And the old sea woos me, wins me,
With its landward roll and reach;
Old Sol is taking his evening bath
In a wealth of radiance grand,
And wife and the little girls and I
Are off for our bath of sand.

—[Santa Monica, June 5, 1883.

AM I NOT A "PIONEER?"

I did not come around the Horn
In a great big ship with flapping sails —
A great big ship which churned the sea,
And bumped the noses of the whales.

I did not come by Panama,
Nor ride a mule led by a black,
Nor get the Isthmus fever some,
Nor wish to God I could go back.

I did not come across the plains,
And spend six months upon the way,
But took a sleeping car in mine,
Speeding two hundred miles a day.

And yet I feel that I should rank
Among the proudest of the line —
For I am glad to own the fact
That I was born in '49.

—[November 12, 1880.

And Other Poems and Prose.

A STOCKTON REGATTA.

Dedicated to the Amity Boat Club.

"Form on, gents, for a cotillion!"
 "Join your hands and circle all"—
"First four right and left," my hearties.
 "Please, Mr. Blobson, take my shawl."
"Balance four and cross right over,"
 "Ladies change," and do it nice—
"Oh, but ain't this boating, truly,
 Just the biggest thing on ice?"

Half promenade, te dum te dido,
 Ala-man left, and swing your pard,
All promenade, and as you are now—
 "Port your helm, Jim—port her hard!"
"First four forward; change your partners;"
 "Forward three, and gent also."
"Forward two and back to places,"
 "Forward again and dos a dos."

"Balance corners, swing your maiden,"
 "Side four forward," as before;
"All promenade," te dum te dido.
 Now then, laddies, pull for shore!
Isn't this the finest rowing
 Ever seen in all the land?
Not a muscle strained or hardened,
 Not a blister on a hand!

"Take your partners for a schottische!"
 Dreyfous, play 'em something sweet,
While they chase this wild regatta
 With the flyingest kind of feet!
"Ouch! my corns!" "Excuse me, madame;"
 "Miss Matilda, take my arm
While we seek some quiet corner
 Where it isn't quite so warm."

Now then: "Partners for the gallop,"
 Charge and rally, crush and jam—
"Take me home, John Johns, this minute;
 I'm my mama's little lamb;

The Stranded Bugle

Don't you see my pull-back's busted?
Flounces torn off by the foot?
Little else could one expect, though,
From a No. 14 boot!"

Thus the flying yachtsmen go it,
Brave and brawny, but I vow
That they "sabe" siren waltzes
Better than the racing-scow.
Hark! Now hear 'em: "Swing the corners;"
"Balance again, and partners all" —
In any other place than Stockton
This regatta'd be a ball!

—[Stockton, 1882.

AN IDYL OF A KISS.

Gurgles the river low, and swirls amid the trailing grasses,
Against the banks it purls and flings sweet kisses as it passes;
And, as it sings, a tiny sail flits o'er it like a swallow,
Dipping its white wing, seeking inlet, while the eddies follow.

Here underneath a spreading tree a charming little lady
Unpacks a hamper, while a lad seeks spot a bit more shady;
And over dainties she and he grow most supremely tender,
Until the lad suggests that he one little kiss will lend her.

He heard the water kiss the leaves that o'er it dip and flutter,
And this, no doubt, reminded him that he a word might utter —
That is, did she accept his kiss as calmly as the river
Bestows them on the tilting leaves that o'er it nod and quiver.

The gentle maiden, bless her heart, was fair and sweet and
twenty,
And on her red lips rested kisses, sweet as she, in plenty.
But most perverse, the little minx, the blissful idea flouted,
And, must I tell it, actually pursed up her lips and pouted!

And Other Poems and Prose.

The poor lad's head swam as he turned his boat's prow to the open,
And though both chattered like the birds, still not a word was spoken
Upon the thought that in his breast burned with a mad desire,
He saying to himself: "How far, how far, and yet how nigh
her!"

Gaily the river spun beneath their homeward-flying dory;
Sweetly it sang as o'er it beamed the sun in golden glory;
And though they tacked from cove to point, this lass and manly
laddie,
She still was gay and fair and sweet—and not one lone kiss
had he!

Moored at a grassy slope, the boat, with but a pennant flying,
Has disembarked its passengers, and one in love is sighing—
Too young to know that if you wish fruit from the tree, just
shake it;

And that that unloved girl's mad yet because he didn't take it!
—[Stockton, 1882.]

THE GOVERNOR'S BALL.

Like a palace of light in the gloaming
The capitol loomed in the air,
And the stars through the translucent ether
Beamed down with a scintillance rare;
From the breadths of the heavens the rain-clouds
Had swept with the coming nightfall,
And the hour was fit and propitious
That honored the Governor's ball.

To the high-pillared portals there hurried
The precious freighted coupés,
And the streets of the city rang loud with
The hoof-beats of blacks and of bays;
Through the marble-paved corridors rustled
Silks, satins and velvets, which all
Caressed dainty feet that were going
To dance at the Governor's ball.

The Stranded Bugle

And the music rolled from the rotunda,
And ravished the listening ears —
It swelled to the dome, through the doorways,
To swoon on the em'rald parterres;
While eyes that were bright as the stars are
Were sparkling in chamber and hall —
For the State lent the pick of its beauty
To honor the Governor's ball.

There were jewels agleam in the gaslight;
There were bosoms like roses of snow;
There were willowy figures, and laces
As creamy as blossoms that blow;
There were lips like the bow of Cupid;
There were feet just as cunning and small
As any Cind'rella e'er boasted,
That night at the Governor's ball.

There were militaire figures, bright-buttoned
And corded with spasms of gold;
There were punch bowls top full and o'erflowing;
There were cavaliers stalwart and bold;
There were *pates de foi gras* and ices;
There were just a few flowers called "wall,"
As well as the taste, wit and beauty
Which honored the Governor's ball.

And I think I saw something like flirting,
Perhaps once or twice, on the stairs —
Or it might have been but an engagement
To "racquette" to one of Strauss' airs;
But I'm sure I o'erheard a sweet creature —
A divinity dainty and tall —
Say, "Yes, Dick, I'll be yours forever,"
That night at the Governor's ball.

And amid the small hours of the morning,
When the stars in the east had gone out;
When the melody hushed and the dancers
Had quitted the scene of the rout,

And Other Poems and Prose.

I thought — as I saw in the dawning
The capitol loom white and tall —
“How sweet in my memory will linger
This night at the Governor's ball.”

—[San Francisco Argonaut, February, 1881.

THE GLORIOUS CLIMATE O' CALIFORNY.

“Snatched from the jaws of death by the G. C. of C.”

Ho! Eastland, turn loose to this region
Each man with an asthmatic whoop,
The cerebro-spinal and so forth,
The baby with colic or croup!
Just give us one whack at your ailment,
And we'll knock it as cold as can be,
For this you will please to remember's
The glorious climate of C.

Send out to this God-favored section
Each banged-up, tubercled lung,
Or the worst disposition that ever
Was hitched to a villain unhung,
And fix it we will while a Paddy
Is dancing the tra-la-la-le,
For this I will pause to remark is
The wonderful G. C. of C.

Let the Bostonese come here and take it
As't the Hub he would toy with the bean;
Let Vermont send its suffering suff'ers
Away from her mountains of green,
And we'll gamble our stock in the future
That almighty soon you will see
Health glow in each radiant feature —
Placed there by the G. C. of C.

Let the lame and the halt and the tired
But rest for a time on these shores,
And appetite won't wait for dinner
To beat anything out of doors;

The Stranded Bugle

For here where the golden spheres cluster
On the fragrant and dark-verdured tree,
Is the spot known from high-up to low-down's
The home of the climate of C.

And they're coming 'cross valley and desert,
They're crowding each mountain-rent pass —
Philadelphia, New York and the regions
This side poureth westward *en masse*.
For they'll have it if money can buy it,
Though it sloshes all round here too free —
This bang-uppest thing on the tapis —
This lung-mending climate of C.

—[1883.

POSTMASTER "LUM."

C. F. Lummis, the gifted writer, has been appointed postmaster
at Isleta, Bernalillo County,— *Arizona Journal-Miner*.

Ah! Lummis, old boy, you surprise me;
I'd never a thought to seen you
Behind a delivery window,
And passing the letters right through.
Who'd you get, Lum, to sign your "petition?"
And where did you locate your "pull?"
Have you really got your commission?
Is the place of assistant yet full?

If not, Lum, I'd like a position —
A job such as licking of stamps,
Or reading the postal-card writing,
And standing off cowboys and tramps.
By the way, though, I'm told that Isleta
'S a country where shooting's the game.
Say, Lum, did you plug that paisano
That once gave you some of the same?

I suppose you will soon be *au fait* in
Such dod-blasted questions as these:
"Is the cars in yet, Mr. Postmaster?"
"Is there mail in the postoffice, please?"

And Other Poems and Prose.

"Can't you sell me three stamps for a nickel?"
"Mr. Lummis, how late is the train?"
Ah! Lum, I was once in the business,
And that's what is ailing my brain!

Well, Lum, when you're writing back yonder
To the boys in the capitol town,
I would like if you'd say it's my notion
That for once they have done it up brown;
With you in the administration
I'm sure all-fired near right
Will be things in the P. O. Department —
Cigarette's out — please pass me a light!

WHEN WATSON SAILS.

When Watson sails —
'Tis then that Spain 'll have forty fits,
Camara's fleet will hunt a hole,
Old Barcelona's bankers fly,
The Cadiz promenaders sneak,
The unprotected coast forts shake,
Sagasta wish he'd ne'er been born,
Don Carlos linger in the brush,
Old Weyler hide beneath the bed —
When Watson sails.

HESPERIA.

An Idyl of the Times.

Contributed to the "Poets Night" in the series of literary
entertainments given by the Fort Street Methodist
Church of Los Angeles.

Beside the calm Pacific sea
Within a land that's called "The Free,"

Where, scent with spice from far-off isles,
The wind sweeps 'cross the watery miles,

The Stranded Bugle

A maiden sits and gazes far
Across the white coast's foamy bar,

And dreams, with wide ope'd, pensive eyes,
A sweet day dream of Paradise—

Of one sunland beside the sea,
Beside an ocean grand and free,

Whose blue waves climb up, fold on fold,
And lave the gleaming sands of gold;

On whose calm bosom swims and sails
The winged ships this side the gales

Which loud on other oceans roar,
And beat their faces on the shore;

The white-winged ships which on the blue,
Smooth waters swim the calm days thro'—

Like phantom barques they seem to drift
Down through a gaping blue cloud rift

From some calm ocean high in air,
That's fairer than all else that's fair;

Or like an argosy that's blown
From anchor at a golden throne.

With pensive eyes the maiden dreams.
She sees the ships drop into streams

Which flow past cities whose bright spires
Gleam like high-reaching altar fires—

Whose busy marts are ways of song—
Where right is loved—where cruel wrong

Finds not a rest, but hastes to flee
And cast its temper in the sea;

And Other Poems and Prose.

Where honor walks upon the ways
And scatters broadcast crowns of bays;

Where Peace — a laurel in her hand —
Stands sentinel upon the land.

She dreams that all the turbid smoke
Which rises up from battle stroke

Has floated into highest air
And left the landscape pure and fair;

That strife no longer smites the sense
Of comfort, and that recompense

Is made for all the ill that comes
With martial roll of throbbing drums;

That in the gardens cool and sweet,
Together wealth and learning meet;

That where the fair acacias blow
A myriad song-birds come and go;

That underneath an azure sky,
Fair as a dream the days go by —

Those gilded ships of Time that swim
Beyond the near night's dusky rim,

And with their gleaming canvas set,
Drift still into the cool inlet —

That blessed harbor of repose
Within whose shade the cereus blows.

* * * * *

But she awakes — her lotus dream
Is broken by an angry gleam —

A gleam of hate which reds the sky,
Which pains her gentle heart and eye.

The Stranded Bugle

She sees gaunt factions here and there
Pollute the happy earth and air;

Sees aliens come into the land
And boldly strike down Freedom's hand;

Sees demagogues and wicked men
Make war on all that's good, and then

Cry demagogue to those who do
The brave and right — who dare be true!

And as she gazes, to her eyes
The swimming tear-drops sadly rise;

The while she cries: "Oh, gentle land!
Oh, land of sun and golden sand!

"Thou one fair land below the snow,
Wherein the bridal blossoms blow,

"My sad heart bleeds that you should be
Pollute with this mad blasphemy;

"That ignorance should gain the day,
Or seem to hold the land in sway;

"That when the gods have made so much
Which could to wealth be turned by touch —

"So much in sea, and air, and soil,
Which could be gained by honest toil —

"That freemen with self-blinded eyes
Should let base alien factions rise,

"To prate: 'Who lives by sloth shalt take
From him whose sturdy hands doth make!'

"To tear the gates of peace ajar
And glad unleash the dogs of war!

And Other Poems and Prose.

"Oh, sweet, fair land beside the sea,
My sad heart beats and bleeds for thee!"

And still today the maiden sits
And sees the ever-going ships,

And wonders if it e'er may be
The land shall be what she did see,

When in a sweet day dream did rise
A glimpse of earthly Paradise.

THE EXODUS JUBILEE.

Say, darkies, hab you heard from Kansas?
Dey say it's a bully place —
Dey say it am the lan' ob Canaan
For dis yer cullud race;
We see de smoke down on de ribber
Whar de great big steamboats lay,
So we'll pack our traps an' leabe mighty sudden,
You bet we's gwine away.

CHORUS.

De darkeys go, ha! ha!
De white man stay, ho! ho!
We gwine away to happy Kansas
In dis year ob jubilo.

De "White League's" made us lots ob trouble;
Dey's made dis life a hell —
We ain't been free and ain't been happy,
And ain't been treated well;
We's labored hard in de fields ob cotton
And cannot get our pay,
So we'll pack our traps and leabe mighty sudden,
You bet we's gwine away.

De white man prints in de newspapers
Dat our life am full ob song;
Dat we am all content and happy
As de sunny days am long.

The Stranded Bugle

But he knows well dat we hab no comfort —
Dat our mules am dribben away —
So we'll pack our traps and up de ribber
We'll go dis berry day.

Ole Massa Linkum made us free;
We thought de time had come
When here in de Souf wha' we was bo'n
Dat we might make a home;
But de whip still cracks on de big plantation —
In politics we've no say,
So we'll hail de fust boat up de ribber
And go — and go away.

We thought dat when de wah was ober
De Souf would learn some sense;
Dat de Ku Klux Klan and fire eaters
Would go away from hence;
But here in de lan' ob de sugar cane
Dey's taken root to stay,
So we'll wipe de tears from dese black cheeks —
Pack up and go away.

De Souf may yet learn to its sorrow
Dat de black man had some right —
Dat it isn't always bes' for a giant
To use his iron might;
We know we is poor and heaby laden,
And dat we cannot stay,
So out from de Egypt lan' of chains
We'll rise and go away.

Den take your coolie Chineese men
And see how dey will do;
Perhaps beneath de heel ob de tyrant
Dey will rise up, too.
Dey'll lib on a little bit ob rice
And work for a dollar a day,
But we is bound for de Canaan lan'—
We's gwine, oh, gwine away.

—[Colton, 1879.

And Other Poems and Prose.

THE SIZE OF GENERAL HANCOCK.

A campaign dialogue held on the day following a Democratic ratification.

Son:

"How big is General Hancock, pa?
He must be awful great;
According to the man who spoke last night,
He's at *least* a ton in weight."

Democratic Pa:

"He *is* a monstrous man, my son —
Not only on the weigh,
But all alone at Gettysburg
From the rebs he won the day."

Son:

"What, pa! do you mean that, all alone,
A hundred thousand men
He whipped 'way up a great big hill,
Then whipped them down again?"

"Say, pa, did Hancock do it all?
Was Meade not in command?
And was it not the boys in blue
Who walloped the gray-back band?"

"For, pa, I read in history
At school, the other day,
That heaps of Union troops lay dead
That time, along the way."

Bourbon Pa:

"I know, my son, it reads that way,
Yet it's all in your little eye —
It's a regular stalwart, cut-and-dried
Republican campaign lie."

—[San Francisco Argonaut, September 25, 1880.]



The Stranded Bugle

AFTER BROWNING.

With a sharp stick.

Oh! sweet hereafter loom up on the sea,
Blue meditation gleam on the gilded horse-power,
Rapt, rapt, so rapt in all the mining boards
And tempest blubbing:
Git up and git, old saw-horse, drop astern, swing low —
Bang out your chariots in the wild windgalls,
And list the humbug hum!

TO A SCANDAL MONGER.

You shadow of a soul, whose trade is lying,
Whose heart is wormwood and whose tongue is gall!
Though here and there your wicked trade you're plying,
You silly thing, the world doth know you. All
Your lies can harm not me, nor friend of mine,
So now sail in, you Devil's Valentine!

SUNSET.

See! Out within the wide pass at the west
The sun goes down. Out where the valley
Reaches toward the sea, and widens,
Lined by peak on peak, which, at this hour,
Are garlanded with color,
Amethyst, purple and turquoise
Blend with an o'erarching sky
Which is aflame with glory!
The red rays reach the zenith
Tipped with gold — the west is smothered
In a very gorgeousness of beauty,
And seems in its rich expanse
Like the great drop curtain of the world!

And Other Poems and Prose.

THE QUAIL.

You little whirring rooster with the tufted head,
Scudding before the hunter in a state of dread —
Your brown legs twinkling in the autumn sun,
Racing by foot and wing to 'scape the loaded gun!
You're slim, you're graceful and your steps are fleet,
While your wife is like you — she is juicy meat.
Yes, juicy, full of dainty toothsome-ness, and rich,
And in the gastronomic temple fills an honored niche —
At times I wonder do you two e'er boast
As t' which would look the loveliest on a slice of toast?

RALLY FOR GARFIELD AND ARTHUR.

(*Air: "Marching Through Georgia."*)

Once more the dear old flag is up, from every staff and spar
It flutters proudly in the air and hasn't lost a star;
It leads the way to vict'ry as we in this ballot war
Rally for Garfield and Arthur.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! Resound the jubilee;
Hurrah! Hurrah! for the banner of the free;
And wake the ringing echoes till they sound from sea to sea —
Rally for Garfield and Arthur.

The "Bourbons" cannot play on us the Union soldier's blue —
Although they dye their butternut the color will show through;
We "sabe" the old enemy, to us they're nothing new —
Rally for Garfield and Arthur.

Chorus.

The Hancock boom's a weak one and it hasn't come to stay;
Just see it melt like snow beneath a genial sunny ray;
'Twas biggest when 'twas born, boys, and it dwindles day by
day —
Rally for Garfield and Arthur.

Chorus.

The Stranded Bugle

Break for the woods, you Democrats, for we are on your trail;
Our camp fires gleam on every hill and blaze in every vale,
As up Salt Creek you gaily glide you'll hear us cry, all hail!
Rally for Garfield and Arthur.

Chorus.

Then rally, loyal legions, rally, rally once again!
From mountain peaks and passes, from the fields of yellow
grain —
From the blue lakes through to Texas and from Oregon to
Maine —
Rally for Garfield and Arthur.

Chorus.

GARFIELD STILL LIVES.

In the east the gray morning is breaking,
One by one fade the stars, as the night
Has its curtain of slumber unloosed by .
The jewel-gemmed hand of the light.
To that east our pale faces we turn in
The morn, when the dew is still wet
On the world, to hear if the news be
That Garfield's alive with us yet.

Go! wires that swing 'cross the distance,
And carry the happy news far!
Speed! speed the electrical tidings
Ere fades out the bright morning star!
To the end of the land that adores him
Whose valor we'll never forget,
And say it, and sing it, and shout it —
"Brave Garfield's alive with us yet."

Have you watched us, O stars! in your courses?
Have you listened to hear our hearts beat,
As breathless we've hoped against hope for
Such words as we'd dare to repeat?
Will you bear to him, winds of the morning,
The strength we would gladly beget,
For one that we honor and pray for —
Brave Garfield, who lives with us yet!

And Other Poems and Prose.

For there's not from old ocean to ocean,
There's not from the South to the Lakes,
But would spare his heart's blood to replenish
Veins of him for whom now each heart aches;
Who in ranks, or at head of the column,
To the front had his face ever set —
The nation's one fondly watched patient —
Brave Garfield, who lives with us yet.

But hush! He is sinking! Oh! Savior
Of man, wilt Thou not hear our prayers?
Wilt Thou heed not the sound of our weeping,
Which outward each sobbing wind bears?
Yes! He rallies! He rallies! Quick, tell it
Along every wire of the net —
Under sea, over land, beneath mountains —
"Brave Garfield's alive with us yet."

Day by day thus the nation's pulse flutters
As does that in the sufferer's room —
High and strong as the tidings are blessed,
Faint and low as down settles the gloom.
But we hope yet and pray, and are patient
As is he who th' example has set —
The loyal, the true, lion-hearted,
Brave Garfield, who lives with us yet!
—[Stockton Mail, August 28, 1881.]

"THE PRESIDENT SLEEPS."

"The President sleeps," and God grant that his slumber
May be sweet as a babe's on its fond mother's breast —
That through it shall drift happy dreams without number —
That through it his pain-tortured heart shall find rest.

Sweetly sleep, our brave martyr, and while you're reposing
You must know that beside you the whole people stand,
Their pallor-struck faces and wet eyes disclosing
How dearly you're loved through the breadth of the land.

The Stranded Bugle

Yes, at heart we're all there where the President's lying;
Impatient we wait for the news to come fast
On the wings of the lightning, the glad tidings flying
That our President sleeps, and the danger is past.
—[Stockton Mail, September, 1881.]

TOLL THE BELLS.

Toll the bells.
While our hearts swell with sorrow,
As we list to the tidings of dread—
We have come to that threatened "tomorrow,"
And valorous Garfield is dead!
Toll the bells.

Toll the bells.
With the nation in sadness,
With the eyes of the nation in tears;
Oh, God! how one blind stroke of madness
The hearts of the people now sears!
Toll the bells.

Toll the bells.
From each hamlet and city,
From the mountain peaks down to the sea,
While drooping like signals of pity,
At half-mast is our flag of the free.
Toll the bells.

Toll the bells.
For his torture is ended,
And we, while we sorrow and weep,
Know his glorious life has been blended
With God's, for brave Garfield's asleep.
Toll the bells.

—[Stockton Mail, September 20, 1881.]

And Other Poems and Prose.

HER GOLDEN BANGS.

There was once a lady singer went to 'Frisco for to sing,
And her golden bangs were sticking up in front;
Her form was very shapely and she made the rafters ring,
And her golden bangs were sticking up in front;
But when she started up her song "sassiety" was shocked,
And right out of that theater they flocked and flocked and flocked,
And Anna Boyd and Henderson, oh! silly were they knocked,
While her golden bangs were sticking up in front.

And now, Jane, they say "Aladdin's" tame,
And the chappies they are feeling fit to cry:
"Alas! and alack! Anna, come back,
For we like that naughty twinkle in your eye."

A clamorous crowd has been making loud demands for the
rest of the ditty. So here you have it:

She toddled out upon the stage, a smile upon her face,
And her golden bangs were sticking up in front;
She apparently wore galluses to keep her clothes in place,
And her golden bangs were sticking up in front;
Of course she knew her business and could sing it "out of sight,"
Until the people called her back some seven times a night,
For being but a stranger there 'twas right to treat her right,
And her golden bangs were sticking up in front.

She took all hearts in confidence, they liked her pleasant ways,
And her golden bangs were sticking up in front;
And all the boys she set into a kind of dizzy daze,
With her golden bangs a-sticking up in front;
When e'er that singer thirsty got, 'twas some one's steady biz
To see that tuneful throat of hers well wetted down with fiz,
While every time remarks were made, "How unlike milk it is,"
And her golden bangs were sticking up in front.

But 'Frisco of her artless song, oh! very weary grew,
And her golden bangs were sticking up in front;
They sat upon her manager, a-saying, "It won't do,"
And her golden bangs were sticking up in front;



The Stranded Bugle

And so that hair once down her back now hangs upon a chair,
And the singer's doubtless taken on a simple, saintly air,
But you may safely bet your wealth she's mad enough to swear,
With her golden bangs a-sticking up in front.

But, oh! Jane, doesn't look the same —
When she left Chicago she was fly,
But alas! and alack! she's going back,
With nary naughty twinkle in her eye.

SUMMER TIME.

Oh, the long and heated summer —
Summer here among the brick-piles
Strung along the city's highways —
Highways paved with murky asphalt,
Sounding to the tramp of horses
And the rumble of the wagons.
Trots the lolling doggie sidewise,
Rolls the cyclist perspiring
As he works his legs astraddle
Of the shining steed of silence.
Clang the gongs upon the street cars
Through the sunshine on the highways;
Round the corners screech the cable
Cars below this perch of granite;
Meanwhile glares the summer sunshine
On the streets that steam and swelter.
Oh! a long and weary summer
'Tis for us who fain must linger
Here where roll the noisy horse-cars
And the trolleys and the cables,
While the hazy mountains beckon
And the surging ocean woos us;
Yes, they beckon, beckon, beckon,
Do those high and haze-wrapped mountains
That loom up against the distance,
Full of cañons cool and shady,
Full of streams that dance and shimmer
Out of shadow into sunshine,

And Other Poems and Prose.

Out of sunshine into shadow,
Singing gaily over boulders,
Dancing 'mong the ferns as happy
As the fauns do in the forests.
And the great sea, how it woos us
With its sobbing on the shingle,
With its rhythmic waves that follow
Up the long and slanting beaches,
Then slide back among the seaweed
Till another breaker pushes
Its moist way among the pebbles;
And beyond, there in the offing,
See the purple isles that taunt us
With their summer calm and quiet!
How we sigh here 'mong the brick piles
For the airs of balm that wimple
'Cross their rocky promontories,
Singing sea songs in the summer,
Like the murmuring of mermaids.
And yet here beside the highways,
Paved with dull and murky asphalt,
Linger we who love the swashing
Of the waves among the sea shells;
We who love the piny forests,
Where the pine trees exude balsam
And the trout streams sing and shimmer
Through the sunshine into shadow,
Through the shadow into sunshine.

—[July 21, 1895.

THE SILVERINKTUM.

Have you heard of him —
That funny cuss,
The Silverinktum?
He is a bird,
Is the Silverinktum —
Yet not a bird;
He is a chap who goes
Roaring up and down



The Stranded Bugle

The land
Talking free silver
To the gaping multitude,
And sometimes the cuss
Talks treason.
He is that sort of a
Monstrosity who thinks
That money is made
By statute
And not
By muscle;
That in order to
Get more money
To circulating you
Have got to make
More of it.
Never mind if
Every blooming
Factory in the land
Has its shutters
Nailed up, and
The things they make
In England are coming
Into America by the
Shipload;
What we want,
According to the
Silverinktum,
Is
More money;
Never mind if
Glasgow, Scotland, is shipping
Flatirons and things
Into Chicago by the
Trainload;
What we ache for
Is
More money.
Never mind whether
The American artisan
Is out of a job

And Other Poems and Prose.

Or not;
Never mind whether
The mills of this
Country are closed
And all the wheels
Are stilled;
Just give the
Silver-mine owners
A bigger price for
Their bullion, and
Everybody will get
Some of it.
Oh, a funny
Bird is
The Silverinktum!
And what he
Doesn't know
About political
Economy and the
Way to run a
Government
Would fill
A house and
Lot.

DEMOCRATIC TARIFF.

At last
The tariff bill, it passed,
And Grover C.
And
Mr. Wilson — he
Of West Virginny —
Are gagging over the dose
Something perfectly awful.
Those saccharine Senators
Just simply rubbed it on
Grover,
They did, and they ought to be
Ashamed of themselves,

The Stranded Bugle

So they ought.
And then there's that 'ere
Tom Reed, he rubbed it on
The fellows in the
House
Just frightful,
He did;
And betwixt and between
Everything and everybody,
There is unhappiness along the
Potomac
To beat the world;
In fact,
There is so much grief
That it just about made
Grover sick,
And he has gone off down to
Buzzard's Bay
For to reoperate,
Because those Senator fellows
Pulled one of the old man's
Legs
Until it is considerably longer
Than it really ought to be,
And he wants to give it a chance
To shrink up where the elongated limb
Properly belongs,
He does.
Directly now there is
Going to be free sugar
And other free things,
Including a country free from
Democratic Congresses
And Presidents and
Other little things like that.
This thing of the American
Eagle Bird having to see factories
Starting up over in England,
And all those
Shopkeepers over yon
Getting a big ready

And Other Poems and Prose.

To dump their dry goods
And such
Onto this country, all balled up
With Democratic hard times,
Is outrageous.
What the Eagle wants to hear
Is the shriek of whistles in
American factories, and to
Hear the rejoicing of American
Men who work
For wages.
Drat the British lion,
Anyhow! I'd like
To just wrench
The tail of him
For a minute —
I would!

MEREDITH.

Meredith of Virginia,
He said
That a vet who
Looked healthy and drew a
Pension
Was a liar.
Then
Funk
Of Illinois, he said
That if Meredith
Didn't tell on 'em
When he saw any dodgasted
Galoots of old sojers
Going around a-drawing
Of pensions
That didn't belong
To 'em fair like,
He was
No good.

The Stranded Bugle

Then Meredith of Ole
Virginny — nebber tire —
He got right
Vexed at
Funk,
And wanted to fight
Right bad.
He peeled his coat
And swelled up his
Muscles
Like a cat's tail when she is
Vexed at a dog,
And just tore around
The halls
Of legislation,
And said to Mr.
Funk
That he'd better not
Act that a-way,
'Cause he was
B-a-a-d,
He was — (speaking of
Meredith of
Virginny.)
And then
Some of the other
Fellers
In the bear pen,
They got betwixt
And kind of
Jostled 'em around
Some,
And
Then
The
Cruel
War
Was
Over.

And Other Poems and Prose.

OUR STEVE.

'Rah for "Our Steve!"
For he seems to be a
Gettin' of himself there
With all
Two of his feet
To once!
He has knocked the feet
From under Bill
Foote,
And likewise the
Props
From beneath the San
Francisco Mugwump
Of the dailies!
He has corralled the
Bun —
Snatched the emblem of
Victory from the northern
Citrus belt, and is now
In
Process of hoisting it into
Place on the
Banner of the land of
Boom,
Beauty and
Beatitude!
Great is "Our Steve" of
The strident tongue,
Who larrups with it
The money changers who
Buy Senatorships
And
Debauch the fellows we
Eagles send to the
Legislature!
He is a measly Democrat,
"Our Steve" is,
But he is
White!

The Stranded Bugle

And hence the Eagle Bird
Is
Stuck on him like
Smoke!
For even Democrats
Sometimes do to tie to —
When you can't help yourself — and
“Our Steve”
Is
One of that kind!
Therefore
The
Eagle Bird, assembled
In committee of the
Whole, up here where
The winter sunshine
Paints
The world with gold,
Utters
A
Whoop of triumph
For just about the
Whitest Democrat of
The whole blooming outfit —
The stalwart, brave,
And generally 'way up
Citizen of
The beautiful
South
Commonly known as
“Our Steve!”

THE FOOTBALLER.

Hail! All hail the footballer!
Watch him, all gory,
Red and grimy-faced,
Hammering his brother
Into the gridiron field
With glee.
See his wild, tangled,

And Other Poems and Prose.

Angle-wormy mass
Of wriggling legs and arms,
And eke how the
Miscreant bleeds.
Note you his clouded eye,
Torn ear, skinned shin,
And lip swollen to
Twice as big as 't ought to be —
In mirthful sport.
Bring you the litter
For the maimed, the
Catafalque for the dead,
And lug him
In heroic style from
The ensanguined field.
Also, what ho! the
Arnica wagon and
The ambulance;
Bring in the lint, the
Sticking plaster and the
Raw beefsteak, and
Let the repairs begin.
Patch up the broken
Men, bind up their
Sore places, and buy
You some crutches
For the limping.
No more they yell
The zip, boom, ah!
Wienerwurst, Shah!
Google, google, google,
And Yah! Yah! Yah!
But winded and torn
And mangled midst
The flying wedge
And in the rushline,
They behold what
A double-triggered
Wild ass of Tartary
A footballer is,
Anyhow!

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Prose.

SELECTIONS FROM "THE EAGLE."

A Department of The Times Newspaper, Semi-humorous, Semi-philosophical, Semi-political, Semi-several Other Sorts of Things, and Wholly Patriotic.

I saw the old boys marching again yesterday, and what a thin, spindling, pathetic line it was that went by, compared with the splendid host of buoyant youth and virile manhood that was doing duty at the front in the red days of forty years ago. The old army is being disbanded mighty rapidly, my masters, and it will be well for you to make the most of them while the dwindling detachment is here, for you shall not look upon the like of that command again for many a long day.

The old lads are grizzled and gray; there isn't much springiness in their steps, and they are not pretty to look at, but the Eagle Bird wants to tell you again that they are the salt of the earth. You youngsters do not appreciate those old fellows who went marching out to the cemeteries yesterday, bearing nosegays of fragrant blooms to lay above the quiet bosoms of their comrades who have been mustered out. It is hardly to be expected that you could appreciate them. You cannot hope to understand what the turmoil of forty years ago was like, but if you will stop for a moment to consider what a flame started in this country when the recent war with Spain came upon the nation you may gain some faint idea of it.



The Spanish War was the lighting of a match—the great war of the rebellion was a continent on fire! In those murky days of the '60's the war touched every hearthstone, and the thought of it engrossed every heart. In every hamlet and city the drums were beating and the trumpets were insistently calling. The nights were lighted with the flame of burning cities and

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the days were filled with tears. Across the spreading prairies, through the streets of the towns, in the country lanes, by the sides of the winding rivers and over every hill in the land there were companies, regiments, brigades, army corps marching to the front. The camp fires lighted up every valley, and the hilltops were agleam with the sheen of bayonets. The wagon trains rumbled across the bridges, and the wheels of the artillery made great ruts in the highways and across the fields. Up and down and down and up the land the recruits marched and deployed and drilled to the music of the fifes and drums. The smoke of the mosquito fleet arose from the rivers, and there were the booming of cannon and the shriek of shells in the distant South and all along the border.



Those men that you saw marching yesterday were in the thick of it. They look peaceable enough, and frail and feeble no end, my masters, but in those brave days of forty years ago they were the lithest, raciest, most daring and persistent fighters that ever followed a forlorn hope or captured a redoubt. Some of them marched in the infantry, and some were of the horse troops; some of them rode to battle upon the guns that throw shrapnel and solid shot, and others in yesterday's thin line rode to war upon the ships that Farragut and Porter commanded. They are quiet and peaceful of demeanor these days, but forty years ago they were a grand army of dare-devils who would invade a land of dragons or fight to their necks in a rushing stream with equal ardor. The bronze buttons in their coat lapels tell what commands they belong to, but tell nothing of their deeds of valor, nor of the trials they went through for the glorious cause of liberty and the flag of stars.

But the main body of the old troops is in camp yonder on the hillsides, where they never hear the long roll, no matter how loudly the drummers beat. They never hear "the wailing bugles play." They do not see the colors when the parade goes filing by. They are in permanent quarters, and there they will sleep forever. Their battles, both of peace and of war, have all been fought out to a finish. Little to them is your praise; nothing to them is the odor of the roses that were strewn on yesterday over the little mounds beneath which they slumber and are still. It is all one to them whether the thunder shakes the skies, or whether the breezes sweep over them from the sea.

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It matters not to those heroes of yours and mine whether the sun be bright, or whether the fog drifts across the valleys and wraps the mountains in impenetrable silence.



It is the things they fought for, suffered for, died for, that count, my masters—the blessed boon of human liberty, the disenfranchisement of a race, the giving of everlasting hope to the enslaved of every country. They took up the burden of humanity, and when they dropped their load humanity's cause was won. They won imperishable glory for themselves and their country, but, what is greater and better still, they won freedom for the slave, and the flag with a stain upon it came out of the smoke of battle purified as by fire. Their countrymen had been singing for years about the "flag of the free," but the lyric was a mockery of logic, and to talk of this nation as the "home of the free" was to cast ridicule upon the word liberty.

And it was their daring and valor and matchless courage that changed all that. When the war that they fought to a conclusion had become a matter of history the land was free in very truth, for slavery no longer existed within its borders, and it was given to no man to point to the country's banner and call it "a flaunting lie."



And so it is good and grand that once in every twelve months you should gather together to do honor to the memory of the gallant dead and the gallant living. It is to the credit of their country that you, to whom the great war is as indistinct as a dream, should gather from the fields and the garden-place of America the richest flowers that bloom with which to illuminate with fragrance and loveliness the pathetic acres where they slumber on through the years; and with speech and song to pay tribute to the tattered remnant of the old force that is yet among those who walk in the ways of men. The work of scattering roses above those who died for liberty must be a glorious thing in the sight of God and the angels.

And it makes the heart bleed to see how fast the old lads are going down the long slope that leads to an everlasting bivouac in the Valley of Sleep. Day by day the ranks grow thinner and thinner. Day after day the muster-out roll lengthens. Day after day the bronze buttons become less noticeable upon the streets, for the men who won and wore them are falling out.

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Forty years ago they were the youth of the republic; today they are a fragment of a grand army; in a few years not one of them will be left to tell the story of the dark and bloody days.

Therefore does the Eagle beseech you to be kind and patient and charitable toward the rear guard of the great command. They won't be around in the way much longer. They have had their day, and it was a bitter and a trying day. No man ever bore a greater burden than did those gallant fellows that you saw yesterday deploying among the cemeteries of the land; therefore, you may well afford to be kind and gracious and considerate of their foibles and their infirmities. By and by, in just a little while, the crutches that are helping them along the rocky road of life will be laid away. By and by the little bronze button will disappear. By and by the decoration of their graves and those of their comrades who have already gone before will be left to your hands.



And may those men and their achievements never be forgotten. May the blessed holiday which commemorates their valor be as sacred to you as it has been to them since its institution. Let us hope that the time will never come in this republic when the people shall not meet upon the thirtieth of May to sing the old lyrics that they sang, to gather roses for their resting places under the oaks of the North and the cypress trees of the Sunny South. And, more blessed still, may the cause for which they suffered be not forgotten by those now upon the earth and those who are to come after you when you, too, are sleeping "under the sod and the dew, waiting the judgment day."

The flowers that were strewn above them are wilting this morning. The fragrance of the blossoms has passed, but the glory of their deeds is everlasting, and the fragrance of the sacrifices they made will fill the air of this republic so long as its banner flutters in the sky.

Sound "taps." The lights are out.

—[May 31, 1903.]

THEIR LAST MARCH.

The land of California has been vibrating and athrill with the marching of the men of the mighty war—their last march, the Eagle Bird does not doubt. The western coast of the continent has seen the last grand review of the most splendid frag-

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ment of a great military force that ever breasted a fort or set the midnights aflame with the lurid but ghastly glory of burning cities. As these words come dripping from the feather that the Eagle Bird has plucked from his own wing with which to write them, the trains are coming in from the north filled with a valorous host of the old survivors of those ragged and rugged days that tried men's souls — a trial that found but precious few of them waiting.

It is good to see them here, or anywhere, for they are the essence, doubly distilled, of the salt of the earth. Under those jackets of blue — the cut and color of the garb worn on the line of march, or in the garrison, in the brave days of old — there beat the same hearts that swelled with pride and patriotism when the heights were taken; the same brave hearts that carried those men forward upon a thousand bloody and forever-to-be-remembered fields.



At sight of them here under the Eagle's eyrie what visions arise! I see them at Spottsylvania, where the fighting was hot. I see them massing at Gettysburg and pouring the hail of death into Pickett's brave fellows. I see them at the awful fight at Malvern Hill, where the slopes were slippery with the blood of the men of both brave armies. I see them dashing against the breastworks at Vicksburg, and hanging on with Grant until the flag of glory was set flying upon the bluffs above the turbid Mississippi. I see them at Fort Fisher, where their comrades gave up their precious lives for the cause of human liberty and the preservation of the American Union. I see them in their futile, but insistent, movements across the bullet-swept slope at Fredericksburg. I see them at that dreadful slaughter pen called Antietam, where their fellows were mown down as the reaper cuts swaths through the golden wheat. I see them at Cedar Creek, when Sheridan came whirling down the valley and turned defeat into a glorious victory. I see them at Ball's Bluff with the intrepid Baker, who has joined the immortals. I see them fighting for days in the savage battles of the Wilderness. I see them at Atlanta, where Kearney, the dashing and the daring, was killed for the salvation of his country. I see them at Lookout Mountain with Joe Hooker, who was a fighter to the manner born. I see them at Resaca, and Shiloh, and Wilson's Creek, and Carthage, and Chattanooga, and Cold Harbor, and Fort Pil-

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low, and Opequan, and Newberne, and Seven Pines, and on the hundreds of other famous fields where they made the name of the American soldier immortal.



And I do not forget other fights that are nameless in the records—the skirmishes where but a few men were engaged, but where the dear old bunkeys of these boys who are among us today went out to the front, where the lead was clipping the leaves from the trees and whizzing through the canebrakes, and died there, and were laid to eternal rest under the dim light of the midnight stars. Ah, those lonesome graves in the great woods of the Sunny South! The thought of them is the first step to a heartache. Only one, or two, or three, or perhaps a dozen of the boys were laid away in their blankets under the sod and the dew, and there was no stirring tale of the battles to be sent over the singing wires by the graphic writers of the press, but those men fell on the firing line, and though their graves are unmarked, and though those little mounds of earth have been leveled by the beating rains of forty years, the lads who are among us today do not forget them—and may their country enshrine the memory of their deeds forever.



And the Eagle does not forget that some of the men who sailed with Farragut, and Porter, and Cushing, and the other commanders of the navy, are with us on the walks and underneath the eyrie this day, keeping step to the same old music that stirred the blood in their boyish hearts in the '60's. I see them plowing their way through the death-sown waters of Mobile Bay. I see the Monitor circling about the Merrimac in the most unique battle of the sea. I see the mosquito boats with their Quaker-like garb feeling their way up the rivers where the enemy was hidden with keen eyes and unerring rifles to pick off the pilots. And in all these memories of those days of valor, daring and death there is an inspiration. Not that war and its horrors are inspiring in any degree, but, say what you may, it is war that tries out the human soul and makes the ultimate task on the human brawn.



And some of those men with whom you of our own people will touch elbows today came up out of the hell of those southern prisons—Andersonville, Libby and their fellow-holes of

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hell — and yet are living to tell the tales of horror and despair. Of all the heroes of that great conflict between the States — the most wicked and pathetic war of all the ages — the survivors of those prison days are the master spirits. What they endured for the flag you who are now being dawdled in the lap of luxury that their valor gained for you can never hope to understand. They starved and stood fast and faithful. They were a-cold and never faltered. They were sick unto death, but they kept their oath to maintain the glory of the colors. They reeked in the filth and miasma of swamps polluted beyond description, and still they never wavered in their allegiance to the cause of human liberty. The man who served in Andersonville, or its fellow-prisons, gave the uttermost to his country; far more than life itself. To those men who are left among us let there be the homage that gratitude should pay to the most desperate service possible to be given to his fellow-men by mortal man.



Therefore, Californians, the Eagle beseeches you to take a good long look at those old lads who are moving about among you today, for they will not pass this way again. The line has been a long one, but it is growing shorter and shorter with every day that passes, and it is moving as swiftly as the current of a rapid stream. If you will observe them well, there is scarcely one of those vets who has a spring in his step and fire in his eye. He halts a bit as he walks, and he does not see to read well without glasses. He gets tired on long marches, and he does not leap up the stairways three steps at a time. But he did those things in the '60's, and he was a hard man to stop in any sort of a game. To look at his gray locks you might not think that he could go over a redoubt like a college athlete in a football game across the gridiron, but that's just the sort of a lad he was when he was out there at the vicious old, bloody front fighting for you and me, good friend, for you and me.



Tomorrow they will be going away over the hills to the land beyond the mountains, those old boys. Let the Eagle Bird assure them of the love, the gratitude and the affection of at least some of their countrymen who dwell on this side of the Great Divide. We have heard the stories of their valor in the blood-red days of the reddest war of all human history, and we

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are thankful to have lived to see them come this way once more before going into permanent camp across the River where the shade is dense.

Good-by, old fellows. Take care of yourselves, and may the good Lord take better care of you than you do of yourselves.

—[August 23, 1903.]

THE OLD BOYS ON A FROLIC.

The old boys of the war, a few of them who are left to frolic in the sunshine yet this side the Great Divide, are down where the emerald sea waves sigh, being boys again, God bless 'em!

If there are any men on the face of this trying and troublous old ball of a world who deserve to have a good time, who have earned a round of holidays among the roses and the dew, who are overwhelming creditors of Fate, it is the gallant and splendid veterans who gather about the camp fires by the sea and tell of days of fighting at Gettysburg and of bloody nights in the Wilderness, the wild gallops behind Sheridan through the Shenandoah, and of the storm-swept, stony slopes of Wilson's Creek.

Royal old fellows are they, these relicts of the world's greatest war; a war that cleansed the last stain from my country's flag; that steadied and strengthened for all time the foundations of a government of the free; that left upon crimson battle fields the very flower and chivalry of American manhood in rank and file; that gave hope and courage to faltering patriots the world over, and that made in immortal history, song and story records of valor and achievement beyond that known of the ages!

Glorious and gallant boys in blue! Go in and have a good time, for the pulses wane fast and the shadows swiftly lengthen. Let there be rollic and joy where the ocean murmurs, for mighty soon, old fellows, there will be more little mounds on the sloping hillsides where you will lie asleep. The roster of the living shortens—the roster of the dead expands. The night creeps over the peaks and the sunshine is going apace.

Let the horns play and the drums throb! Let there be the music of laughter, and let the Eagle lay upon your hearts, as you lie asleep tonight, this chaplet of love and honor for your prowess, your loyalty and your devotion to the star-spangled flag of my native land.

—[July 29, 1894.]



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A SOBER SECOND THOUGHT ON WAR.

These days, so close to the time when the Eagle saw the dear old lads of the fighting times marching with flags above them and blossoms in their hands, make one dwell upon their great deeds with thoughts that will not away.

In fancy I see the thin line of skirmishers deploying through the underbrush, their muskets spitting fire, and now and then a soldier falling as a shot from the enemy strikes home. I see the reserves coming up — a long blue line with the glint of steel above it. I see the lines of gray yonder on the ridge awaiting the onset. To the rear of both these arrays of men in arms the big guns begin to thunder, and yonder in the sky there sweeps through the arc of a circle a shell that screams and shrieks on its deadly mission. The missile falls to earth and the air is filled with dust; with the limbs of human beings; blood dyes the sward; the bushes drip with it; the sandy places drink it up.

I see the hospital tents in the rear, where the surgeons are at work. With arms bared to the shoulder, they are cutting cruelly, to be kind, into the gory and shattered flesh of their fellow-men. They reek with the life blood of heroes. I see them binding up the wounds that gush and drip. I see the pallid faces of the suffering. I hear them moaning. I listen to their delirious speech of home, of the folks who are there waiting in suspense for news of the battle; I hear them babbling of their babies, their mothers, their sweethearts, their sweet wives who are waiting, waiting, waiting. I see death on their brave faces. I see the sweat of agony standing on their brows. Seeing all this as though it were but yesterday, that it were all real and not fancy, again does the Eagle applaud the heroes dead; the heroes living.



Let us not forget that these sights were once common in this fair land. Let us not forget that the men you saw but two days ago marching out to the quiet villages of the voiceless multitude, to the music of the drums, were the same men who dressed in the lines of blue; that some of them — those with empty sleeves and those bearing themselves upon crutches — were the same men that walked through the Valley of the Shadow when the minie balls whistled through the coppices; the selfsame men who looked into the surgeon's face and bade him "go on" when told that



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the limb must be severed. They do not appear heroic in the garb of the civilian, and in these piping times of peace. They appear as commonplace as may be, and no different from the other men of their age who walk upon the highways. But they are the heroes who wrought for righteousness; they are the men—the selfsame men of those bloody and awful days that tried men's souls when the flag was assailed and when the life of the nation was endangered. God love them and God be good to them, for they have earned in fullest measure the love of God; the plaudits of humanity; the blessedness of happy days as the sun goes down behind the hills of life.



War is an awful thing. You who have not seen it in its dire aspect may not hope to measure its many horrors. Unless you have sat and looked at the vacant chair, made thus by the bullet of an enemy, you cannot know the meaning of sorrow. Unless you have waited at the bulletin board for the posting of the list of the slain and the wounded you cannot know the supremacy of suspense. Unless you have stood at the cot of a "bunkey" in a field hospital and listened to his broken words as he bade you good-by and sent a loving message to the folks at home you do not know what it is to lose a friend. War binds men close. Service in the field makes a bond between comrades that one cannot understand if he be not a party to that bond. If you do not credit this, observe a meeting between two old fellows of the service when they have not seen each other since the great war. That will tell you the story far better than these poor, weak words of mine.



The Eagle is not enamored of war. I do not applaud carnage and suffering, but I do say that it is the supreme trial which shows us what men are. War develops character as nothing else does. It shows us the hero who has been masquerading all his life as simple Bill, or Jim, or Joe. It sends to the rear the skulker, the braggart, the hero of the feather bed. War develops Grants and Meades and Joe Hookers. War is cruel and awful, but it makes men, so sure as there is a God in the high heaven that we hope to reach. It may be that peace shall some day come to reign for-



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ever in the world; so be it. But when that day comes the Eagle fears that men will feel the lack of the furnace of burning that makes character.



But if war must come again to this nation of liberty and law and love, let us pray, my masters, that we may have such men to wage it on our side as were those who on Friday last went out to bedeck the couches of the eternal sleepers with the roses and lilies of spring. Let us be thankful, too, that there are yet a few of the old lads left to make us proud of them and the land they fought for in the days when war swept the homesteads with flame and filled a nation with hundreds of thousands of breaking hearts.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

You people that are born and brought up between wars, and that die without ever having heard the call to arms, have missed a sensation in life — yes, a whole gamut of sensations. In all the sounds that fall upon the ear there is no duplicate of the long roll on the snare drum, or “to arms” on the cavalry trumpet.

What music that is to set the heart hammering like mad!

How it chases the quiet from the midnight hours! How feeble is the ponderousness of a Wagnerian score beside the wild throb of those drums, or the startling blare that bursts from the bells of those bugle horns of war!

But that is but one of the sensations of war time.

There are others — sensations of affections, of *comaraderie*, of exultation, of depression, of joy, of pathos.

You who live in these piping times of peace have not the faintest conception of the joys of being a soldier.

What do you know of the affection that comes from drinking from the same canteen!

What do you know of having a “bunkey?”

Do you know what a “bunkey” is?

I doubt it and so will tell you: He is the royal fellow who sleeps under the same scant supply of blankets with you; who gives you three-quarters of the last hard-tack left in his depleted

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haversack; who goes shy on the last thimbleful of coffee that you, his "bunkey," may have a bracer of that soldier's nectar.

He is the fellow — God bless him! — who digs out of the corner of that same haversack one last measly bit of bacon and makes you share it with him, and you, his "bunkey," get the greater share. He is the royal gentleman in tattered blouse, seatless trousers, toeless boots, but with a carbine that shines like silver, who volunteers to stand guard for you the night you are "off your feed."

It is he who goes out to the picket line and curries the mud from your rusty steed when you have got a "pass" to go fishing. He is the grizzly fellow, unshaven and unshorn, who rides along beside you in the rain, smoking a pipe that smells to heaven when turned loose indoors, but which when out in the drizzle is as sweet as incense.

He is loyal, tender, brave, a hero, a soldier — your "bunkey." The army only develops him.

There, too, are the sports of camp, the wild chorus in the quarters before tattoo, the rides through the fragrant forests on the trail of the wily bushwhacker. Once the bugle sounds "Halt!" "Twos left!"

"Count by fours!"

"Every fourth man hold horses!"

"Dismount!"

There is a rattling of musketry going on over there in the woods, and as the dismounted detachment rushes out into the roadway, at the sharp command, "Fall in! fall in!" leaves drop from the boughs overhead.

It is the minie balls doing this. Hear them sp—t! sp—t! sp—t! in the leaves! And how they whistle!

Still that sharp cry, "Fall in! fall in! Right dress! Forward, guide right — *charge!*"

In the dense undergrowth of a southern forest an alignment is impossible, hence, instead of a battle line it is a wild rush of blue-coated cavalymen, helter-skelter; but there is method in the movement, just the same.

A hundred steps bring the detachment to a bayou waist-deep with water. On its brink there is a pause, and at the moment from the opposite bank a volley is poured into the advancing Federals.



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It tells. A dozen brave fellows drop dead.

Another dozen are sore wounded, but the pause is only momentary, and on rush the now maddened troopers.

Ah, God! There on the very brink of the swollen bayou lies your "bunkey," and there is a crimson spot on his rusty blouse. But you scarce realize who it is that lies there speechless, for the tumult of fight is about you, and a battle is raging in your heart.

On through the murky waters, with a wild yell, go the pale but undaunted boys in blue. The enemy, content with its ghastly volley, flies before the rush of the charging detachment, but it sends back scattering shots to check the triumphant advance.

And see! There are the enemy's horses! They are mounted, and away they go into the dense woods. It will never be heard of in the dispatches, but your "bunkey" is dead, and you stand over him while the other brave fellows dig his grave out there in the quiet woods, and perhaps you are too brave and strong and manly to shed a tear, but far more likely are you to stand above him and the heaped-up mound of earth and sob your heart out.



What do dwellers in this era of calm know of the lingering days in the hospitals at the front? Those awful days when swamp fever is raging among the gentlemen volunteers of our army.

How the grand old fellows die! So patient, so brave, so noble, so uncomplaining! They hear the muffled drums that lead off to the soldiers' cemetery on the hillside. They listen until they grow fainter and fainter, until the plaintive sound is buried by the distance.

And then they hearken until the drums come back; but now the sound is loud and joyous; there is nothing to muffle the rattle of the snares, and the fifes are playing "The White Cockade," or "Garry Owen."

The poor boys lie there thinking, thinking: "When will the muffled drums beat *my* requiem? How long before they will come back from *my* grave playing a lively quickstep?" These are sensations of a soldier's life, and you who find peace and happiness under the brilliant radiance of the stars that shine in Old Glory may thank kind fortune that there were men at hand when that banner needed defenders.

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Out of the darkness of slavery they brought it purged of the stains that had made it a byword for the nations of the earth.

Out of bondage they brought millions of fellow-men into the glorious dawn of freedom.

Out of the tangle of sectionalism and secession and nullification they brought their country solidified and disenthralled.

Out of the darkness and into the light, where the sun shines, and the stars are, and the roses.

It was worth the price, perhaps, but ah! they were loyal fellows, these soldiers of the '60's!

Light-hearted, jaunty, debonair, generous, brave. No jaunt too hard for them, no rampart too steep to climb, no rain of hell fire from the throats of guns too severe for them.

A pot of coffee made in an oyster can over a fire of twigs made them merry, and a haversack full of pilot bread, with a bit of bacon, was an epicurean repast. Under the showers they slept, the rain pouring on their faces and rivulets pouring around them, the only dry accouterment being their carbines and cartridges. They lived for their country, and when their country demanded the sacrifice they died for it.

God bless them every one, the dear old, tender-hearted, patient "bunkeys" who died and lie asleep away off there in the South, where the cypress trees grow in the bayous and the breezes sigh through the canebrakes!

Dear old fellows! Some of us remember you with tears.

—[1893.

IN WAR TIMES.

Speaking of war times, how many people are there today, except those grizzly fellows who wear bronze buttons in their lapels, that know anything about night rides after the elusive and apparently ubiquitous guerrilla?

That is another sensation which the people who drone along through a peaceable world that never has a musket shot in it know absolutely nothing of.

The preliminaries to this sort of an episode come in the shape of a detail announced at "retreat," naming about two-thirds of the men in line to report on the parade ground at daylight next morning with their horses and ten days' rations.

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The soldier who has been through this little preliminary more than once has a mighty clear conception that this ten days will be prolonged into twice that number, and that after his ten days' rations of bacon and coffee and pilot bread have been sent down the little red lane he will either go hungry or the native smokehouses, hen roosts and corn cribs will be called upon to keep life in him.

It usually seems to be the rule in the cavalry that if the men are in line at daybreak there is a hitch somewhere; either the shoulder-strapper who is going out to command oversleeps, or else the cussed whelps of soldiers have shaved his horse's tail during the preceding night and made such a spectacle of him that the officer is unable to make his appearance until another steed has been borrowed from a brother officer or drafted from the ranks.

For be it known that, although the army officer is monarch of all he surveys in war time — an autocrat, frequently an aristocrat, and universally the boss of the ranch, so to speak — the private soldier has ways of getting even with and making his life such a burden to him that he actually suffers.

One of the pointed and positive ways that the aforesaid cussed private has of showing his utter disgust and dislike for a commissioned officer is to slip into that offensive officer's stable at the dead hour of night and shave his horse's tail. Unless you have seen a fine war steed after he has undergone this humiliation you have little conception of the amount of emphasis there is in the act. To be sure, it is a shameful thing to do, taking revenge on a man by mutilating a beast, but the private soldier must free his mind, and up to the time the war closed in 1865 there did not seem to have been any method in the cavalry service so effectual for telling an officer that his men, or some of them, at least, had opinions about him that would not look well in print, as to shave every last hair from the tail of that officer's mount. But this is a digression.



The command at last gets under way. The southern sun shines down and sparkles in glee on shining scabbard and on gleaming carbine as the ranks by twos file off through the woods on a byroad that is about as fit to run up a squirrel tree as to lead to any point where a guerrilla is likely to be.

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The woods at early morning are full of song and fluttering feathers. On a tall, dead sycamore a woodpecker beats a lively tattoo and shifts his red topknot from side to side meanwhile, for fear he will see something that he does not want to see. A cat-bird yells in a thicket and scolds and rasps the air of balm. The pine spindles crunching under the horses' iron-shod hoofs give up balsamic odor; the red buds gleam along the roadside, backed against the deep green of the hazel bushes. The sunlight is sprinkled through the leaves in patches upon the roadway beside the dusky spots that the shadows scatter. And all the air is bubbling up with whistles and chirpings and warblings of the myriad birds.

But there is another sound and sight in the sylvan scene.

There is the clank, clank, clank of sabers, and there are two long, silent files of blue-clad men which bore their way into the forests and canebrakes.

Farther and farther into the deep, dense, dusky woods they go, shifting from the main highway to a cattle trail that merges again into the big road later on.

And they are hunting men, which is why there is silence in the ranks under orders.



The sun that came up over the eastern woods just as the command left camp has climbed to midheaven. There is a halt beside a stream and a bivouac. The horses are unbridled to crop the succulent underbrush and forest grasses. The men fall prone upon the springy turf, and, with haversack and canteen beside them, revel in all the epicurean delights of a soldier's meal on the march.

But the last halt is scarce more than a breathing moment. Again the steeds are bridled, the order "fall in" is given by the officer in command, "prepare to mount"—"mount"—"twos right, *march!*" and again the long blue string unravels out of the leafy distance and is threaded through the forest like a strand of colored whipcord.

The sun slopes down the long blue cone of sky and drops behind the western woods, but still the horses tramp through the leaves, and still the sabers clank, clank, clank. The hungry soldiers see the prospect for supper growing slim, and draw again upon those well-filled haversacks for a "dry lunch"—a

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handful of hard-tack washed down with slices of raw bacon, and water from a woolen-covered canteen.

The tired and hungry horses nip at the bushes by the roadside, or at the tufts of grass that grow along the way, and the soldier's fellow-feeling, which makes him kind, prompts him to permit this unmilitary performance.

The dusk gathers.

Unless you have seen the sun go down behind a great forest and the night come on, you do not know the awesome feeling that comes with darkness.

There is a solemn stillness broods over the scene.

The birds that have all day flitted here and there, from branch to bush, and poured out their merry notes, have vanished.

The breeze that at intervals all day swung the tall branches and ruffled the undergrowth has died down until there is a breathless calm.

Away off in the distance an owl hoots, and overhead a night hawk swishes a wing, perhaps, but there is no other living, moving thing in all the landscape but the two long, silent lines of blue threading their way through the leafy silence like strands of colored whipcord.



"Halt!"

The word is passed along the line.

A soldier with chevrons on his arm rides down the ranks and gives a cautionary command.

"There must be absolute silence; not even whispering will be permitted. All accouterments must be strapped down so as to reduce rattling and clanking to a minimum."

"Forward!"

The command is passed down the line in a whisper.

It is not necessary to explain the significance of these commands.

Every man of the silent cavalcade which moves dumbly through the dusky woods knows that the order means a possible volley from the flanks—that the stalwart fellows who ride blindly on through the falling dew in his front and rear may be taken by a shot from an ambush, or that he may be taken from between them and leave a gap in the line which will close up as water closes up the gap cut by a keel on the bosom of a lake.

And Other Poems and Prose.

How silent the horses are! They seem to understand the value of stealthiness, and not a snort nor a neigh starts the echoes among the trees.

On, on through the deep darkness of the forests until the midnight hour has slipped by; on through the bushes, now reeking with dampness, pushes the silent column; forward through the tall, dense canes that swish their blades in the soldiers' faces; forward through the murky bayou, where the cypress knees stud the waters and the moccasin snake has his haunts.

Out at last onto a patch of prairie the column advances just as the first rosy light of morning begins to fleck the east, and the strain is lifted alike from rank and file. Horses are unsaddled, fires are kindled by the aid of rails from a fence near by, and presently the seductive aroma of coffee—God bless the man who first roasted and ground the berry!—fills the atmosphere; bacon is broiling on pointed switches above the coals, and the night is gone by with never a trace of a guerrilla and never a sudden volley from the sumacs that grow beside the way.

—[1893.

THE BOWLD SOJER BOY.

"Oh, there's not a trade that's going,
For showing or knowing,
Like that from glory growing,
For the bowld sojer boy.
And there's not a town they march thro'
But the ladies looking arch thro'
The window panes to sarch thro'
The ranks to find their joy;
While up the street each girl they meet
Will look so sly, and cry: 'Me eye!
Oh! isn't he a darling,
The bowld sojer boy.'"

When the joyous company was sitting about the banqueting board by the sea the other night and toasting Col. Shafter and his gallant officers and men in brimming beakers, the rollicking rhythm of that old song kept on running through the Eagle's mind, keeping time to the clink of the glasses and taking him

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back in memory to the camp fires of the war, when Billy Rosenthal, the quartermaster of "ours," was wont to get out his guitar and make the welkin ring.

For there is an enticingness about the life of "the bowld sojer boy," which pulls on a fellow as though he had strings hitched to him. Although I am but just a plain, ordinary, gold-washed, cast-iron Eagle Bird of commerce, on a tall tower, I never see a blue coat with brass buttons and shoulder straps on it but what I want to follow its wearer off to camp and "fall in" with the boys.

There is nothing like "lining up in two straight strings like reg'lars," as the newly-mustered-in captain was wont to give the command; to stand up with an elbow touching your elbow on either side, and feel the electric thrill that comes from the contact; the sense of comradeship that only the soldier knows who has dressed the line with "eyes right" and gone into the flame of battle stirred and encouraged by the cheers of the fighting fellows who went in with him.

Those of us of the Eagle race who saw the boys go to the front in the '60's, when the flag was assailed, look on the soldier men of the present with interest, because we know that when a country really needs fighters it needs them mighty bad.

Let it be recorded that an inspection of the file, as well as of the rank, is reassuring. The "sojer boys" of '94 fill out their blue clothes with an abundance of sinew that is simply magnificent. They are a well-groomed, clear-eyed, brawny lot of fellows who look as if they could lick their weight in wild animals, and it would be joy divine to officer a few regiments such as the First Infantry and lead them against a foe.

If you don't believe it, watch a squad of them swinging along down the street with steps as light and springy as race-horses; note the swell of muscle at the thigh, the calf, and about the shoulders. Note that every man-jack of them looks fit for long and swift marches. Note how grim they are, how resolute, how reposeful, and how much reserve force lies behind their calm exteriors.

Fancy those fellows of the First in the swirl and tumult of battle, and you will need no stretch of the imagination to believe that were they to get loose with their bayonets and breech-loaders in a shindy the other fellows must needs be men of steel to stand before them.



And Other Poems and Prose.

The army is all right, thank God! and it looks mightily as if we might have to fall back on it more than once before we see the end of the next decade.



There are some people saturated with the idea that the men educated by our Uncle Sammy — dear old chap! — at West Point are a coterie of snobs and upstarts. That they feel themselves a bit better than the civilians who pay taxes to keep them in bread and butter, and clothes with braid and gewgaws onto them.

But don't you believe it!

The military academy's course of schooling and training is everlastingly strong in its tendency to take the snobbishness and foolishness out of the colts who go there; and its output of graduates ranks away up in intelligence, gentlemanliness, good manners and plain, unadorned American horse-sense.

To be sure, there occasionally gets through the course a fellow who is an upstart, but even West Point cannot entirely make all men over who have been mismolded, although, generally, it seems to come mighty near doing it.

That big war-school on the Hudson takes in raw hands from the ranches with stoops in their shoulders and sprails in their gaits and makes them into the straight, lithe, handsome fellows we have been seeing about the streets of the Angel City of late with stripes down the legs of their trousers.

It teaches them how to work out "sums" in arithmetic as well as to know how to walk and where to put their hands — in fact, it polishes the uncut diamonds of American manhood until they have more faces than a Kohinoor, as was developed in the great war.

The superficial looker-on at these war-boys of ours may fancy that because they are natty and debonair, and can lead a cotillion with a superb aplomb, that is all they are fit for.

Don't you believe that, either!

When the time comes — which, let us hope, it never may come — that Uncle Sam — dear old fellow, God bless him! — needs leaders for his regulars and his volunteers, the Eagle Bird by chance wants room in which to bet his little pile on the gallantry, ability, bravery and patriotism of the West Pointers.

If you want to find out what royal chaps they are to tie to, let it be your good fortune to go out into camp with them

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where there is nothing much but hard-tack and s. b. to eat, and precious little of that; where there are days of rough riding or still rougher walking among the cactus and sagebrush of the desert; where the water holes are shallow and far apart, and the coyote appears to be running the layout; where there are skies of brass from which gleams a sun that fries men's brains—I say, if you want to get at the core of the man from West Point, this is the place to do it. And when you do it you won't be disappointed. You will find him a happy-hearted, sensible, considerate and generous gentleman who will share his blanket with you and spout his shirt to help you out of a hole.

And why?

Because he is an American, with the spirit and chivalry of the race of Americans; because he is one of us who, instead of being spoiled by his advantages, has been molded and polished into the fine fellow who knows how to walk and dance, and will know how to fight when the time comes.

As the American soldier in the ranks is the best soldier in the world, because he knows more than any other race in the file, so is the American officer the peer of any officer on earth, the flower of nineteenth-century manhood.

All hail, the West Pointer! May his shadow never grow less!



There are freaks infesting this fair and beauteous republic of ours who have been somewhat conspicuous in opposing the advent of Uncle Sam's hired men, in garments of azure hue, onto these scenes.

This is really funny—even funny enough to make the entire family of Eagle people burst into what are popularly called screams of laughter.

Just as if there was any bit of soil in this country too sacred for the footfall of a soldier of the American army.

Well, I like that!

If the men of Uncle Sam's army may not go into any village, town or city of the United States without exciting comment and criticism, what show have the rest of the people to move around with freedom? If Grover Cleveland, the chief of the nation's police, may not send a few of his gallant men to sniff the rose-scents of this fragrant valley of the gods without

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some galvanized American rising up on end and giving a long, lone howl about it, then things have come to a mighty pretty pass.



The fact of the whole business is that there are a lot of unclubbed people living under our banner of stars who ought to get out of this and go over to those countries in which every dod-rotted, measly miscreant of them would either have to go into the army or the lock-up!

No peaceful and law-abiding citizen of this country objects to the presence of the blue-wearers of our army. It is only the time-serving knave with an ax to grind, or some wretch with murder in his heart, who protests against a sight of troops along our streets and avenues.

And it is to settle just such cases as are these long, lone howlers that we are keeping up an army. Were it not for the slumsters from abroad, and the dastardly poltroons of our own land who hope to get votes or some other sort of patronage by standing in with them, the army might be disbanded and go a-fishing.

But, the Lord be praised! the kickers are in a minority so small that it is only by their vociferous and concerted howling that they are ever heard at all. The peaceable, law-loving, law-abiding, patriotic people of the United States are proud of our army, its men in the ranks and its officers of the line, the field and the staff; they are glad to see the gallant fellows come, and will be "all broke up" when they see them go away.

The fellows that feel otherwise about it are so few that there isn't enough of them to make a bunch; but, great Scott! aren't they noisy?

AN ARMY RECOLLECTION.

We were scouting in the rear of Joe Shelby's army, which was on its way to reinforce Price at the time he made his great raid into Missouri and Kansas in the winter of 1864-5.

We were battalioned with detachments from various regiments, and among them one from Michigan, the number of which has now slipped my memory. The country was the cypress swamps and bayous of Arkansas, in which the enemy was at

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home, and in which we were as verdant as the canebrakes which served as excellent hiding places for the "rebs." After a day's march through drizzling rain our command bivouacked in a grassy piece of forest, and the venturesome detailed themselves to "forage" for the good things which hung in the smoke-houses and larders of the common enemy.

A party of ten from the Michigan regiment rode out from camp, and to this day I can hear their sabers clanking through the silent woods; for I was but a boy, and, though a year a soldier at that time, had never seen blood shed by the bullet nor been under fire—hence this occurrence made a lasting effect on my mind. Down the green vista ten boys in blue rode on an easy gallop, the forest echoing with the clank of their sabers and the rattle of their spurs. Out but a mile from camp they came upon a party which also wore the blue. Thinking, of course, it was a foraging party from some other regiment of the command, our squad of ten rode up within a few feet, when quick as thought carbines were swung up and fired into their very faces, which was no sooner done than the cowardly rebels sailing under Federal colors turned and galloped into the forest. As close as were our boys, but one poor fellow received a wound. He was a great, stalwart man, bearded and bronzed, full of vigor, and holding onto life, which was as sweet to him, poor fellow, as it can be to any reader of these lines. In less than an hour from the time they rode away nine men rode into camp erect—one was carried on an improvised stretcher between two comrades. They carried the still conscious soldier into a deserted house near by, and I, with a boyish curiosity, lingered in the window and listened to his last words and failing breath. With a plaintive voice that filled every eye within hearing with tears, he told of the "sweet little wife up in the woods of Michigan" which he never would see again, and the baby. "Little Nell! Little Nell! Little Nell!" the poor heart cried. "Little Nell, with your gentle hands and your bonnie eyes that will never look into your papa's again. Little Nell, that hung upon my neck and laughed when I placed her in her mama's arms when I started for the front. Oh, God! to never, never, never see my sweet wife and Little Nell again!" The tears lay upon his pallid cheeks, and the poor voice dropped into a lower key with every passing moment. Bronzed veterans hid their faces and wept with him, and when at last the brave life flickered out they

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buried him in the little yard, and a comrade carved his name on a rude board, and beneath, "In Memory of the Lover of the Little Wife and Little Nell."

ANENT POINDEXTER DUNN.

"Only a Woman" writes the Eagle Bird of Freedom a letter in which she claws out of his birdlike form a portion of his choicest and most expensive plumage because he has not paid his respects to Poindexter Dunn, who is said to have said things a while back that grated on the ears of the Eagle's esteemed correspondent.

Now, if Poindexter said it, the lady, who says her father was a soldier who laid down his precious life for this republic we birds are so proud of, has considerable cause to feel hurt at her favorite fowl of the spreading wing for not making a few striking and exhaustive remarks, but Poindexter declares he never said it, and there you are.

It grated on the ears of us Eagles like fury when we perused in the papers that Mr. Dunn had uttered himself the way he was reported, but when that statesman stood up in his chair of office and declared that, by the great horn spoon, he never said any such a thing as that: "It is a pity it was not a lot of pensioners who went down in the wreck of Ford's Theater instead of those poor clerks," the Eagle was inclined to give Mr. Cleveland's ten-dollar-a-day officeholder the benefit of the doubt.

If he did say it, then we birds have it in for him with both feet and all of our sharpest and most destructive claws.

Let us flyers but find out to a dead moral certainty that anybody has lit onto the forms of the saviors of the Union, and we will take a contract to fill the air so full of the fur of the guilty individual that the sun will be obscured for a week.

For the Eagle seems to snuggle up to those vets of the '60's like sixty.

They are the very salt that savors the beautiful and blooming earth.

Their valor and achievements make this country's history glow with the brilliancy of a constellation of suns. The splendid gentlemen who fought the battles of this republic on Freedom's

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bloody fields deserve the best things of the country they dragged out of the smoke and fury of war into the splendor of victory, and the most facile and able pen falters and fails when it attempts to utter their praises.

I doubt not there are some skulkers and no accounts on the pension rolls.

There were some in the old army of fighters.

There are some in every walk of life.

But the mass of rank and file of that army were the bravest and best spirits of God's chosen land. Could the Eagle Bird but call the roster of the

Four hundred thousand men,
The brave, the good, the true,
Who, on the battle field, in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you,"

the very sounding of their names would be an inspiration to the men of all other lands and a pæan to the glory of Liberty.

Out of the darkness they brought this sun-kissed land of mine, and he who utters a taunt of them or those who came back with empty sleeves and limping steps is a miscreant it would be flattery to call a dog.

THE NAVAL PARADE.

That was a gala show over on the Hudson the other day when all those ships huddled together alongside of Gotham town and pelted the atmosphere full of noise, smoke, the smell of brimstone, the shriek of steam whistles and the diapason of cheers from the jolly jack-tars who manned the yards. It was the sort of show that we Eagle Birds delight in, for it was a glorification of the republic and her flag of stars; it was a rhapsody of noise to the greatest nation that lies out of doors; it was a war whoop of delight and pride that must have set the blood dancing in the veins of every one who saw the spectacle or who read about it in the florid phrases of the telegraphic reporter. To the mind of the Eagle, no scene of the pageantry at Chicago will equal the striking and impressive parade and display of the monster battleships in the harbor of New York.

Think of it!

The stately vessels moving up in line, billowing with bunting

And Other Poems and Prose.

and black with guns; the bands pouring the air full of martial strains; the crews cheering and huzzahing; the multitudes on shore drinking in the gorgeous scene—I tell you, fellow-birds and human beings, that one can easily fancy it a sight so full of power that it would touch even the toughest old heart, or the feelings of the most blasé specimen of Gotham's gilded youths.

There is an especial reason for a feeling of pride in the display because of the fact that our own country's ships cut such a magnificent figure in it.

Invincible on land as is this peaceful and peace-loving republic, let us rejoice in the hope that it is rapidly becoming invincible on the big waters, thus making this great United States in deed and in very truth "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

A STUDY OF THE CIRCUS.

The Eagle has been watching the circus with glee, and has come to the conclusion that "the greatest show on earth" is not the girl who rides a loping horse in a bathing suit covered with spangles; the man who tosses cannon balls in the air and catches them on the bare muscles of his good right arm; the giraffe with a beautiful neck for long, cool, summer drinks; the elephant that goes 'round and 'round, nor the band that begins to play.

No, indeed, these are not the greatest show, by long odds, when the circus comes to town. It is the people who come in from the country to see it—the girl wearing seven different colors and many freckles, who hangs onto John's rough hand and chews gum; the fat matron with six young ones on foot and a babe in arms, who trail after the old man leading the two next youngest, who occasionally has to yank the aforesaid urchins out of the way of a hack or a horse car onto the straight and narrow sidewalk that leadeth to the big tent where the lion roars and the behemoth sweats blood.

These are not the real features of the big show, but the genuine, simon-pure aggregation of Brobdingnagian greatness is the ten-year-old boy who comes to town and sees the circus for the first time.



And, stupendous as this boy is, it is doubtful if he is quite as much of an unrivaled attraction as was the boy of that age thirty

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or forty years ago, when the country was younger and slower by the difference of a great many broken records than it is now, and when circuses came around only once in a long time, but when they did come it is well remembered the whole country for miles around tipped up and stood on end for weeks after the "show" had loosened the last tent pin and guy rope and hied itself to other wonder spots.

The Eagle has in mind one particular boy on a farm. The boy is a staid and sober man now, with broad acres and stacks of gilt-edged mortgages that other people have to do the floor-walking act about; but forty years ago he was a country lad who was so fortunate as to live in a neighborhood that the circus proposed to visit.

The first rumble of the great show was heard one morning when the populace got out of bed to find the barn covered with dandy and wonderful posters, describing with pictures and flamboyant letter-press the great things that would be exhibited and performed two weeks later on.

At once a family council was held—a weighty and deliberate council—to settle the momentous question whether that boy should go to the circus or stay at home and sucker corn. Anyone who has suckered corn knows just what this means, for it is a job which has driven more boys from the farm into the wiles of city life than all the other occupations known to that free and untrammelled life where suckers grow.

The family congress, in committee of the whole, finally agreed that the boy should go. Right here Time got lead on his wings and absolutely refused to fly. The days were one great, big, long drag—and the nights were full of spangled dreams, in which the blood-sweating behemoth and the boa constrictor had the center of the spectacle.



But finally, after eons of ages to that boy, the morning of the circus arrived, and the first streak of dawn, exploited by a rooster's reveille, found him up and moving. He built the fire in the kitchen stove and had the teakettle whooping steam into the atmosphere hours before anyone else in the big farmhouse was astir; he fed the stock, he split wood, he hoed in the garden, and found the very last hen egg in the barn in his everlasting effort to keep up such a move that he would not become a raving maniac of unrest while waiting for those people to get up for breakfast.

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And for fear that there might be a miscue in the arrangements he saddled a plow horse and hitched him in front of the door, that he might fly when the proper hour should have arrived.

That forenoon finally passed, but if you have ever seen a boy waiting for a circus you have some faint idea, perhaps, how long it took it to get by. How the hours dragged — how slowly the sun made his way up the eastern slope of blue sky into the zenith — how hard it was to find things to do to fill up the apparently interminable gap between breakfast and dinner. But everything must have an end, and when dinner was on the table that boy was there ready for it, fidgeting through “grace” and shoveling in food immediately afterward like a fireman coaling his boilers on an ocean steamer. Long ere the rest of the family had been “helped” that boy had bolted his meal, and with a whoop of delight was aboard that saddled steed and racing against time across the three miles of distance to the little town where the circus was to “show.”

The town was located in a little valley, and at a point a mile distant from it that boy reached the hill which overlooked the hamlet, revealing to his astonished eyes not only the first circus, but the first tent he had ever seen. With what awe he halted his flying horse and gazed upon the wondrous spectacle! How his little heart beat under his homespun jacket as the stretch of white canvas, surmounted by the flaunting flags, revealed to him the “really truly fact” that not only the day of the circus had come, but that the circus was really *here!*

The capture of armies by a general is not a patching to the sense of exultation felt by that boy!

Long he sits in silence and drinks in a scene that neither time, nor distance, nor future trouble, nor joy, nor wealth, nor heaped-up honors can efface from his memory. Forever afterward he recalls the scenes that swam about him that summer noon; how a meadow lark bubbled over with a burst of song that was liquid music; how the sun shone from a turquoise sky, across which drifted patches of fleecy, cloud-like, miniature circus tents of the upper air; how softly the breezes blew across the rippling fields of wheat and shook out the banners of the tasseled corn!

Ah! yes, indeed, it was a great hour for that boy, and when he finally advanced, located his foaming steed in a village stable and reached that tent, life had given up its biggest and brightest treasure of sensation, which never can be duplicated.

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Of course that boy is the only human animal about the tent, for it is an hour or more ere the circus begins, so the lad takes in the surroundings.

He learns the art of staking and guying a circus tent to the last minute detail; he goes out where the wonderful horses are and demonstrates to his satisfaction that they are flesh and blood animals, and not spectral steeds from another planet; he sees the great, gaudy band wagon with its gilded dragons and its dome of glitter, and finally he comes across a little wagon that is a deep, dark-red mystery. But finally a man comes out and opens the end of the vehicle, whereupon he learns that this is the place to buy tickets.

In his survey he has found a flap in the tent, which convinces him that this is the entrance, so he walks up to the mysterious red wagon, buys his bit of pasteboard and is the first lone human being to enter that great, billowing expanse of dingy cloth.

Alone in that big space, with the serried seats ranged about him, who can picture with a feeble pencil the thoughts of that boy! The Eagle will not attempt it. He climbs upon a seat and surveys the great enclosure, then, hoping for a better view, he climbs down and goes around farther and farther, from one seat to another, until he makes the entire circle of the amphitheater, pausing from his final flight at the very door where the gaudy riders and the wonderful horses make their grand entrance.

Then the crowd begins drifting in, at first by twos and threes, then in groups, and a little later on in swarms, until the whole interior is clattering with the noise of the seating multitude as they race across the shifty boards for coigns of vantage.

The boy is taking it all in, you may be sure. He is watching every move in the panorama. Not a face escapes him, and not one detail, from the center-pole, with its encircling lamps, to the last back seat against the big tent's walls, but is captured and fixed in his memory.



But something has gone on directly behind him that he has not seen, for while he has been eyeing everything in front and to his right and left, the band has furtively crept in and taken up its location, and, while he is lost in the maze of movement that is going on, there comes a crash that makes him nearly leap from his seat, for, mind you, now, that boy never before has seen or heard

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a brass band, and if he is startled to the point of toppling off his narrow perch of pine boards one may excuse him for the inadvertence.

Then comes in the grand cavalcade—the knights with their tossing plumes and their coats of velvet; the ladies with the long riding habits, and the beautiful steeds that shine like satin.

The scene shifts—the cavalcade makes way for flying men and women on horseback who vault through hoops and leap across the banners, who turn somersaults as the galloping steeds circle round and round, while the band crashes out its strident tones, the peanut boy cries his wares and the lemonade man invites you to buy the thin but enticing draught.

At last the show is over. That boy takes the rested steed from the stable and flies to the fireside, and to this very day he can tell you every act of that wonderful performance just as he told it with shining eyes and a flushed cheek to the folks who stayed at home on the farm that sunny day in which he first saw a circus, full forty years ago.

MOTES IN THE SUNSHINE.

There are motes in the sunshine these days; some of them are blood-red and threatening looking.

The Eagle sees them here, and there, and yonder, and his heart is sad.

Though the mornings are rosy and beautiful, and though the dew sparkles on the grass when the world wakes up as brilliantly as it ever did, there is trouble in the air. Men are muttering in the east, for they say they are hungry and that their wives and babies want bread. Men are muttering in the west, where the fields are all golden and gay with harvest, for they have not the chance to earn the price of three meals a day.

The Eagle is sad at this, for his heart goes out to the poor and the unfortunate and the misguided; and he knows how hard it must be to be patient and contented when the wolves are at the door. I may not have the understanding of one of you human people whom I see passing and repassing day after day, some of you jaunty and debonair, with swinging strides, and whistling "After the Ball," as though care had been buried a hundred fathoms deep before you were born. But I see also some of you whom fortune has treated in different fashion.

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You have lost your place in the store, or in the office, or in the factory, and when you stride along the cemented pave there is no springiness in your step, and no luster in your eye.

You go from one place to another seeking work, a place to earn even bread for the little ones, and that a roof may shield them from the piercing eyes of the inquisitive stars.

But the places are all filled; the house on this side of the street is not hiring more men; it is discharging a part of those it has, and the one on the other side has no use for men, for it is bankrupt, and the Sheriff's keeper is the only guardian of the wares.

Ah! how these turnings away hurt the heart of the work-seeker. God help the poor fellow who is out of a job, and who, as the idle and depressing days go by, feels himself losing his grip—feels that the world has no longer use or a place for him; that he is a laggard on the stage, superfluous, useless and unwanted. Yes, indeed and indeed these are hard times, for the Eagle can read the hearts of those who suffer, and his own aches for them all—the poor, the unfortunate, the misguided.

God bring them sunshine, better days, full larders, laughter and not tears, and until it comes I would breathe a prayer for patience that suffereth long and is kind.

—[September 3, 1893.

YELLOW.

Speaking about yellow things reminds a fellow of the famous Arkansaw traveler who reigned his horse up at the cabin of a native snuff-dipper or clay-eater, or something of that sort, and asked him among other things: "Mister, what makes your corn so yaller?" and received the response, "Planted the yaller kind," whereupon the native resumed the playing of that famous air which goes:

"Rooty-ty toot, ty-toot, toot, toot,
Rooty, toot, toot, ty-toot, toot, toot."

If one should ask the dweller in the city of golden dreams what makes the houses so yaller he would probably be answered, "We are building the yaller kind." At least it looks that a-way from this perch, for all around and about, out among the "swellers" or down in Dogtown, yellow houses vex the eye

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and splash the landscape in more shades than nature ever put into her poises — bright yellow, cream yellow, dull yellow, dirty yellow, brindle yellow, piebald yellow, yellow with white trimmings, cream trimmings, brown trimmings, yellow with olive trimmings, and just plain yellow without any trimmings.

And pretty soon the foothills will take on the golden tinge, when the glorious cup of gold gets in its free-hand drawing, then what a yellow layout this will be around here.

By the way, the Eagle Bird needs a coat of yellow his own self!

—[January 6, 1895.

BLAINE.

It has been lonesome up here for two days, and as the long hours go dragging by it is going to get lonelier every day.

For Blaine is dead.

The world that has been permeated for so many years with the flashings of his genius misses him and mourns him.

He was the Eagle's ideal American.

Brave, brainy, gentle and tender-hearted; loyal to those he loved, and to his country; idolized by his countrymen; the powerful statesman, the matchless orator, the splendid citizen, the man-flower of the great republic has left us and the earth is in darkness.

Out of the gloom Death came and wrestled with the great man and overcame him.

He has had many brave battles; some of them his own; most of them for the republic, but the one greater General than he has conquered.

And that foeman's name is Death!

But the Eagle doubts not that as his way was among the stars upon earth, so it is now — that the matchless soul with the sturdiness and manliness of the strong and the tenderness of a woman is winging his way — still among the stars.

Good-by, O valiant soldier of peace! What we have lost heaven has gained. Into that hereafter we follow, and your going has made the road easier for millions of your countrymen; but it has made the world lonesome. The fragrant memories

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of your life are sweet to those who followed you with devotion through so many years of triumph and defeat; of joy and sorrow; of praise and detraction.

Blaine! Hail and farewell!

McKINLEY.

There are many sad days marked on the calendar of the Eagle's great republic, which is dedicated to human freedom, but none that fills the hearts of the lovers of liberty and the admirers of humanity with deeper sorrow than the anniversary of the death of the third martyred President, the great, the good, the noble McKinley, who, but one year ago today, finished the battle of existence and drifted into that port of sleep from which no anchor is ever lifted.

These States of the American Union have given birth to some of the world's greatest characters. The history of the republic is gemmed and starred with immortal names, but none thereon shine with clearer luster than that of the statesman who just one short year ago met the final end with the heroism of a soldier and a gentleman. To all good citizens of the republic the name of Lincoln, the first martyr thereof, is sweet with the savor of noble deeds, and the second of the trio of immortals, the lamented Garfield, has a place close to the hearts of his countrymen; but McKinley was the contemporary of us all, and hence does his loss touch the sensibilities and affections more keenly as the thought comes to us of what we lost when he became but the recollection of the sweetness of a manhood that is no more.

About that tomb in Ohio where the peerless McKinley lies asleep amid the roses and lilies placed above his insensate clay by his affectionate and admiring countrymen, we all gather in spirit today, and it is meet that in this gathering of sorrowing souls some of us who have the medium through which to say them should speak some words of encomium respecting the memory of one who was God's nobleman.



Of all the great men this country has produced we doubt if there was one who advanced with such rapidity from comparative commonplaceness to an occupancy of the highest sphere of human action as McKinley did. Time was, and but a few short

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years ago, when the Ohio statesman was looked upon as but little more than a political faddist, if the term be permissible. He had made the tariff a deep and exhausting study, and many of his compatriots thought of him principally as an expert in the elucidation of economics, as applied to this feature of political economy. Concededly clever as a politician of the best and saner character, he was thought to be but little more than a clever politician by those who knew him but superficially—that he was merely a “tariff man” for the prestige it would give his party in campaigns. In other words, it is feared that some looked upon him as a mere maker of issues as planks in platforms to “get in on.” The superficialist lived to learn that back of McKinley’s study of the tariff question were the greatest humanitarianism, patriotism and loyalty to his countrymen and his native land.



And how McKinley grew as the years went by! From being merely an Ohio Congressman, with a wonderful faculty for getting to the bottom of a great question in economics, he developed into a statesman of breadth and depth in all directions of statesmanship. Exalted to the Presidency by the sheer force of his fitness for that great station, he met the most momentous questions that have confronted the country for more than three decades with a calm front and a clear-mindedness that showed how great a man he was. When war threatened he held back until there was no other way out in honor but to do battle with a foreign enemy. When trouble broke upon a great nation in the Far East he met the conditions, subtle as they were, with matchless perspicacity and unerring judgment. In all the ways of official life he was clear as to the road to take and prompt to take it. Serene, unruffled, unspoiled by applause, free from guile and clear of brain, he went steadily forward, doing just the right thing in the right way, saying just the right thing at the right time.



But it was not the man of office, the President, who was nearest his countrymen. It was the man! If ever there lived a human being who was sweet of soul, that man was the great President who died one year ago this day. He was human to the core, and as good as gold. There was the human grip in his good right hand, the fire of affection in the glance of his

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kindly eyes. He won his political opponents as easily as he did those of his own faith in politics, and those with a prejudice against the man left his presence to become his friends and his eulogizers.

From this height above the throng the Eagle saw McKinley when he made his last visit to this land of the further west, and I do not forget that he seemed to be smiling at the Eagle as he went by, and to be giving to this bird an especial recognition. But I have come to know that his affability and loveliness of character were so all-embracing that all the other birds up and down the land, as well as my friends of the human persuasion, had the same idea that I had when he went by—that he was singling me out for especial honor by looking this way with a smile on his lips and his hat in the air.



And, ah! how sad was his taking off. To think of the damnable manner thereof is for the gorge to rise. To recall the name of his assassin is to stir the human heart to anger. To think of the reckless needlessness and cruelty of his death is almost to make one doubt the justness of the universe. To lean in memory above his wounded corse and to think what a witless and purposeless murder was this of our great countryman is to question God himself.

But yet all our questioning is as nothing, for though McKinley once walked with us under the flag of glory; although he went down into the valley of the shadows of the great war with us as a comrade; although he came steadily up from the ranks through sundry military grades to become the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the most puissant of the world's republics, and reached the very apex of human office, there is naught of him left but a glorious memory and the solid work he did for his native land. To what wonderful ends his work shall reach let no one hope to guess. To what power in the world did his influence and achievements bring his country let not this chronicler hope to say. To what greater glory for his country McKinley's policies have advanced it let me not attempt to assert. But that he did advance it no one will question. And that is what manhood does in this world. And it is always manhood that counts!



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And so, after all, as has been said before, it is McKinley, the man, that we love, and not McKinley, the President. It is McKinley, the man of steadfast spirit and kindliness, who is enshrined in the hearts of his contemporaries, and not the man who occupied a high and honorable office. Therefore, to extol his virtues is to extol humanity; to place laurels above the sleeping place of America's last martyr is to exalt the human being in the human heart. And so isn't it worth while to think of this in the hurly-burly of this wearying and wearing world? Isn't it worth while to stop a bit in the mad advance of this mad century of human activity and look calmly at what just plain manhood is?

That is what rises to the mind of the Eagle as he thinks of the great soul who passed out into the limitless loneliness of the dark one year ago, to the sobbing of the women, to the tears of the strong men, to the crying of the children in the streets. That is what comes to the mind of the thoughtful when he takes note of the things that one human being may accomplish.

McKinley is but a name and a memory, you say; ah! he is more than that, my masters; he is an inspiration! And his memory is a benediction!

A. N. TOWNE.

A gallant and noble soul slipped away into the great hereafter the other day in San Francisco when A. N. Towne died, and the Eagle can only think of him with tears.

No greater man ever wielded power in the service of a great railway system than did he. Earnest, honest, loyal, zealous, quick to know merit when he saw it, fair-minded, sympathetic, generous, he was every inch a man. He never reached the point where he was too lofty to give even the humblest employé a hearing and a fair show. When the boys went in "off the line" and called on him with a grievance he listened, and if they were right he acted so far as the power was given him to act. Though he reached one of the very highest positions in the railway service, coming up from the very lowliest place, he was ever the same modest, quiet, kind-hearted gentleman, with a masterly knowledge of human nature, consideration for its fail-

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ings and generous with applause. If ever in all this wide and weary world of toil and care a man won his way by sheer force of merit it was won by A. N. Towne, and it is good to know that he achieved a material success in no small measure, as well as that still greater success, the love and admiration of the men who worked under him.

Such men as he sweeten life on the planet earth. They give evidence that with all the care and stress of life there is much in being brave, generous, kind-hearted and charitable—that one may rule without the crack of the driver's whip, and may at last fall asleep embalmed in the tender memories of his fellow-men. Great, kind, gentle spirit that sleeps under the heaped-up blossoms in Mountain View, we who honored and respected you in life will mourn you long, and longer still will we wait to see you like again!

—[July 21, 1895.]

'GENE FIELD IS DEAD.

If you will notice, the world has had a sort of lonesome feeling for some days, and, do you know, I have an idea that it is because 'Gene Field is dead!

Maybe Eugene wasn't a "great poet," but if he wasn't he managed to get mighty close to the innermost feelings of the people he sang to. As a writer for the little fellows, a warbler of lullabies, and merry, lightsome bits of verse to tickle the fancy of the wee toddlers, he had not more than one peer among American songsters. There were heart, and rhythm, and melody in those little songs of his, and touches of pathos that made the listener's heart ache. They were not grandiloquent or stately, those songs of his, and they never went so far over the heads of his audience of urchins that they were beyond understanding, but they came from a heart that was essentially boyish, and went straight to those other hearts in a way reached by no writer of our time other than Jim Riley.

Field had a facile fancy and a ready pen. His humorous verse was no less fine in its way than his rhymes for the knee-high people. Who is there with a love for clever things who has not chuckled with delight over "Casey's Table d'Hôte," "When Mojesky Played Cameel," "The Morning After," the

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funny skit about "The Large, Cold Bottle and the Small, Hot Bird," and the hundred or more other flights that were as clever in construction as they were airy in fancy? His was an American humor, bright, breezy, spontaneous, and as sparkling as the silver that flecks the sea under the touch of a summer wind.

In all his rhymed writings, so far as I have seen them, there is scarcely a false note. He sang true to the key, whatever his theme, and blended with a fine mother wit and a youthful spirit of gayety that other spirit of pathos which gives writing the human quality.

And so I say if it has seemed lonesome for a few days here in the world that wears on us with its griefs and cares and anxieties, then it is because a light has gone out that sent cheerful rays into more lives than we may ever know of.

Blessed, indeed, is the singer of the songs that reach the common people, for God has made so many of them to listen to the sweep of the singer's fingers upon the strings; and thus is blessed the gentle memory of Eugene Field, one of the tenderest and sweetest spirits of homely poesy that ever poured out his heart in song to kindred spirits of his native land.

—[November 10, 1895.]

GENERAL W. H. L. BARNES.

California has lost the brightest flower from her garden of manhood. Her most eloquent tongue is stilled forever. Her most brilliant wit, her brainiest advocate, her choicest spirit, the matchless and incomparable Barnes, has dropped from the places he adorned for more than three decades in the vital life of the Golden State, and all that is left to us who loved him are the memory of his splendor as a man and brother, and a little handful of ashes.

Above the head of every other orator and raconteur in this State he towered shoulders high. He was in a class by himself, in so far as the entire west is concerned, and it is even an open question if there was quite his equal in brains, ability and character in any of the other States of this great republic. Ah! it hurts the heart and moistens the eye to think that never more shall we sit under the spell of his eloquence and listen to the

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music, the witchery, the charm of his wonderfully compelling voice. It is a personal sorrow to every admirer of genius and valor to know that the great advocate has gone from the bar to a higher tribunal, that the hustings shall be barren until his like comes to us again, that his beauty of manhood was — and is not.



Did California appreciate Gen. W. H. L. Barnes? It is doubtful. He kept so closely to the State, his fame was so localized, he was so well known to so many of her citizens, and withal was so diffident when it came to making the most of himself, that it is an open question if California did not, in a sense, permit this particularly brilliant flower to waste its sweetness on the desert air.

The Eagle sometimes thinks that California is shabby in the treatment of her sons. I feel convinced that in any other State than this a man like the silver-tongued Barnes would have been singled out for such high honors that the whole nation and the world would have shared with us in his matchless gifts. There are men féted and toasted as orators and campaigners throughout this nation who were no more to be compared to this dead citizen of ours than is the splendor of the lily to the commonplaceness of the sunflower.

To listen to Barnes in his impassioned moments was to learn the beauties of speech, the flexibility, the virility, the lilt of our language. He was a master of metaphor and a word-painter who had the skill of a Raphael. He touched one to tears and he excited to laughter. He roused the fires of patriotism, and under the witchery of his words the nation's colors seemed glorified. When he spoke to the men, and of the men, who fought the battles of the nation, and with whom he touched elbows when all the land ran blood, every nerve of his listeners was thrilled as with an electric shock. He played upon his audiences as a Paganini swept the glorious strings. His eloquence transfigured men and immortalized events. His tongue was ever clothed with the brocades of beauteous imagery. From his great brain and warm and impulsive heart there went out, as from a fountain, thoughts, sentiments, ideas, that fructified issues and made dry themes burst into blossom.

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And our great captain of human speech is dead. The discreet and able counselor has taken himself as a client to that higher court, and California is left to mourn. And she will not be comforted, for he was her matchless son.



The world cannot spare such men as that dead friend of ours who was so daring and so strong, and yet it must. Such is the cruelty of life, such is the penalty of birth, such is the outcome of a mother's pain.

Thinking of this sweet and gracious spirit, this companion in sorrow and mirth, this genial soul whom it were an inspiration to know, the Eagle cannot but wonder why? Why all that was beautiful and brave and eloquent and intensely human, therefore all the more lovable, should come into the world to thrill it with a splendid genius and then go away as the shadows on the streams go, as the mists of the morning vanish under the light, as the roses wither, as the stars fade out when the sun leaps above the hills. Why? And who shall answer me?



For one this chronicler shall not speculate, after all. It is enough that sometimes nature gives us these splendid and glorious specimens of humanity. Let us be thankful that they have lived, and that it was given to some few of us to sit with one of them for a few hours at some time, and thus learn to know how beautiful man is at his best. Let us be glad that there is something besides a dead level of humanity—that there are mountain tops of men as well as of the everlasting rocks. Let us be proud that he was a citizen with us; that while dead he is alive in our midst, and that there he will remain forever. This is not a paradox, it is a truth. Such men as General Barnes do not die, for genius is immortal—it is too scarce to be otherwise. The truths, the teachings, the sentiments put forth by the men eloquent who have slipped behind the arras take root in the human heart, and though there may be an indistinctness in the individuality of their author when time has swept its sponge across the record, they are too vital and too real to die the death of the leaf on the tree, or the grass along the hedgerow.



And yet how feeble is our philosophy, how weak is our logic, how puerile is our speculation, should one be prone to speculate, when he sees a life like this of our great and able friend and

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fellow-mortal snuffed out as a rushlight is blown out by the wind. One may talk of the irony of fate, and the necessity of being patient when blows fall and the tornadoes of life sweep the peaks and the plains of life and love, but the heart is not to be lulled from sorrow by philosophy, and the lonesomeness that comes from the knowledge of a great loss cannot be lessened by the rules of logic, nor by the idleness of speculation.

There was a giant among us, and he is here no longer. There was a voice speaking in our midst that had melody in it, and that voice is silent. There was a brave heart beating in tune with ours but a few short days ago; it throbs no more. There was a pulse that was stirred with ours when the colors went by and the music was playing, but there is not a tremor in that pulse this day. There was a merry laugh that rang in cadence with the laughter that ran around the table when the lights were high and the wine was red, but the mirth is hushed, the lights are out, the wine is spilled. There was a warm hand held out to us that had a strong grip and an honest touch, flesh to flesh, but the grip is broken, the sinews are as lax as the web of a spider broken by the storm.

And, thinking of this loss, this lonesomeness, this gap in the line; thinking of the brave-souled Barnes, who was so much of the life of this lovely land, count one not weak who leans above the memory of that man in tears, or who voices in these words the sorrow of an admiring soul.

And so, our dead knight of eloquence, and love, and valor; our apostle of grace and beauty; our friend and fellow of the sturdy heart and the intrepid spirit, good-by, until we shall meet again when our lights, too, have drifted away on that great ocean which flings never a wave upon the beach nor bosoms the glow of stars.

—[July 27, 1902.]

J. A. MUIR.

Death may smite and spare not, it may blot out a life, but it cannot obliterate a name that has been honored among men and is enshrined in the hearts of friendship. The Eagle for days past, and through the watches of the long nights, has been waiting for tidings from the bedside of one of the stalwart spirits who

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has walked the streets of Los Angeles side by side in good works with those of you who still remain to work on, fight on, struggle on, in the never-ending battle for a place in the column where the fighting is hardest and the work is heaviest.

Two days ago there was heard the word passing from lip to lip that Jack Muir had slipped the yoke and lain down to that long and dreamless slumber that knows no waking. And many a one there was of you, here in this city of his hope and love, who listened with tears upon the lashes to the tidings that "J. A. M." had grown a-weary on the long roadway of duty and had surrendered a commission that had been earned at such tremendous cost to the man and to those who loved him as a brother, and as one nearer and dearer still.



All about us are the men who stood side by side with Jack Muir in the daily battle of this strenuous life of these modern days. For the work placed upon the shoulders of those in authority in great enterprises and undertakings is a battle indeed. Every wit is drawn upon, every ounce of brawn is taxed to its capacity, every spark of energy is made to do duty by the tremendous exactions of a world which grows more busy as the years go by. The battle of business is like that of the field where the long roll beats upon the drums and where the bugles sound the "advance." There is no time to stop and rest, there is no place where the busy man can "let go," there is no quiet nook to which he can retreat and recuperate while there are firing and charging and deploying going on all along the line. The busy man must not stop when exhaustion comes, but he must needs fight on or drop out of the ranks and make room for one who does not tire.

And Muir, the masterful man of affairs, the capable servant and the kindly chief, worked on through days of pain and long into the hours after dusk, and then laid a head upon his pillow that was filled with the thoughts of the things that must be done tomorrow. And that, my masters, is the work that wears — that work which surges through the brain that will not sleep when all the remainder of the household is deep in restful slumber is the most wearing work that the busy men among you are called upon to do. It is work that doesn't make much of a showing for the moment, but it is the dreadful toil that grinds the human spirit until it bleeds.

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And the Eagle, brooding here amid the grief that comes to him because of the loss of the blessed comradeship of those who were worn out in the harassing harness of the daily duty, wonders where all this is going to end. Are the daily exactions that are put upon those with heavy responsibilities going to increase forever in the world? Are all the labor-saving schemes and devices of this inventive and utilitarian age but more loads for the already overburdened to carry along roads that are heavy and stony and filled with obstructions? Is the man-baiting Moloch of business never to become satiated? Is the work going to keep on piling up until it overtops the tallest of the workers on the treadmill that never stops going round, night or day?

I know this, my masters, that it is the exacting work of this age of money and tremendous undertakings that is-taking from among you the flower and fruit of your manhood before half their working days would have been worked out but for the tremendous overloads that are placed upon them. I have seen the sturdy men of great affairs cut off before their prime, many's the time, because there were no trees under which to sit down and rest by the way. I could here recount a list of them from the railway ranks alone that would startle one who has not stopped to note the fatality of that strenuous occupation.

But all these reflections upon the toils of busy manhood are idle, for he who was a man and a brother among you only such a few brief hours ago is lying white and cold and silent in a desolated home, and for the first time since manhood came to him, I do not doubt, there are no surging thoughts of tomorrow's campaign likely to cause him to toss upon his pillow. After life's busy fever he sleeps well, and you who mourn him the most deeply, and those of you who will most miss him at the board where the laugh went round and the quip was upon the lip, ought not to begrudge that tired soul the blessed and eternal sleep from which no call of duty shall hope to awaken him. It ought to comfort you who mourn his passing the most deeply to have had the joy of his living beside you for so long a time as he did live. For the men of the Muir mold are not so plentiful in this old world that they come into comradeship with more than a mere handful of your fellow-mortals. You who were so blessed by fortune as to be placed beside him on duty or in the home ought to be glad and thankful that it was given you thus to be companioned.

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As for the Eagle's amanuensis who writes this screed, it was given him years ago to work in like harness with that dead friend of yours and mine who is now lying so pallid and wan in the modest home that will be so empty when he enters it no more. And it is in working harness, side by side, that men come to know each other, just as soldiers on the firing line learn to know the skulkers and to recognize the heroes. In the casual meetings between mortals there is not much to be learned of the inside of the man and brother, but when it gets down to the daily task, the possible opportunities for friction, the harassing and manifold intricacies of a busy occupation in which department meets department through the several heads thereof, one comes to know and to "size up" character clearly and without mistake.

It was amid the rush and whirl of business that Muir was at his best. As a co-operator for a successful move he was alert, prompt and unselfish. He never sought the center of the stage where the glow of the limelight was the fiercest. He did not seek applause, but he was generosity itself in according it. With keen judgment and splendid common sense, he did a man's work in the world with the courage that wins campaigns. Sent upon an errand, he performed it with zeal and fine discretion. He moved his forces with good generalship, and imbued them with loyalty and enthusiasm. He was a business man only, but it is the business man of this age—the successful business man—who would have been the commander of a legion in heroic times. When there was a duty to be performed Muir did it right; angels could do no more.



And in the brief and all-too-few break-aways from the tiresome duty of the day and the hour, where kindred spirit met kindred spirit and rollicked in the abandon of a respite, there was Jack Muir a companion to give a filip to happiness. Cheerful, hopeful, gay with high spirits, and as insouciant, for the moment, as a boy, he made the man at his elbow glad that he was alive. On those nights of sweet remembrance when he sat at the lower corner of one long table where the lights were high and wit was flashing against wit—nights that many of you know of, who, mayhap, shall read these lines—Jack Muir was the very spirit of good humor, the incarnation of happiness. Care seemed never to have laid a finger upon him in those hours of relaxation—and the pity of it is that those hours, care-free

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and happy for him, were so few and far between because of the exactions of a busy life. Had they been more frequent through the years of his endeavors of duty, it may be that he would yet have his old place among us when the jest and the song went round.

But he was there in those other glad and golden hours, and let us be thankful that the spirit of the man will abide with those who knew and loved him well.



And that is all, excepting to bid adieu to the comrade who has gone on in advance, and to wish him *bon voyage* on the journey along the flower-bordered highway of everlasting rest that leads to the Elysian fields. We shall miss him in many of the world's places — miss him, not for a day, but for long — and yet there are not so many days to pass ere those who miss him shall slip, in their turn, from the seats at the banquet board of life. Fortunate the mortal who shall be missed when his turn comes as those still walking the rounds of the treadmill miss our gallant friend who is dead, but who yet lives among us in the recollection of a man full-grown.

And again, that is all, excepting when we shall read of the last rites above his worn-out and weary body to note that tears are lingering upon one's lashes, and say to oneself with a little gripping in the throat — "Good-by, dear old Jack Muir."

—[January 11, 1903.]

CHRISTMAS.

There must surely be something different than usual doing among you human people down there during the past few days. Such hustling and bustling about; such a lot of bundles in the laps of the folks who ride in the street cars, when they can find a place to sit down, and that they grip onto when they have to stand up and hold onto a strap; such a gaysomeness in the shop windows; such a merry and excited lot of kidlets are there running around and pecking into store windows; such jams in the aisles of the big stores, where there are doll babies and other nice things for the little ones; such joyousness in the eyes of people, as if they were happy no end; such mysteries as I am seeing from up here like a duck on a rock; such hiding of parcels in bureau drawers and dark closets. Such a business generally! I know; it is that Christmas prelude all over again

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that I have heard played year after year in the hearts of humanity. And it is such glorious music, too—the melody of love, the cadences of affection, the rhythmic heart-beat of human sympathy that swells out upon the air of Christmas at this season of the year as at no other time. I tell you that about now is when this gossip of yours wishes he were a little fellow in red-topped overalls, instead of an Eagle Bird on a tower in the cold and wet. But, had this bird his way about it, he would have the melodies of love playing all the year round instead of just when the bunch of you are expecting to get something in your stockings from somebody or other.



The Eagle Bird cottons mightily to the fellow who goes along in the springtime, and in the summer, and in the fall, doing good deeds all the time, even if somebody does rattle him occasionally with a swipe in his sensibilities. Many a man who starts out in life determined to be right all the time, to take the sunshine with him wherever he goes, gets such hard knocks from indifferent humanity that he gets tired of being brave and square. But he oughtn't to.

You probably have read the clever verses that Ned Sabin writes in the big magazines. I have. Although maybe you don't believe the old Bird o' Freedom takes the periodicals—well, that's where you're foolish, fellows. There isn't much going around that the Eagle Bird doesn't see, or hear about, from somebody. But about Ned Sabin's verses. Here is a little bit of Ned's that came out the other day that strikes me as being full of meat for you human creatures to chew on. This is not a poem a yard and an eighth long, but just one little stanza with a great big thought in it. This is what Sabin was thinking that time he wrote it:

“Regard the common wayside weeds:
How to the boundless air
They cast their hundred thousand seeds,
To drift, they know not where!
Thrice happy he who from this reads
That he should not despair,
But day by day should sow his deeds
In hope that one shall bear.”

Say, fellows, there is a mighty fine sermon, it seems to me, in that simple bit of rhyme. Sabin calls it “Steadfastness,” but

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the Eagle would call it "Keep a-Sowing" — keep a-sowing good deeds right along, winter and summer. Never mind if somebody who is thoughtless calls you an infernal chump for doing it; never mind if people you are good to forget it; never mind if the fellow you lift up turns around and throws you down; never mind if ingratitude seems to blossom on every bush in the chaparral; never mind if the man who owes you the most never remembers the debt when you need a settlement the worst; never mind those who forget the good things you did for them when you were in shape to do things, and who overlook you in the shuffle when you are so placed that they cannot use you any longer; never mind the fellow who fawned on you when you were up in the world, and who has business on the other side of the street when he fears you may strike him for a dollar; never mind the buffetings you get from all sorts and conditions of people to whom you have been kind and gentle and sincere, and with whom you have been old patience on a monument time and again — I say, never mind all those things and all that sort of people, but go right ahead doing good and being patient and being kind, for some of the seeds of love and faith and patience that you scatter through the world will take root and blossom when you least expect it. There are lots of rocks along the way where the sower is scattering the grain, but the soil catches some of it, and therefrom springs the sheaf with the heart of gold, my lads.



It is Christmas that puts such ideas as these in the frosty and cast-iron noddle of the Eagle Bird, maybe. When I look down the street where the incandescents glitter and the arc lights cast shadows that are dense, it begins to work its way into this mind of mine that love goes further than anything I know of — I am talking about the real thing in the love way; not the love that lasts while it pays to stay constant; not the love that lingers as long as the sun shines and that flies out of the window when the shadow of a dusky wing sweeps across the moor; not the love that is alive when everything is coming along like an auto on a turnpike, but the love that is steadfast when the storms beat and when the summer-time friends depart. There is more of this sort of love in the world than some of you may suspect, and happy ought to be the fellow of you down there in the rush who is loved with the fondness and the faithfulness that last through

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evil report and through good report, that linger strong and warm and true though Fortune shifts the cut and deals you a losing hand from the deck that Fate has stacked against you. Just keep on having faith, for if a hundred be faithless the one who is constant and true, fellows, will repay you with a love that is dearer than riches and sweeter than the honey of the gods.



'Pears to me like Christmas is the time to give a lonesome old Eagle Bird up here in the shadow of the night times, and in the glare of Sol of the sky up yonder, thoughts about the human creature that make him think more of you fellows than he does between Christmases. You get to acting so dratted selfish sometimes, you fellows do, that I begin to think there aren't any of you worth considering, and then I see some big hulk of a fellow do something so grand and noble and unselfish that I wish I could get loose from here and climb down next to where he is just to get warm. Humanity has the funniest streaks, it seems to me, fellows. One day you are all reeking with the milk of human kindness, and the next thing I know you are trying your best to do up another fellow in a horse trade. Now, how am I to keep any sort of track of folks who act that a-way? Of course you may think that it doesn't much matter whether this bird on a rock keeps tab on you or not, but I'm going to, just the same.



And I want to tell you that just now I am seeing you in some of your best streaks. I see plenty of you who are trying to look up some poor devil who is down on his luck, in order to give him a holiday that he will remember. I see you sneaking into stores and buying toys and sweets for ragged little tots that won't get much except what they get from you. I see you making plans to send somebody a great, slamming big turkey who would be lucky to get a piece of round steak for the Christmas dinner but for your thoughtfulness — yes, indeed, fellows, you can't fool this old bird; there are a-plenty of you who are a great sight better, kinder-hearted and more thoughtful than you pretend to be. And, by gracious! fellows, that is what I love about you. When you do those little acts of charity and kindness I really get so fond of you that I'm sorry the thought ever occurred to me that you weren't the salt of the whole blooming earth. Say, fellows, a good many of you are all right, and there are more of you who would be all right if you would only stop to think about it.

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Well, then, you other fellows, it is a good time to begin to think. There are plenty of places where just a little thing would look mighty good and precious to some poor devil who has been hit in the eye by a chunk of misfortune weighing about eight pounds. You know the places, but you are thoughtless, sometimes, and give them the overlook. Well, don't do that this Christmas. Try to think of somebody you know who has had hard sledding lately. Don't let him wait to have to ask you for a lift, but when you see that the load is galling his shoulders raw take hold and lift up a little. You won't feel the strain, but goodness gracious! you don't know how that forlorn and hungry chap will appreciate the blessed sympathy that shines in that act of yours. Do a little of the scattering of deeds that Ned Sabin tells about in that little verse that is set down here in black and white, farther up the line.

Some day the other fellow may be in your place, and you in his. Some day the sunny side of Easy street may be the side that you have no license to walk on—you can never tell. Don't be too sure that the flocks of luck are going to keep right on settling in your back yard. Don't make the mistake of presuming that one crowd of you fellows is going to continue to have all the sunshine and the other crowd all the shade, world without end. Sow some seeds, fellows, and "Merry Christmas" to that last blooming one of you all, up and down the line, from the hovel in the valley to the mansion on the hill, for, God bless you! you are all alike to the Eagle.

—[December 21, 1902.]

CHRISTMAS GIVING.

When you give Christmas presents this year do try to hit the spot with your missile of affection. Don't shoot blank cartridges nor with a shotgun. Don't buy presents for the loved ones hit and miss, just as the things come in the shops, but put a little sentiment, some evidence of thoughtfulness, as well as affection, in the parcels with your gifts, and something that will give to the recipient at least a hint of the giver's personality. Try to break the habit of unloading gold-headed canes upon grandpa, necktie cases that he never uses upon papa and "any old thing" upon dear old grandma, God bless her sweet, true, faithful old heart!

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If you give presents make them befitting, of all things, and make them simple if love be with them, rather than costly and elaborate if the gift be perfunctory. Tie a bunch of holly or a knot of ribbon upon the parcel, sweeten and embellish it with a note of sentiment, and impress upon the souvenir of God's blessed holiday that human touch which is the sweetest thing in the world—the touch of human love.

The shops are bewildering with "things" for Christmas, but far too many of those things that, if given as presents, fall at the recipient's feet as empty of the true spirit of the day as a nut robbed of its meat by a marauding squirrel and dropped with its fill of emptiness into the autumn leaves. Go afield for a gift for Christmas. Do not give undershirts and gingham aprons, but make some dainty and characteristic thing, if you know how to make anything, that will convince the recipient that you are thinking of him or her for more than one consecutive minute at a time.

We all know that it is not the value of a Christmas present that makes the recipient happy, but it is the love and sympathy and kindness of heart that lie behind the gift. For instance, it would be a greater joy for any man to receive a fat goose from an old auntie in the country who once worked at his house than to get from his daughter a \$75 present that she bought down town for him with his money. It would give more joy to the wife to have her husband put some sentiment into the thing he gives her on Christmas morning, no matter how simple it might be, than to get a sealskin sacque that she knows he could not afford to buy. This, assuming that she is the kind of wife that a wife really ought to be.

The spirit of Christmas is the most blithesome, beatific and beautiful of all the subtle things known to the institutions of this world, but there must be tact, as well as love, present and accounted for in the givings of that holiday cheer and merriment, else the day will be a failure and the gifts received but mere idle nothings, like the paint upon the baby's toys.

Let us give Christmas presents, to be sure, but let them be given with Christmas charity, with human tact and human affection.

—[December 7, 1902.]

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THE STOCKING.

There never can be a really "Merry Christmas" so long as the dawn of that beautiful holiday breaks over an empty stocking. It may be a dirty little pair of hose; there may be holes in the heels and holes in the toes, or darns all over them, but Santa Claus shouldn't be permitted to skip one of them, and if he was half the good saint he is cracked up to be, the holeyer the stockings the fuller they should be not later than the hour of daylight on Christmas morning.

It is easy sledding for the old fellow down the chimneys of most houses, but those little huts where the stovepipes stick out of the windows, perhaps, or where a bundle of rags or a rocky old hat takes the place of a missing pane—that is the place he needs to be reminded of.

Under those roofs, made from refuse bits of tin cans, on which the rain drums a very devil's tattoo, there is likely to be some little fellow forgotten on Christmas eve. Of you who can spare so much for the dear and dainty darlings a-cluster about your own hearthstones, the Eagle begs your remembrance of those others. If there is one pair of wet eyes on Christmas because the little tattered stocking, so trustfully hung up, is empty, then somebody has been remiss and should be ashamed. The spirit of Christmas is one of the most holy and beautiful things in the world's hard life of greed and selfishness, and on no other day of the year is there such a chance to do generous, kindly, beautiful deeds.

You who shall bring to the heart of a little neglected boy or girl a spasm of joy; you who shall bring to the dulled eyes of their unhappy parents one gleam of happy light on that blessed holiday, will have in deed and in truth a "Merry Christmas." "God bless us every one!"

—[December 23, 1894.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Dawn, rosy, radiant and resplendent, has once more broken above the mountains of blue, and it is Christmas morning—the glorified holiday of love and joy and charity that is as kind as mother-love, as blessed as the benediction that follows after prayer. The heart that is not stirred by the sentiments of this day is to be commiserated; the man who does not feel a lump in

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his throat at the sight of the bright eyes of the little ones who began their joyous rollic in the early hours of the morning, ere the stars had gone out of the sky, deserves the pity of the normal human being who has blood in his veins. For of all the glad days in the calendar of earthly holidays, Christmas stands alone as the one in which the highest and best emotions are stirred as they are at no other time. It is a day of gladness, unselfishness, charity and love in the best sense of these best sentiments in the great, warm heart of humanity, and rare indeed must be the man or woman who is not made better by this annual turning aside from the sordid things of life into the blossoming fields where billow the roses of love.

There are people in these utilitarian days who would banish Santa Claus from the list of saints, but let us be glad that they are few and far between; so vastly in the minority that in the returns they are only lumped in the list of "scattering." They are a class of people who have never learned what Santa Claus really is, and have only looked at the old fellow in the wintry garb and the frosty beard as a lie for which there is no excuse. But Santa Claus is not a lie; he is a sentiment. He typifies the blessedness of giving, that the giver may be made more glad than the one who receives. The Santa Claus spirit develops in human nature the very best and noblest and purest that it contains, and upon the holiday which signalizes the birth of the Christian's Savior we see man with all the coldness, hardness, unkindness and earthliness sifted out of him, and only the pure gold remaining. So let us be thankful that there is one day in all the year when we may see the bright side of him turned to the glowing sun.

Upon this blessed morning, that brings the boy back from distant lands to the warm clasp of a mother's arms; that fetches from the remote fastnesses of the earth families to gather about the hearthstone of home; that leads the careless to thoughts that ennoble and exalt; that softens the hard lines in faces grown gaunt with care; that sets the song of hope singing in the sorrowing hearts of the despondent, and that lifts humanity from world's end to world's end out of the slough and rut where need drives and worry wears, it is meet to take stock of the store of love and see what a wonderful wealth of it this hard old world contains, and to be glad if there be a share of it in our own bosoms; that love which warms to the meek and the lowly and the unfortunate; that hunts out the fatherless and motherless child

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and makes it merry, if for but a day; that sets the light of gladness shining in the eyes dulled by trouble, and that sinks self in noble thoughts and nobler deeds. Surely a morning that stirs this universal sentiment is a blessed one; and it is here, radiant with sunshine, a-ripple with laughter, gay with merriment, rich with unsung melodies of happy souls, and in the true spirit of the joyous day.

—[December 25, 1897.]

A NEW YEAR DREAM.

The Eagle Bird dreams, here upon the threshold of the glad new year:

He dreams that sickness and affliction are no more. He dreams that human judgment has become infallible. He dreams that sorrow has been effaced from the crucified hearts of humanity. He dreams that a full measure of success follows every endeavor on the part of a human being. He dreams that all the plantings bring harvests, and that every flower sweetens the air with its perfume. He dreams that grief is no more. He dreams that the sinners have come to repentance, and that all the red lights once burning in the world are as white as the light of the stars in God's eternal blue. He dreams that shame is banished. He dreams that avarice, and selfishness, and cowardice, and human deviltry are no longer existent in the world of men. He dreams that patience, and love, and charity, and kindness, and courage, and loyalty, and good faith, and tenderness are as common as the wind blowing through the rushes. He dreams that men have become as true as steel—not in far-separated instances, but that all men are faithful to every trust, and as honest as the length of the longest day in midsummer. He dreams that every human habitation houses only happy hearts, and that the songs of joy are singing upon the lips of all God's children. He dreams that peace dwells in the land—in all lands—and that war has ceased forever. He dreams that the battleships of the navies of the world have been sunk in the farther seas, and that never more does a cannon yawn above a sweep of land or ocean waste. He dreams that all men have become brothers in deed, as they are brothers in human birth. He dreams that strife of every kind and nature is ended, and that happiness, joy, peace, love, are the common lot—the lot of

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those once crushed into the ashes of poverty, the lot of those who have suffered though dwellers in palaces of luxury—the lot of all—not of one class, of one faith, or of one complexion.

And amid these Elysian dreams of a world of love and charity and all blessedness, once more does the Eagle Bird send out to all those who have listened in patience through weeks of storm and sunshine, and hope and sorrow to these lucubrations, the heartfelt wishes for all God's choicest and best blessings of "A Happy New Year."

—[January 1, 1903.]

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

There was a death-struggle last night as the clock tolled for midnight, and another year was gathered into the mausoleum of the centuries. It had been a grand year, too—a year replete with history and full of stirring events. It had witnessed an occurrence that could have taken place in no other country but America—the election to the foremost office in the republic of a man who had entered the army as a private soldier at a private's wages. That election was a triumph of republican principles; a vindication of national honor and a reiteration of the declaration of the hero of Chalmette, that "the Federal Union must and shall be preserved."

It was a grand year for America all around. She saw the granaries of her vast prairies filled to overflowing with their vast burdens of golden grain, and then saw them shipped away again to the very four corners of the earth at such prices as had not prevailed for many a long year. It witnessed the first step toward the restoration of the prestige of our flag upon the high seas, for the trans-Atlantic record was broken by an American ship. Men who had welcomed its advent were sorry at its departure, for it had been a good year, as the years go, taking one in connection with another. Ninety-six was a year that marked a turning point in the nation's history, and men were content to remember the injunction of the Moor and "speak it fair in death."

And now the new year is before us, like some sweet, new-born baby in its cradle, a delicately-tinted study in pink and white. It is fraught with fond hopes and fervent prayers for the future, some of which may never be realized. But man is a

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creature who lives on anticipations and finds half his joy in looking forward. And so we bid "Ninety-seven" welcome, as we did, a twelvemonth ago, the old and grizzled year that has passed away beyond recall. The old French adage, "*Le roi est mort; vive le roi*," is typified in the advent of the infant year which has come to take the place of sturdy old "Ninety-six."

These years are to us a good deal what we make them. Ninety-nine men out of every hundred who are "down on their luck" seem to forget that they are, in most cases, very largely to blame for their own misfortunes. Life is a warp, and let us weave it well. How well we do so the future will decide. Let us improve each shining hour, and remember the words of the kindly bard who wrote:

"Count that day lost whose low-descending sun
Sees at thy hand no worthy action done."

The winters are wasting away like flakes of snow, and men who were boys but a few years ago now find themselves gray-bearded veterans, grown weary in the toil and dust of life. Take to heart each golden hour that remains, and remember the homely words of the old miller, that "the mill will never grind with the water that has passed."

—[January 1, 1897.]

ON NEWSPAPERS.

The Eagle noticed with considerable interest that a couple of nights ago the Sunset Clubbers took a whack at the modern newspaper at its dinner down at Jerry's, and while the opinion appeared to prevail thereabouts quite generally that the modern newspaper is an all-around son-of-a-gun, and the men who make it no better than they ought to be, to say the least, a few words were said in its defense.

Sitting, as does the Eagle Bird o' Freedom, poised on this rocky perch above the intellectual bee hive in which is collected the honey of news, and within hearing of the clicking linotypes and the whirring wheels of the lightning presses which marshal and deploy it in gigantic issues for the thousands who read, I wonder, sometimes, that the newspaper is as good and clean and brave and honest as it is.

Of course, not all newspapers are good, clean, brave and honest—on the contrary, quite the reverse—but that the

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majority of them are is beyond dispute. No class, either of men or of institutions, should be judged by the exceptions. We should not judge all bankers by the ones who loot cash boxes and flee to Canada.

As already remarked, the wonder is, in this dissolute age, that the daily journal is as high in tone, as correct in its statements of fact, and as cleanly in its morals as it really is.

For all the land is rife with rattling good, juicy stories that never see the light of day in the newspapers. If they did the town would have a rip-roaring sensation for breakfast every morning, and society would be so torn up that the road to the brush would be better traveled than Broadway.

Every newspaper man knows a thousand things that are salacious, sensational and startling—stories that would make newspapers sell like the traditional hot cakes, but he keeps these thousands of secrets inviolate, and the pigeon holes of his desk are crammed with unpublished details. It is only when the courts or the police take cognizance of naughty stories that they get into print, except in the rarest cases.

For it is into the newspaper offices of the land that people come with their grievances, their covert slanders, their tales of scandal, their woes and sorrows and schemes against reputation and prosperity.

And all the editors sit in judgment upon all these frauds and fakirs and blackmailers, a bulwark of righteousness and good faith.

The claim is not uncommonly made that the newspapers err in their statements of facts. Well, if this be the case at times, it is not the fault of the newspaper man, but of the people of the world who make slipshod or biased statements; that great class who lie either from the very lust of lying or because of mental strabismus.

For the newspaper men, as nearly ubiquitous as they are, cannot be quite everywhere. They must take the word of witnesses for the things that occurred. If these occurrences are incorrectly exploited it is the fault of the narrator and not of the chronicler. As a matter of fact, newspapers use the utmost endeavor to get at the truth of everything in the way of news. No night is too dark, nor too wet, nor too cold; no stream is too swift and wide, nor the mud too deep on any highway, to keep the newspaper reporter from seeking out the last grain

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of information in exploiting a story. Items that appear in the press are kept for weeks under the most careful and painstaking investigation before they see the light of day, and in every case the men who dig up the story labor under the sole instruction to get at the bottom facts wherever they may be found.

Of course, there are some things that come up in a rush that cannot be as thoroughly investigated as they ought to be, but, considering all things, it is most remarkable that the main features of a newspaper story are almost invariably correct. That there should be minor errors is unavoidable. Thus the Eagle, who sees the coming and going army of tale-bearers drifting in and out of this castellated structure which is the daily birthplace of the south's greatest newspaper, insists that the newspaper is always as good as its surroundings, and always better than its critics. It, as a class, is working along right lines for the development of the land we love, for the upbuilding of our institutions, for the education and betterment of the race. The press is first in the minds of men when a charitable deed is to be done. It succors the weak, defends the defenseless, excoriates the wrongdoer, and is here, as elsewhere, the greatest single power for righteousness that is. The toilers upon it see their work written at night to be forgotten in the morning, but out of their toil comes after all good to the land and the race, and the man who is not proud of the modern newspaper is a fellow who is consumed of his own conceit.

ON THE PROXIMITY OF AN ARTIST.

Things are going on again around here where the Eagle Bird has his lair. Seems like there is nearly always something going on to disturb the even soprano of events, and to change statues and such.

This time the gang down stairs is making a systematic and studied advance on this perch. Whether it is hoped to eventually crowd this Bird o' Freedom off onto the sidewalk, or drive him back to the iron foundry from whence he originally came, remains to be found out.

It is this way:

In the attic just beneath those broad and sweeping wings that Percival wrote about in a string of stirring verses, they are about

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to commence sawing and hammering and daubing plaster around, preparing an atelier—I guess that's what they call it—for the fellow who draws things, cartoons and such, and his salary. The latter feat he is especially expert at.

The information has leaked out up to me (if anything can leak up) that the alleged artist proposes to shortly move up the narrow and crooked stairway that leads to the rectangular area beneath these 'ere claws, with his highly ornate pictures of the Misses Fewclothes, and to proceed hereafter to draw all sorts of things, including his breath, close up to the throne.

I can probably stand this close proximity, but it is going to go hard with me.

But the Eagle Bird's troubles do not end with the advent of a mere dauber with India ink. Other phalanxes are advancing upward, and are even being aided in their nefarious movement by one of old Hydraulic's highly-expensive and swiftly-gliding elevators that looks like a big cage for monkeys.

In this brigade of encroachers in the vicinity of the Eagle Bird's domain of the upper air comes the man with the high forehead and the blue pencil—he who swipes choice ideas out of the missives of "Veritas" and "Old Subscriber," and scatters punctuation marks in the most appropriate spots in other pieces written by other pens. Supporting him come those other towering intellectual giants who write those large and logy editorials that move nations and wipe out dynasties. Those great, juicy chunks of thought that make thrones totter and the public servants to swear. Those moving and majestic articles on the Schleswig-Holstein question, and other things suggesting how to rule worlds and how to keep Freedom from breaking loose from the land and taking to the brush. Another choicer spirit still moves up a story in this intellectual throng—the cow editor.

No man on a great religious daily is held in more different kinds of awe than the cow editor. It is to him that the palpitant public looks to learn what sort of an ensilage to use on a short-horn sheep, and how many rows of gooseberry bushes it takes to equal an acre of orange orchards. It is to this great mind that the alfalfa grower looks to learn when to set out his crop, and when to dig it. To this great mind comes a daily grist of questions, such as asking how to graft the cottony cushion scale on the Gila monster. How to protect orange trees from the sun.

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How to set out rutabaga beets seven to the row and nine to the hill. How to milk a cow simultaneously with a butting calf on the other side of the critter and not get milk in the milker's off eye. How to feed goslings with hard food and yet keep them from choking. How to grow potatoes on a side hill without their rolling down before they get their growth. How to manage a muskrat ranch in a dry country. How to extract bee stings without blasphemy and other loud language. How to utilize the butt of goats in drilling artesian wells. How to build a chicken fence that is worth a cuss when it comes to keeping fool chickens out or in. How to manage to raise a large family and a mortgage on the same ranch. What sort of fertilizer to use in growing frogs' legs. How to keep a dairy where the grass is short and the dairyman has no money to buy fodder. What is the best sort of a crop to grow to enable the farmer to spend his time in a hammock on the front porch. How to work a banker for money enough to pay off the hands on a place and send Lucy away to school. What sort of a rig is best to come to town in to impress the banker that you will be able to pay him if he makes the loan. How can the Australian lady-bug be made to ward frost from orange trees. How to get rich on two acres of ground and yet spend four days in the week playing cinch for the drinks in the nearest saloon.

To all these questions and ten thousand others the cow and bug editor must have pat and accurate answers, hence he is really the greatest man in this business.

It takes a man with a powerful intellect indeed to be a cow editor. And you can always tell when he is coming up in the elevator by the way it creaks and groans. It is very tough on elevators to have to hoist cow editors up to the third floor. My sympathies go out to such elevators as are called upon to perform this service to mankind, but some elevators must just simply work, while others must creak with a load of cow editor. So runs the world away.

This simple statement of facts as to the binding status about the Eagle's perch will give you some idea of the situation. The peace that has reigned on this far height for many years, in which the Bird o' Freedom has had his weekly say, is about to be torn up by the advent of a picture-builder and a corps of cow and other editors. Where once the Eagle lorded it alone there are now to be others—and such others! Especially those pic-

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tures that Chapin is going to tack up on the walls showing young ladies in their summer costumes in the dead of winter, and pulmonary complaints threatening every last one of them. It is just fearful for a staid and modest Eagle Bird to have such things going on and be powerless to do anything more than just register a roar in a loud voice.

It is going to take me some time to get used to this crowding of civilization—if that is a proper name for it. Bear with me, kind, gentle and indulgent readers, while I cut this short in order to be alone with my sorrow.

—[July 5, 1896.

THE COUNTRY EDITORS.

The California Press Association has again been devastating the larders and hen roosts of Northern California with their insatiable appetites and their unmeasurable capacity for cold victuals, and incidentally making speeches about the comity of nations; the purity of the press; the doing away of newspaper scrapping matches; how to get subscribers to pay up and stop kicking; how to get every man's advertisement at top of column next to reading matter; what kind of typesetting machines to use on papers circulating as many as two hundred and fifty copies a week; on the virtue of boiler plate, and how to keep it from curling around the cylinders; how many sacks of potatoes to require for a year's subscription; how to meet the citizen who wants to lick the editor; whether the sawed-off shotgun or the self-cocking bulldog is most desirable for use in editorial sanctums; on reduction in price of the Bogardus Kicker; what sort of shoe blacking to use instead of ink; on the use of newspapers as tamale wrappers; on the most effective mode of working a grinding monopoly for passes; how many columns of free notices should be given for two passes to the circus; how to sneak c.o.d. packages of print out of the express office without paying the bill; how to get a postoffice, and what part of California will we work for a blowout next year. All these momentous questions of public interest were debated with great spirit. Numerous speeches were made that will go thundering down the ages like a milk wagon over a corduroy road, and then they hit the lunch counter another belt, whereupon the convention adjourned, after passing a resolution that a lovely time was had.

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ABOUT A MODERN PRINT SHOP.

The diggers who dig pits in the basement have shouldered their shovels and other implements and "went;" the engine erectors have shoveled a good portion of downstairs so full of wheels and valves and pulleys and belts and pistons and self-oiling apparatus, *et cetera*, that there isn't room for another dowel pin; the man from back east with smut on his face and tar up to his elbows has put "The Old Guard" on post; ditches have been dug and set whirling full of bevel gears; belts have been stretched around hither and yon until the place looks like a section of a tanyard, and the wheels were set going round last night for the edification of the lookers-on at the show, as well as for you kindly and gentle spirits who, with so much patience and forbearance, sneak a chair out on the piazza in the shade this morning, where the big red roses beckon and the honeysuckle blossoms spill perfume, to read what the Eagle Bird has to say about it.

It is a great event in the Eagle Bird's print shop after the foundrymen and machinists have made holes in the exchequer big enough to drive a mule through and turn round in and have quit and called the job finished. For that is where George Crawford and the rest of our boys begin to take hold with both hands and make things move off. It is just a picnic to see them all at it, as the visiting multitude saw them last night, while the girls with the mandolins played music. It is a hustle on Saturday nights around these recently dug-up diggings. The bright young men in the front shop upstairs scribble and write and hustle, lugging in the large, fat, juicy scoops in hen tracks on their notebooks, and slinging out the ideas in polished English as she is wrote. Then those disciples of Mr. Mergenthaler, who had a large head, they "set 'em up"—not in gaudy goblets of red liquor that erstwhile makes some careless critters see snakes, but in shining bars of type metal that reel off just like reg'lar print.

It is a long, liberal education to see those Mergenthaler boys do this trick of transcribing the reporters' and editors' more or less hen-tracky copy into the lines of faultless matter, typographically speaking, set out here on these once white pages. Then Brother Johnston, who bosses around one part of the place as much as the law allows, he gets hold of all the truck, with his other able assistants, and "makes up." (If I had a couple of

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pages of space it might be possible to tell you what making-up means in full detail, but I will merely remark that it means making a page of the great religious daily fit to be seen at a dog fight.)

Well, things are still going on, and going with a slump and a whir and a rattle and a kick when they roll the pages of matter out in the spot that is hotter than love at The Needles. Here the stereotyper, he begins melting metal, and a-pouring, and a-molding, and a-sawing, and a-planing, and a-chiseling of it so the "plates" can go down to the basement (of course, you know what the plates are).

Then and there is where the lower floor does about as it pleases. The "plates" are bolted onto the new "Old Guard" and the "Columbia," and the printing act begins.

Whir, buzz, clickity-clickity-click, the beautiful, clean, spick-and-span newspapers come rolling out of Mr. Hoe's machines at a rate that makes your head swim.

And that was what the joyous company saw last night beneath the perch of the Bird o' Freedom as the mandolins played dreamy music, the pulleys went round and round, and the big, round rolls of paper were yanked piecemeal through the big presses so jammed full of facts, fancies, poesy and general information that they fairly reeked, as you may see by perusing this metropolitan sheet this morning.

THE MERGENTHALER.

You ought to see those machines downstairs that set up things. It is the greatest show on earth.

A fellow sits down in front of a little jigger like one of those typewriting layouts, and jabs and jabs, and keeps a-jabbing.

Then when he gets tired of jabbing he pushes down another jigger, and a whole circus turns loose at once. A whole lot of brass things with notches onto 'em go skallyhooting down a toboggan slide with channels into it, and drop right where they belong. Then the jabbing artist turns a crank, and hot type metal is summoned right quick from the inner mazes of the machine, and squirts itself onto the brass things, and makes a line of type quicker than you can say Jack Robinson. Then the fellow that formerly was jabbing at the jigger that looks just like a type-

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writing layout goes at it again just like he was mad at something. And so it goes — *et seq.*, so to say.

Oh, yes, indeed, children, they are a great show, and it is beginning to be the sentiment around here that life wouldn't be worth very much without them. And then observe, will you, how lovely the stuff is that they set up. No type turned other end up, no battered x's or limping g's — just nice, clean, new print right out of the casting-box every day of your life.

Isn't it just great?

And, therefore, the Eagle Bird desires to utter a shriek of triumph for Mr. Mergenthaler, who "got it up" — that is, got the machine up.

What a head he must have onto him to think out all those cogwheels and belts and springs and the other paraphernalia sufficient to stock up a large machine shop.

What an idea factory! What a gigantic achievement!

In the dim and distant away-off-yonder some fellow may get up some sort of a thing that lays over Mr. Mergenthaler — his linotype — but I want to tell you, just between us, that he will have to get up mighty early in the morning and stay up mighty late at night to do it.

Therefore, and hence, here are three screams for Mr. Mergenthaler and his linotype machine!

JUST GIRL.

For one full week this Bird o' Freedom and the City of Angelic Hopes have been submerged in a tidal wave of girl! From the farther confines of this glorious and glorified Union of American States the girl — ever bright and fair, radiant, buoyant, natty and debonair — has swooped down upon the land of perennial sunshine and everlasting loveliness, and has added to the infinite charm of things hereabout by a loveliness that is all her own — characteristic, fetching, seductive and appealing.

For the bird of right mind, as well as men folks, girl is ever girl, be she a fluffy little thing only so-year-old or the matron with locks that are silvered o'er by the diamond powder of Time. From the pineries of Maine, the everglades of Florida and the savannas of the nearer South; from the cities where the skyscrapers gnaw the sky with teeth of brick and steel; from the

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famous beanery of the world adjacent to Cape Cod; from the land of Hiawatha; from the great prairie plains of the Middle West, where the sunflowers beckon in the sun; from the mountain fastnesses of Colorado and all alongshore of both the world's big oceans, girl in her wisdom, grace and human magnificence has been drifting into Los Angeles, and our "immediate midst" has been so full of her that joy reigns and all the world is glad.

You misanthropic human devils who wear garments that have creases in them, and that not infrequently get baggy at the knees; you insects who have been saying that the club woman is a frump who wears her hair short and her skirts likewise, may now go away back to some remote place under the gallery, sit down and eat your words. For the club woman has demonstrated to the angelic hosts for all time that she is as dainty as she is wise; as stylish as she is fair; as becomingly gowned as she is musical of speech and gracious of manner. Up and down the radiantly-decorated highways of this "ancient and honorable pueblo" there has been the frou-frou of her skirts, and the sunshine of these May days is all the brighter for her coming. God bless her every minute!

That something worth while has been accomplished by these gorgeously glorious girls of the Bi let no man doubt. That human progress is being made when girl gets together in convention let no brute of a man dare dispute; and that civilization has been made more civil and life more worth the living by this meeting here in the sunshine country you may safely swear on a stack of Bibles.

Back of the firing line of life girl is a brick!

At the front of the columns of comfort and succor she is an angel!

Behind the wagon train that rolls its weary way over the cobblestones and gullies of a road that is full of both she is an inspiration! Though she biennially holds councils, they are councils of peace and not of war, and as she passes on her way girl is scattering roses while her brute of a consort is not infrequently planting bayonets. Therefore does the Eagle Bird exalt girl in the abstract, the concrete or any other old way that a good thing may be lauded and applauded. Be she gowned in gimp (what in Sam Hill is gimp, anyway? I heard a girl say it one time) or furnished out in furbelows that cost 'steen dollars a yard without the trimmings, there is nothing on this

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measly, troublous world that matches her at any point in the game. She nurses a heartache in a fellow until it aches for joy, and she ministers to a man diseased until he shrinks from convalescence and dreads recovery.

Girl, you are the greatest thing that has ever happened on this planet, sure, and if there is any other creature on any other planet that can beat you for sweetness, loveliness and all the other qualities that adorn you every hour in the day, then that is the planet that this gossiping old bird wants to fly to as quick as his wings will let him.

—[May 4, 1902.

THE PRESS GANG.

I reckon those press' fellows from back yonder will be down here directly, looking me and the country over jointly, and you can bet I shall plume every feather I have on earth for their coming, for they are an observing lot of people, they are, and there'll be "a chiel among ye takin' notes" till you can't rest when those Faber-flourishers get on the spot. The Eagle hopes you are going to do things up down there in the street in good California fashion, for it will be a long time, maybe, before you will get a second crack at such an aggregation of brains, beauty and business as will arrive here with the press gang. This bird is so tickled at their coming that he thinks he will be pardoned for turning loose a scream with capital letters at the front end; so here goes:

Shake! proud prodders
At the things that happen!
How are you?
Glad you got here,
And hope you like California;
By the way,
How *do* you like California?
It's a gorjus land, as you
May possibly have heard —
Full of large beets,
Tall trees, and
Red liquor,
As you have no doubt
Severally realized long ago;

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Also beer.
Likewise girls with cheeks
Red as the rouge that morning
Paints on the mottled skies,
And sweeter than all get out!
You chaps
Will like our girls,
Or this 'ere bird is no guesser.
Shake again!
You Faber-flammers from the
East effete.
And may you
Linger
In this land of tolerably tropic—
Build up each shaky lung,
Cancel each whoop asthmatic,
And loosen the grip quicker
Than scat;
So that when you go back to the
Land of chilblains, ear-muffs,
Goloshes, blizzards and other
Specialties
Foreign to this clime of ours,
You will have something to
Remember us by.
The Eagle Bird bids you
Welcome with both feet,
And once more says to every
One of you,
Put a claw there!

TEACHER-GIRL AND SHIRTWAIST.

That the shirtwaist is universal in its adornment of the feminine form divine is established by the appearance of the lovely schoolma'ams who are flocking into Los Angeles by every train, and filling the old town so full that each day, these days, resembles that other day when the circus arrives, pitches its tent and proceeds to procesh. Of course there may be garments lovelier than the shirtwaist, but, by our halidom! one may go far to find anything lovelier than are some of the packages that are wrapped

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up in this popular and breezy bit of feminine garniture. Then hold the shirtwaist. Welcome the garb of summer and the adorable creature inside of it. She owns the town from Garvanza to the race track, and there is no spot in it, however watched and tended, but one or more of the sweet lambs are there. And the spot appears to like it. Let us hope the sentiment of affection is reciprocated.

If the schoolma'am in the pink shirtwaist doesn't suit you, there are other ma'ams and shirtwaists — the one of brown with pinhead white dots in it; the one with stripes that run crosswise of the girl inside it; the one that has black and white stripes running vertically; the one that has blue stripes on a white ground, with a yoke in which the stripes run to a point like a piece of pie; the one that has funny little dooflicker white flowers scattered over a blue field; the one that has yellow polka dots distributed around over it, sort of promiscuous like; the one that bulges out in the back and draws tight in front, with but little bulge in it on that side (these are from Boston, we notice); the one with stripes in the garment that run cater-cornered all the way round, front and back; the one that is red like a sunset sky above the Pacific Ocean; the one that is blue like the northwest corner of Old Glory; the one that sags down at the sides and humps up at the shoulders; the one that billows in the trade winds like a yacht sail that is spilling over full; the one that has pink stripes at one end and blue stripes at the other — in fact, if there is a pattern of shirtwaist on the face of the Lord's green earth that cannot be duplicated on some one of our charming visitors of the N.E.A., we are prepared to eat it — the shirtwaist, mind you, not the girl.

—[February 11, 1899.]

THE SUMMER GIRL.

It's wound up for this year, summer is. September shows upon the calendar today, and here it is next fall before a fellow knows it. Doesn't it beat everything how time flies in this land of summer time?

And here they come trooping back looking so gay and brown and fine and debonair — those summer girls. It has been lonely here on the asphalt esplanade with all those delightful girls away doing stunts with Neptune, the old he-embracer. Even an Eagle

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Bird with a Promethean connection with a rock has missed the swish of their garments in the breezes that sweep up hill on Broadway to the Courthouse, and it does seem good to see them back again and looking so different.

The coat of tan that these recently-returned summer girls are wearing on their faces, and which shows through the slits in the sleeves of their shirtwaists when they gap open, becomes them ever so much. The Eagle can remember the time when a summer girl shrank from tan almost as quiveringly as she does from a monster mouse. When the original summer girl went abroad in those other days to toy with the zephyrs of the sea, she was wont to swirl her loveliness in impenetrable veils and to fret herself half to death for fear her complexion would get all broke up, but Lordy! now she *hunts* for tan! It has become so different that a summer girl doesn't seem to think she has had any kind of a time at the side of the sobbing waters unless she has a cuticle that is about the color of a side saddle. Sensible summer girl! I never could see why side-saddle color wasn't just as good a shade as the milky whiteness of the old-fashioned summer girl that used to shy so at the sunshine and to keep under cover from the browning breezes.

And it is good to see her back again, for the old town has missed her a whole lot.

A TALK WITH MRS. STETSON.

"Lottie" Stetson Perkins doesn't like "a cookstove throne," nor, from all appearances, does she dote on wrestling with pots, and I don't blame her.

It is an outrage that anybody has to work. We Eagle people just hate it, and often wish we could knock off and go a-fishing. The trouble seems to be that Lot talks as if the men people all had soft snaps; as if every mother's son of them was at work at a "career" for the very love of it.

But Lottie is mistaken.

Every man doing anything for a living is perfectly willing to bet money that his business, occupation, profession or trade is the — — — —est, meanest business that wears hair. He thinks the other fellow across the street has a regular gala

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time of it, and that fate has set him into a hole that doesn't come anywhere near fitting him.

If you go to the other fellow across the street, who is presumably reveling in the joys of a "career" without a thorn in it, he will be found just as irate, just as discontented and just as thoroughly convinced that the "other fellow" first mentioned has the only lucrative and pleasurable job on earth.

Great Scott! Lottie, we all know that minding babies, making biscuits and hemming things get monotonous and tiresome, but all work is tiresome. It is back-aching, brain-fagging work to keep books; it is chest-contracting to thump the keys of a typewriter; it is only by a demnition grind that stuff is written for the newspapers, set up in type, proof read, made up, stereotyped, printed, mailed, and finally read by a tired populace. It is heartbreaking work to stand in stores and sell things; it is a tax on the patience, the health and the intellect to scheme and rustle for a living in the counting-room, in the stock exchange, or trying to sell lots to a tenderfoot. It is wearing on men to drive street cars, to haul water and hew wood, to build houses, to dig sewers, to sow wide fields with the yellow grain, to argue law cases in stuffy courtrooms, before sleepy and oftentimes stupid judges; to build railroads, to paint pictures, to play plays in the theaters, to mend fences, actual or political—in fact, Lottie, it is tough to have to work at anything, and the fellow who can quit most any time and call it a day is in large luck—he is.

But Nature, some way, seems to have decreed that if people want to eat regularly and wear garments that are fit for the occasion they must keep a-moving, and except when Nature miscues, as she does at times, woman, God bless her! is the fellow that has to move on the breakfast works or rally by platoons on the sewing machine.

It would be just perfectly lovely if she didn't have to do an earthly thing but look lovely and be gay, but the measly old cook-stove yearns to be blackened, and there is dust upon the hearth, so somebody has to slick 'em up or they go unslickered.

The trouble is, Lottie, there are, in the Eagle Bird's opinion, too many of you out rustling for "careers" already, and consequently the men who formerly tended stores, kept books and filled the various business occupations that women are now filling, for half price, are either tramping the streets looking for

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jobs or hustling for cold victuals at more prosperous people's back doors.

The Architect who planned the universe made a difference in the sexes, Lottie, and you certainly cannot blame the brutes of men for it.

He gave woman the proud privilege of being the mothers of men. He made them with intellects that arrive at things by intuition, while men have to dig them out by rules of logic or the more rigid rules of sad and oftentimes expensive experience. Nature, not men, made it necessary to divide the labors of life — made one branch of the human race to keep the home, to snuggle up against warm bosoms the tear-stained faces of little children and comfort them; to brighten the dull days with smiles and fill the dark nights with the bewitching music of woman's laughter; to lay upon the brow of pain the gentle and blessed palms that soothe; to bloom in sweetness, in loveliness and in beauty at the fireside and be forever enshrined in a loving heart. The other branch of the great family had, by the very nature of things, to go out into the world and do things that woman, no matter how ambitious for a "career," cannot do, and never can hope to. He doesn't always do it, and when he does it many times it is only half done, but that is no argument against the patent fact that the tall rustling, the hard knock-down and drag-out work of life has to be done by the natural-born trousers-wearers.

If he is any kind of a fellow he goes quietly along doing his duty, not yawping in the market-places about "careers," nor bucking because Nature built him differently from a woman. If he did it wouldn't do him any good.

He plows the fields, mayhap he "keeps store," he screws up brakes on a freight car, or earns a living some other way, but he keeps at it, and there glows always in his heart the sweet, warm thought, as the arms and back ache and the brain fags, of the sweet, true wife and the little ones at home.

Imagine him having any such thoughts of a woman chasing up and down the highways looking for a "career."

Fancy him glowing inwardly at the thought of a girl screaming from a platform for the right to spit like a man!

The fact of the business is, Lottie, that if the world doesn't get back to first principles pretty soon you and the rest of us

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are going to hear something pop. This everlasting yawp of the sexless, short-haired women and long-haired men is playing hob generally. The times are out of joint. The sweet life of home is being broken into by the ismists and the faddists. The girls are wearing men's clothes, as near as they can, and are intriguing for men's places in the marts of commerce.

If this unsexing isn't stopped there will be trouble, for Nature is being tottered off her equilibrium.

Give back the girlish girls and the womanly women! Come back, O days of tattling and home-made other things! the joys of home, the light in the window, and the light shining in the immeasurable deeps of eyes. For there is no such happiness as lingers about the hearthstone, and the home is the hope of the world.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

Even the Eagle people have been there where the Annie Lauries of some time ago wore red sacques and looked sweet enough to bite pieces out of; those maidens of a few years back who would laugh to scorn a discussion of the question, "Is home life woman's limit?" and answer right off quick: "Of course it is."

Those were gala days, back yonder, where there were swimming holes in the creek under the elms and the maples, and catbirds talking sassy to the blue jays, while the redbirds painted streaks of scarlet across the atmosphere as they flew.

Lots of you old fellows who go pacing up and down here on the flinty walks day after day must certainly remember the odors of those old-fashioned woods, where there were rotting leaves piled up in great windrows by the wind. You must remember what fun it was to go in swimming of a hot day.

Always commenced to undress about a mile away from the creek, so that by the time you reached it there wasn't more than a single button left to loosen, then—off with the hickory shirt and the denim trousers with cloth "galluses." Whoop! here we go. Splash! Kerplunk! Chug! like a lot of overgrown bullfrogs. Great sport, wasn't it? Especially the penalty laid upon the "last fellow out" and the hair-drying seance in the sun for an hour or

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two "after the ball was over," in order to ward off the prospective slipper that awaited the fellow that swam.

It was made further hilarious, these swimming bouts were, to find that, although you had gone home with hair as dry as a bone, you either showed up with another fellow's shirt on, or else had your own on wrong side out —

"Oh, we've all been there before,
Many a time, many a time."



And speaking again about the "Annie Lauries of the days gone by," do you notice there seem not to be any more angels like those old flames of our boyhood — that is, those of us who didn't have an Eaglehood instead?

None of you will see any such creatures, it seems like, as there were back yonder in the halcyon days, when there were no notes in the bank that you knew anything about; those brilliant, blitheful, buoyant days, when the sun shone brighter, the trees were greener, the birds sang sweeter, and the watermelons and things tasted about a hundred times better than they ever have since.

My, my! Such girls as those were! What roses of radiance there were in their cheeks; what starry depths of eyes they had, and how one of them at a time made a fellow's heart hurt him when she walked home from school with that snub-nosed, dressed-up rooster from town! Ah, you old-timers, you! — that was when you really suffered, and you know it. You may think you have had trouble since — when the scale bugs gobbled up your orange crop; the rust took your wheat; there was a run on the bank, or the Democrats ripped the tariff up the back — but the Eagle's word for it, there never was any such heartbreaking trouble with any of you as when that girl with a red sacque and a "fascinator" walked home from school with somebody else.

Gracious me, but didn't it hurt!



Things with boys may seem lovely and all right while they are boys, but the loads of grief they lug around are no doubt quite as heavy as any that are laid on their shoulders when they grow up.

The Eagle has a boy in his mind who frequently had to plow corn with the mercury toying among the nineties and a crowd of

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other boys in swimming only a half mile away—away down there in the cool and fragrant woods, where the trees beckoned and beckoned to him and the shadows were deep.

If you think that boy who was plowing corn with an aggravated horse didn't suffer under an avalanche of deadly grief you don't know what the word means, that's what!

There were other occasions on which that same boy had to hoe potatoes and pull suckers, with the sun trying to focus every last ray in its locker on his bending back, while over the fence a gang of other boys were playing shinny and whooping in hilarious glee. Maybe you think that boy wasn't wallowing in misery! Yes, indeed, good people, boys have mountains to carry along with the rest of you—at least, I know one that did, and the fun of it is it seems like the load has never let up, but to look at him you might not think it.

—[October 14, 1894.

THE HOMESICK BOY.

You all may not know that an Eagle Bird can read things, but he manages to do it by spelling out the words, and it was owing to this fund of education that he was able to peruse in this truly pious and immense daily the other morning about that little chap who got lonesome down at Anaheim and came trudging into Los Angeles, barefooted, to see some of his folks. To be sure, the youngster hadn't very many folks, for his father and mother are dead, but he has an aunt or two, and a "gardeen" who has a heart in his bosom, for which the Eagle Bird is much obliged.



I suppose there are many of you fellows down there walking around on the cement walks with your chests all swollen out who think that, because a boy has freckles distributed about equally on either side of his nose, his off big toe tied up in a rag, one of his galluses absent without leave, and his hair cut in the back so it is a misfit, he hasn't much, if any, feeling about things. Say, fellows, that is where you go blundering around again. The Eagle Bird knows a whole lot about boys, because he was brought up right among 'em, and they are a proper study, if you hear me. Some boys seem to be bad enough, I will admit, to need

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killing eighty-six times a day, but more than half the time if those mean and contemptible boys were treated as if they had feelings they would be the bulliest kind of little fellows.

What we need in the universities of this country is a department for the study of the average boy. Not the boy who wears Fauntleroy curls and has at least one father and one mother, but the poor little devil who has nary parent, and if he has any would be a blamed sight better off if he hadn't.



Say, fellows, do you know that a boy can be the homesickest thing that ever sobbed himself to sleep on a wet pillow? My, my, the heart of a homesick boy! It is the saddest spot in all this wide world.

I presume a girl can be pretty homesick, but when a boy gets it he is a wilderness of woe four hundred miles long and as wide as the world.

And of course nobody understands a boy in that fix. Most people put him next to the dog or the cat as a member of the family, and consequently when he goes away some place and gets homesick he has to have it out all by his lonely, with a heart eating holes through his poor little ribs and his eyes leaking like a newly-made redwood tank.

That boy may have been raised up to the present point in a shack on the desert; he may have never seen the inside of a pie; he may have never seen game larger than a ground squirrel; he may have had to make playmates of horned toads and scorpions and other fiends of the desert, but you just send him away to school some place where the waters purl under the willows; where the birds sing in the branches, and where there is a wealth of roses blooming all through the year, and yet he will be so homesick when night comes and the crickets begin tuning up in the grass that a cemetery full of newly-made graves is a vaudeville show in comparison with the feelings inside of that boy.



That is the curious thing about a boy. He is so foolish about getting homesick that a-way. He may have more patches on his pants than pants; he may not have a shoe to his name, or to his feet, either; he may never have seen a circus, or heard a gramophone doing stunts with human speech; he may never have

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seen a brass band going by in a street car, playing a two-step in order to tote people out to the Chutes, or some other old place; he may have never had a shotgun, nor a bow and "arrer" that he didn't make out of a barrel hoop, and yet, though you supply him with all those luxuries—circuses, gramophones, brass bands, shotguns and archery outfits galore—when night comes and the stars begin shining up there in the big blue space, just like they did out on the desert, he begins to suffer in every language known to the human race. I want to tell you, fellows, that a boy is a regular gold mine for suffering when he does break loose and climbs down into the slough of despond. He wallows in sorrow, that boy does, when he suffers. Hence does the Eagle Bird insist that what is needed in this country, and in all the other countries, is a large endowment for our schools and colleges for investigating the reason why a boy should have it so bad when he is in one place when he wants to be some place else.



I think, too, that the boy should more frequently be treated as if he would some day be a human being, even though he may be shy a few attributes of you smarties at the present writing. When you speak to him as if you were addressing a brindle dog who has killed a chicken, it hurts the little tad a mile deep. When you send him out to do a job that you yourself wouldn't undertake for a \$5 bill with a picture of Abraham Lincoln (God bless his memory!) on the inside cover, and expect him to come back looking as if he liked it, don't yell at the tad and say: "Where in the double-triggered blue monkeys have you been all this time?" Don't expect a boy to have more sense than you have, even though he does have something like two-thirds of the time. Don't expect a boy to be able to drive colts, feed hogs, hit a drill in the right place, carry verbal messages intact, and feed the baby from a bottle, and all at the same time, without letting go of some of the bundles. A boy's arms are only about so long, and he cannot be expected, in reason, to lift more than a chain block guaranteed to lift six tons without strain or fracture. You mustn't expect a boy to be a directory, a gasoline engine, a sheep herder, a wood chopper and a sidehill plow all at once without his missing a few beats now and then. A boy, especially the genuine, dyed-in-the-wool American boy, is great for tackling the things you fellows put him at, but it is a

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great mistake to load him up so high that he can't see over the top of it, and then expect him to land the consignment without knocking some of the varnish off the piano or breaking a hole in the plate-glass window.



Considering the way a good many boys are rawhided through this vale of tears it is one perpetual round of mystery to me why there are so many of them that keep out of jail. I am of the fixed opinion that the boy is less understood by many people who look as if they had once been boys themselves than any other living or extinct creature known to natural history. I have been watching this boy business for many hot summers and divers varieties of winters, and the longer I keep the spyglass fixed on the proposition the more am I convinced that the boy gets a deal, the better part of the time, from a stacked deck.

Say, fellows, you ought to change the cut. Just wake up and quit forgetting that the boy, especially the dear little, freckly urchin without parents, or hope of reward, and only one pair of pants to his personal adornment, has a heart that is as easily hurt to the quick as is located in the bosom of any living animal of whatever species. Remember that a boy can get homesick amid flowery beds of ease, and where there are whole herds of mocking birds yelling in the gum trees, even though he was brought up on a ranch at Los Nietos. Remember that the boy will oftentimes turn out to be just about the sort of a man you help to make him. You cannot throw a club at a boy and expect him to like it, unless the missile happens to miss fire. You cannot sneer at a boy's sorrows, make little of his pains and overlook his pleasures without setting the youngster back on the road a ways, when it would be easier for you to help him over the high places by treating him like a gentleman and a scholar.



Being just an Eagle Bird, your present orator hasn't had so much experience being a girl. No doubt those lovely beings have all sorts of boulders to climb over in their passage through life, but if they can find a cañon so full of them as the one that many of our sturdy, brave and nervy boys hustle through I pity them from the bottom of an Eagle's heart; which he hopes is in the right place.

Being as this is Sunday, and the boy is likely to be having an all-fired bad day of it trying to behave himself, I just wish,

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fellows, that you would go out behind the barn, round the little chap up and ask him, for me, if there is anything you can do to make him happy.

—[September 20, 1903.

AGAINST THE TRYING-OUT PROCESS.

Now here's trouble for the little fellows. A tenderfoot has come down here from some place to be chumperintendent of schools, and, in order to show off and do something different, proposes to jam the little human fellows into the sweat-boxes at school and fry the daylights out of 'em. Now what is the use of a superintendent like that unless he is hired to try out lard in one of Mr. Cudahy's hog foundries? There, by the way, is where he ought to be, for anybody who is so hard headed and hard hearted as to pen up poor little boy and girl chaps in the sweltering and trying weather of a Southern California September is barely fit to round up swine in a wholesale porkery.

Those little fellows get altogether too much of this book business anyway, but when, in addition to being incarcerated with a ton or two of books apiece that they can't pronounce the names of, they are imprisoned in the meanest month of the year, it makes us Eagle people's gorge rise.

How much jollier and healthier and better all around it is for the gay little chaps to be out rollicking on the lawns, piling up sand on the beaches, or wading barelegged and bronze-faced where the silver ribbons run down from the mountains to the sea.

Turn 'em loose where the lush orchards loll eastward with their fruited branches, and let 'em have fun in the shadiest and coolest spots they can find. For Lordy! don't you know life will make it hot enough for 'em later on?

Keep the schoolhouses shut up for two months yet, and let the spiders do business across the blackboards and among the benches.

We Eagle people were once Eaglets our own selves, and we know how it feels to fry, in language that even an imported chumperintendent of schools wouldn't half know how to parse!

Come, good people, give the little boy and girl fellows a chance, and — drat a school superintendent, anyhow!

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SEPTEMBER SCHOOLS.

The Eagle finds any quantity of people sashaying around this perch who would willingly shut their children up in a refrigerator or a crematory because it will get them "out from under foot" and "off the streets," only there is a law against that sort of thing, and so they hanker after the next best thing, which is for the schools to open.

There are lots and lots of people who are half crazy to send their little ones to school, not because of any good it does the little humans, but because somebody else has to look after them, and the little fellows are thus kept from "bothering 'round."

That class of people are applauding the action of the school board in opening the schools in September, the very hottest and meanest month of all the glad year in Southern California.

They even write letters to the newspapers — some of them do — in which they assert that September, for weather, just lays over any blooming month in the calendar, and even go so far as to claim that the fall rains frequently begin then, and all that sort of thing.

Now, of course, it is utterly useless to argufy with a reckless cuss who monkeys with the truth like that, so the Eagle Bird is not going to do it; but at the same time he will repeat again that this thing of piling little children into the sweat-boxes at school a day before October, in this country, is cruelty to kids, as it were, and the heartless parent who insists that it is the correct thing to do isn't much if any better than the solid sixes and the brand-new superintendents with bull heads onto 'em who started the game.

So there!

THE MERRY LITTLE DARKY.

"Little picaninny from ole Virginny,
Goodness, Oh! how he grows."

There is nothing in all nature quite so unctuous as the young darky of the twinkling heel, the shiny eye and the gleaming teeth, especially when you get a bunch of them together as they do in the stable-yard scene of "In Old Kentucky," and turn him loose to enjoy himself without any strings on him.

The animal in this dusky crumb of humanity overflows in wriggles and gyrations that are *sui generis*. When the banjo

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plays he must either dance, wriggle or explode, and when he isn't wriggling or dancing he cuts monkey shines that are as true to nature as the romp of kittens.

With what spirit, abandon and devil-may-careishness he cuts pigeon wings and pats juba. What rhythm there is in his buck-and-wing dancing, and how fit is the banjo to match the verbosity of his motion.

It is a happy provision of nature that this capacity to make merry is not confined to the ducky who is but a boy in years, for it is a difficult task to find one of the race with so many gray hairs that twist and kink that he cannot dance a hoe-down whenever the banjo gets to plunking and a-thrumming.

In this varied and picturesque cosmopolitanism of American life there is nothing that could be so illy spared from it as the joyous spirits who mask so much light-heartedness under skins that are black.

They beam with good nature, and God seems to have given every one of them the gift of time and rhythm.

Only to think that it was only a little while ago that they sold these black boys on the block to the highest bidder, packed them in slave-ships, hunted them with bloodhounds and scourged them with the cat-o'-nine-tails in the hands of brutal overseers.

But an Abraham Lincoln came into the world — that great, grand master spirit of charity, loyalty and patriotism — and with a pen of love and a heart of oak he struck the shackles from their ankles and the gyves from their wrists to the end that humanity should be no longer outraged, and that the banner of stars should be no longer darkened with a stain.

—[October 24, 1894.

THE LITTLE TOTS.

The sweetest, daintiest thing of all the carnival was the toddling troopers in pinafores or knickerbockers, who made the streets brilliant with the sunshine of their smiles. They were a picture that touched the heart. Some way the sight of those little men and women marching so merrily to the sound of the horns and drums made the Eagle Bird have a clutching in the throat and a dimness about the eyes. For the road is such a long one that they have to march over, and oh! the high hills that block the way; the rocky slopes and the briars that will keep clutching

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at them! God bless the little fellows; may not one of them ever see a sorrier hour than those so full of sunshine and music when the queen of the carnival reigned and ruled in the home of their babyhood!

THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving has come and gone, and the Eagle has seen the gobbler, his fellow-bird, gobbled up on the tables of our country from Kennebec to Santa Monica. The large bronze bird that some people say should be the emblem of this great and glorious republic (instead of yours truly) has yielded up his wishbone and other necessary paraphernalia with rare succulency and juiciness, and the people who "et" him have been half sick ever since.

But that is neither here nor there. What I started out to say was that the Thanksgiving collection of "spuds," red apples, canned things and all such that was taken up in the schools on Wednesday was a neat and generous thing, neatly and generously done. It shows that if everybody will but turn in and help just a little, great results will follow.

Only think of it—nearly forty wagonloads of things to eat and wear collected, by each of the little fellows at the school-houses bringing his offering. It was a splendid thing to do, and when one thinks of the scanty larders that were filled by it, and the hearts that were made happy by it, something hurts him in the throat and his eyes moisten.

Surely it is blessed to give, and it is blessed to teach the little chaps who are apt to grow up thoughtless of their fellows that the world is full of hunger and want and cold; that there are hearths upon which no blazing fires dance and glow; that there are tables that scarcely know of the shadow of the heaping bread plate or the steaming kettle.

Hence this Thanksgiving offering of the boys and girls at school was something more than the mere helping of the unclad and the hungry; it was a lesson in that blessed thing we call charity which they will never forget.

Had you the Eagle's eyes you would have rejoiced with him to see the dull eyes brighten when those Thanksgiving wagons went around. You would have felt it worth while to live to see

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how easy it is to do generous, kindly things, and how gloriously it pays.

Would that the world was without want, but so long as the world has it let us hope that there may be warm hearts to succor and befriend — hearts to pity, hearts to deal with tact and gentleness with the poor, the cold, the thinly clad, the unfortunate, until the night shall never close its door upon one face gaunt with hunger, one hearth upon which the fire does not glow.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

The law-breaking churchmen of the east, or, in other words, the howlers of the pulpit and the rostrum who are standing in with the Chinese Six Companies and inciting Grover Cleveland and his Cabinet to break the law regarding the registration and deportation of the little brown men, are filling the Eagle Bird with a brand of weariness that bags at the knees.

In their assumption of superior wisdom and excessive humanity they are making holy shows of themselves, and the show is really the only holy thing about them.

Were the people of the great west, which they term wild, woolly and peculiar, to rise up and rant against a law of the country as are the people who seem to think they know it all and a trifle more, back in New England and all over the country east of the Mississippi, what a lot of hoodlums and rock-throwers they would make us all out to be. It would naturally be presumed that the excessively good would be the very first people to demand the enforcement of a statute; instead of that we find them haranguing and howling and larruping the circumambient atmosphere with gaudy and treasonous language, and calling upon the administration to stand by and let the slave-driving Six Companies, who have set themselves up as a greater power than Congress or the President, run this glorious republic. It is shameful the way those people are going on, and it must be a calloused American citizen who can listen to their yawp and not blush for his country.

They rise up and declare that without the Chinese this western slope would be a howling wilderness; that the little yellow fellows have dragged California out of the darkness and into the

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light of day; that when we don't want them in this country we don't know what we are talking about.

What an impudent and unspeakable assumption!

What sublime nerve!

What immaculate gall!

We know on this side of the rocky divide, which, thank goodness, separates us from the tumultuous talkers of Massachusetts, that the Chinese, as we know them here, are a plague and an affliction. We know that wherever they have their haunts there is a living cancer, a blight, a human disease.

Let them settle in any portion of any city, town or hamlet, and that part of it becomes a running sore; real estate drops in value and the white population flees from them as from a pestilence. Look at Chinatown in Mott street, New York! Look at it in San Francisco, in Stockton, in Sacramento, and in our own beautiful city of the gods, "divinely young and most divinely fair," and see what a ghastly place it is!

Black slavery was a blessing from heaven to this country in comparison with that set up, fostered and fought for by the Chinese Six Companies, but yet the goody-goody Chadbands and Pecksniffs of the country where there are no Chinese keep on telling us that we don't know what ails us; that the coolie is the only thing that has saved California from worse than barbarism. Such despicable audacity and effrontery are enough to make an Eagle Bird shriek his heart out with disgust.

It is enough to make an American disown his own countrymen.

The people of the Pacific Coast, in the face of the concerted howl from the yawpers of the Far East, call upon Grover Cleveland and his Cabinet to enforce the law or they will call for his impeachment.

This is a case of the Chinese Six Companies against the United States, and, mark you, this people is going to find out where it is "at," or know the reason why!

The people who are so mashed on John Chinaman should recall the fact that in 1879 an election was held in California, and at that time the electors of this State voted on the question of Chinese immigration, with the result that but one thousand votes were in favor of the measure and one hundred and fifty-nine thousand against it.

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Apropos of that electoral expression of sentiment, the Eagle Bird's private secretary printed at that time in a newspaper the following feeble stanzas:

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Here's a ballad that's sung for our brothers
Who live 'cross the mountains of gold —
Who we know are as true as the stars are,
And as brave as the Spartans of old;
But we see they know not of the tempest
That's gathering and sure to blow,
Hence it now is my mission to tell them
Why the Chinese must go.

On this glorified land of the sunset —
Which is blessed with the wondrous gift
Of gold in the babbling streamlets
And gold in the mine's gleaming drift —
A blight from the Orient's fallen
And laid our prosperity low,
Till our people are heartsick! Well, this is
Why the Chinese must go.

Within the gaunt homes they inhabit
You see not the blessings of books;
There reigns not that blessedest creature
Who hallows the world by her looks;
No music there rises at even,
At their windows no sweet blossoms blow —
Oh! the topic is studded with reasons
Why the Chinese must go.

Their ways are not our ways, and ever
They sneer at our civilized laws;
They bow at the shrine of an idol,
And are injuring Liberty's cause;
They are serfs toiling under hard masters,
And here honest toil has no show —
Which I trust you'll concede as a reason
Why the Chinese must go.

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We fought with you shoulder to shoulder
To shatter the chains of the slave;
Together your heroes and ours
Are sleeping in Liberty's grave,
And now when we ask you to aid us
To lay this new slavery low,
Is it fair that you falter and question
Why the Chinese must go?

Then harken, O Eastland and Southland!
To the song that my modest muse sings,
The clock's on the stroke of the hour,
Mark you how the pendulum swings!
The sovereign people have spoken
With a tone that's not feeble nor low,
Which warns you this country now means that
The Chinese must go.

—[June 4, 1893.

ON CONTENTMENT WITH LITTLE.

There was a story printed in the dispatches the other day about two little children in some foreign land who drowned themselves to rid their mother of their keep. Can you think of a sadder thing than that—two gentle, sensitive little ones kissing each other good-by on the bridge's rail, then leaping together into the rushing waters below to spare their poverty-stricken mother the toil and stress of their support?

And have you thought of the possible tale behind it—of a woman, perhaps wailing and complaining and fault-finding about hard times until the little fellows, feeling themselves in the way, resolved to lift the load and take themselves out of the world and into the great beyond?

Maybe there is a lesson in this, too, that it might be worth while for some of you good people who read the papers to heed. Perhaps there are some of you living right about here among the sunshine and blossoms of earth's fairest garden who are breeding a like sorrow with that broken-hearted mother. When you feel inclined to wail at misfortune, to complain at the lack of riches or luxuries, or good clothes, how do you know but one

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of your little fellows is listening to the woeful wail and becoming possessed of the idea that were he or she out of the way things might be better for you? For these little fellows think mighty deeply sometimes. They know that it costs to buy frocks and shoes and schoolbooks; that every mouth at the table means an extra expense. Suppose you should be shaken out of your spell of gloom and complaint some day by the tidings that your little boy had thrown himself into a reservoir or under the wheels of a train that you might be saved the expense of his maintenance; that he might be out of the way. How would you feel about it?

Would all the riches and luxuries of the earth compensate you for the loss of that boy?

Would not the remorse be a worse punishment than the pains of the direst poverty?

I need not answer.

Then cheer up. Quit that fault-finding; get out into the sunshine and see what a gay old world this is; take the little fellows in your arms and make them feel that where they are there can be no hunger, no poverty and no despair. For love is wealth, and the cheery whistle of your boy or the laughter of your little girl is sweeter music than a diva ever sang, and you ought to let them know that you feel that way about it, too.

—[May 20, 1894.]

THE STRIKE OF 1894.

Here's a state of things now, isn't there?

Everybody except the Eagle people gone on a strike — no mail from your fellowses, girls; no butter from the ranches; no alfalfa from the patches of green up in San Berdoon county; no flying wheels going clankety-clank over the shining rails to New York and back again; no pennons of smoke trailing back over the big locomotives; no flying shuttles in the web of commerce; but sullen people pouting and bucking at things just perfectly awful, and the country going to hell on a handsled.

Now, look here, you great, good-natured, sensible, level-headed American people — if there are any of you left — aren't you ashamed of yourselves? Is this republic which we have been glorifying for these hundred years or more going to let itself *get all tangled up in a knot over a thing so utterly unfair,*

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unkind and unmanly as that devilish importation from Ireland called a boycott? Has the true-born American citizen, reared under our bonny banner of stars, nothing better to be doing than to make war on the lame, the halt, the blind and the innocent by the institution of a boycott?

Is that same free-born citizen of Columbia's beautiful land of glory and valor satisfied with himself when he picks up the boycotting cat-o'-nine tails and lashes his supposed enemy across the faces of the mothers of men and the babes that slumber in their arms?

Men of my country! where is your bravery, your gentle chivalry, your manliness, which have been the pride of God's chosen land? Where is your spirit of kindness and charity, that was wont to emblazon the name of America with an ineffable glory?

Stop and think awhile what you are doing — of the agony that arises from your hard-headedness, of the tears that are brimming over in beautiful eyes because of that dastardly and miserable piece of crime and cowardice called a boycott!



The Eagle knows you boys mighty well down there along the double ribbons of steel. He is no stranger to the toils and cares and trying anxieties of the men of brawn and bronze who run the great railways of America. He knows you to be as brave and resolute a lot of fellows as ever pulled a throttle, set a brake, or threw a switch; but sometimes you get together and sort of hold conventions and get rattled.

You don't think, sometimes, but the Eagle wants to tell you, boys, that right now is a time when the thinking machinery should be oiled around and worked down to the last notch in the southwest corner of the cab. This is a ripe old occasion that calls for a suppression of the feather-head and the rattle-brain, and the coming to the front of you railroad fellows who have nerve and horse sense.

It is all right to hold noisy sessions, sometimes, and fire "the old man," promote fifteen or twenty other fellows, build branch lines to the moon and divers stars, regulate the board of directors and slam the infernal old time-card around until the 6 p.m. train doesn't get in until 10 o'clock, and the Squeedunk local doubles back four times a day; but right now is no time for these conventions under the lee side of water tanks. Get

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out and talk things over with yourselves and find out where you are "at"; for, boys, you are making lots of misery, and the Eagle Bird is willing to bet a favorite feather that you don't mean it.

You shouldn't forget, old chaps, that there are blue-eyed baby girls calling for papas and mamas that can't get home to them because of the tie-up; there are poor, old, worn-out fellows out of money, discouraged, disheartened and dismayed, who want to get out to that home on the big prairies where the old-fashioned roses flame about the porch and the honeysuckle fills the air with sweetness; there are dear old grandmas hungering for a sight of the faces they cannot see because of you; there are disappointment and grief all up and down the steel-belted highways; hunger, want, despair staring a ruined people in the face because of a piece of foolishness which you are deadly ashamed of, and you know it.

Swallow your pride, boys, and go back to work! Unshackle the wheels of commerce; loosen the gyves from the wrists of trade; start up the fires under the blackened boilers and get things moving!

For you are just everlastingly dead wrong this time, and nobody knows it better than you do!



Say, boys, don't you know that God Almighty must hate a coward something awful!

And don't you know it is the most pusillanimous thing imaginable to let yourselves be crowded along in a current that your manliness, your good sense and your honest hearts tell you is wrong?

And, knowing that, don't you know nothing can make your action right, not even the winning of a fight?

The laws of fairness, justice, equity, truth, are absolute and as true as a die. Honesty by men, singly or in bodies, is the best policy as a straight business proposition. No cause can long succeed that is based on any other foundation than the rock-ribbed one of eternal justice. A boycott can never be right because it is the very sum and substance of the nasty thing to injure innocent people—to reach out with octopus-like arms and crush those not parties to the contest.

Follow the boycott to its logical conclusion and it can single out any family in America and starve every member of it to

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death — the babe a-slumber on its mother's bosom along with the household's head. For thousands of years the devil has been brewing a hell broth to pour into the emotions of men, and the result is that damnable and dastardly thing, that cruel, merciless, hell-fired creation of a Satanic craft and cowardice called the boycott!

Out upon it in whatever form it takes, for it is utterly wrong, utterly merciless, utterly unmanly, utterly unjust!

God Almighty, give us men too noble, too brave, too independent to be coerced or cajoled into doing a thing that would blacken the consciences of the imps in hell!

Remember that patience, kindness, generosity, charity are the proper attributes of men; that the laws of justice and honesty between man and man are as fixed as the eternal stars; that wrong can never be right; that love has conquered millions of hearts that the sword could never pierce!



Come back to this vexed and impatient land, O sound of the flying wheels! Come back, the woo-oo-ooo-oooo of the big whistles across the moonlit plains and among the shadow-filled gorges! Come back, the rhythmic music of the rails that shine and shimmer like ribbons of silver in the sun as the speeding trains speed on! Come back, the bustling crowds of happy men and women going to and fro across a land of peace! Come back, you denim-clad men of toil, and weave the web of commerce! Come back, the smoking chimneys, the blazing forges and the tattoo of the happy hammers! Come back, O happy days of peace! Come back, come back!

—[July 8, 1894.

AFTERTHOUGHTS ON THE STRIKE.

The clouds have lifted, but there are still flashes of lightning along the horizon, and there is the rumble of thunder in the distance.

And what of the storm that passed? What of the men who were crushed to death under the engines, at their posts of duty? What of the men who are today out of work who but yesterday were in good positions? What of the heavy-hearted wives who are wondering where the money is going to come from next

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month to pay the rent? What of the little chaps who in a few days will be shoeless, frockless and gaunt with hunger because of the insane bullheadedness of their fathers?

It is of all these that the Eagle thinks as he looks beneath the surface of the roily stream; it is to these that his heart goes out, who but so lately had the white ribbons fluttering so bravely on their bosoms, and who, in some cases, wore the white buttons with so much haughty insolence.

What a pity it is that men don't stop to use their brains before they proceed to blindly butt them out against a stone wall! What a pity it is that there is no arm strong enough to reach the Debses, the Howards, the Sovereigns and that ilk and enforce on them a punishment that fits the crime!

Drunken with an illegal and shameless authority, they proceed to use it as recklessly as a drunken John L. Sullivan does his brute strength against weak women or defenseless men. Secure in their palatial quarters, they wring tribute from their dupes to drag them from places of employment that it has taken years to attain, and send them about the streets to walk on their uppers and eat swill from the garbage barrels, for all these labor leaders care!

And all because of what?

Because of false teaching and the iniquity of imported anarchists and bomb-throwers; because of the fact that through the machinations of self-seekers and demagogues a great portion of the honest, industrious, self-respecting people of America have lost the power to distinguish between right and wrong; between the country in a state of law and a state of anarchy; between simple honesty, right and justice, and all that is cruel, evil and dishonest.



These may be strong words, but they are true, and the truth cannot be cried down nor crushed out of existence. You may begot it for a time; you may shroud it with sophistry, and you may seem to have made a lie the truth, but, by the eternal gods! the truth must and will prevail!

It is just as true, truth is, when it is applied to one of the great business institutions of the country—the works of Pullman in Illinois, the Southern Pacific Railroad in California, or the Lake Shore Railroad in New York—as when it is applied to the simple tale that your baby lisps at your knee. It cannot be

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blackened nor embellished; it cannot be made other than the plain, simple truth, whether one attempt to tell it about a Pullman or a Debs.

And all the wrongs that a Pullman may do in the town of Pullman—let it be granted that there are wrongs—cannot be made right by a wrong in California.

This would seem so simple, so self-evident and so realistically patent to the man of ordinary intelligence that to need explanation looks like a reflection on his common sense.

But that there is a microbe of insanity in the atmosphere one needs no proof of other than to hear some people argue about the rights of Mr. Debs and his gang, and this microbe, or this cluster of wheels in the head, must be put down as the whole trouble.

It is now the patriotic duty of the American citizen who has not yet been set upon by these microbes, or who has not yet had a wheelery set up in his brains, to straighten out his fellow-man and get him into line.

For, let it be said to the credit of the average American citizen, he is amenable to reason, and while he may at times get off on the wrong foot, so to speak, it is not impossible to reason him out of his position, if it be unsound, and to get him hauled back onto the rock of truth and common sense without beating his brains out or tearing his clothes off.

This is where he differs materially, as a rule, from the European anarchist and general damphool of other lands. They are grounded in error, and the guillotine is the only cure for such as them.



First, then, let the citizen who has gone rattling around in the slums of error remember that this is a land of law and order, as well as of freedom of speech and action.

Coercion is utterly foreign to our plan of doing the governing business in this United States of America, and the absence of the power to coerce is the only thing that makes this a free country, and it is the vital quality which gives the man of labor his only power and his only hope. If Debs may coerce one single man into coming by water from San Francisco to Los Angeles when he wants to come by rail, then our government is a failure and Freedom lies slaughtered in the house of her friends.

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If the railroad workers of this country may, by unlawful combination and coercion, force a single concession from the railway managers that they are not willing to grant of their own free will, or through free and uncompelled arbitration, then to that extent our system of government is a failure, and it is only a question of time until the railway managers of the country will combine to resist such coercion, and the final result can be but one thing — revolution!

It does not follow that the men who labor upon the railways are always wrong and the railways are always right. Far from it! But it is beyond the shadow of a doubt that the combination of men into unions and coercive bodies has had more to do with the combining of the railways for self-protection than any other single factor in the case.

It is proper that the great corporations be governed by the law, for they are but creatures of the law, but that is the only just and legal way to govern them — not by the torch, the bludgeon, the double-barreled shotgun or the dynamite bomb in the hands of employes — that is anarchy! Under the laws of our great and glorious republic — and, with all its minor faults and flaws, it is great and glorious — God bless it! — a man's property is his own, whether he be a millionaire or a fireman; his home is his castle, whether that home be a Pullman car or a cot in the valley he loves. Deprive him of the use of his own, whether it be the fireman's stove upon which his wife cooks his dinner, or whether it be the railway company's locomotive, which it has bought and paid for, or only operates under a lease, and we have no freedom, no government and no country that is worth fighting for. Let the workingman keep clearly in mind this fact, that it is only by securing the rich man his freedom that he can secure his own. Under the republican system of government, when the rights of a single individual are abridged the rights of all are in jeopardy!

If there be errors in governmental affairs, be patient and wait for the chance to correct them in a constitutional way — by the ballot. This is the only safe and sure plan of procedure. Coercion may win today, but coercion is wrong, and it is but a question of time until the other fellow begins to coerce; then look out that you don't get your toes pinched!

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Once more the Eagle hears the merry music of the flying trains; once more there billows on the air the smoke from the belching stacks; once more there is the hum of traffic, the movement of happy people, the glisten of happy eyes because papa's got home again. Once more the shadow lifts and the sun shines on my troubled country. Once more the demon of destruction has been driven into his cave. Once more has the law proven its supremacy, and once more has our glorious land of beauty and freedom and valor and glory shown that it is all of these things.

God bless the republic!

All hail, the banner of stars!

—[July 15, 1894.

THE EAGLE SERENADED.

The other day the Eagle had a three-handed serenade that was what the ladies call "just lovely."

Some men with horns that shone and glittered in the sun—big drum, little drum, clarinet, piccolo and other sorts of straight and crooked things of wood and metal that only an expert knows the names of—came marching up street in gay uniforms, halted at the base of this perch and unlimbered for action.

The little drum went t-r-r-r-r-r-r-r, the big drum went boom! boom! and then all the other instruments of wood and brass and crooks joined in the refrain and went slamming and crashing through march and quickstep with such verve, spirit, dash and harmony that it was simply great.

Curious, isn't it, what thrill, what magnetism there is about the music of a band? How it lifts the load from the weary spirit, sets the pulse throbbing, the eyes glistening, the heart going it like a pumping works, and the feet beating time.

The Eagle people like that sort of music. There are always pictures in the melodies—pictures of marching regiments going to the front; of gay parades through bedecked and bedizened thoroughfares; of smoke belching and blowing over battle fields; of charging squadrons; of glittering bayonets and the rattle of scabbards; of parked guns and the smoke-begrimed faces of cannoners; of wheeling battalions; of the rush and reel of cavalry; of the fury and flame of the fight.

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When the bands play you see the pickets come skurrying in and the skirmishers thrown out; you see the brigades shift by the right flank and the left flank into line of battle; you see the artillery driving madly into position, and there go hurtling through the harmonies the shriek of shells, the zip of minie balls and the boom, crash, roar and rattle of war. In the diapason of the horns and drums there are bugle calls and long rolls—to arms, rally, charge, recall—and in the pianissimo strains there are moans of the dying, the pathos of tears, the shudder and the agony of the wounded.

That's what the music of brass does—it paints pictures of sound; pictures that exalt, that sadden, that quicken. When the concerted horns blend their blasts in symmetrical and harmonious combination it is only the dullard who dares not hear things besides the simple rhythm of the air that is played.

Oh! I tell you, the Eagle Bird loves to hear "the old band play," for there is action in the music, and there is color, deep, striking and intense, in the tone pictures.

—[September 30, 1894.

AN EASTERN WINTER.

The Bird o' Freedom has been flying far a-field, for surely it is a long, far cry from the peaceful and placid Pacific, which splashes its spray upon the golden sands of California, to the ugly and cantankerous Atlantic, which roars and raves along a bleak and icy coast, sending shivers up and down the spines of the populace, freezing shipwrecked mariners to death in the rigging of their ships, and coating sloop and steamer with garbs of ice.

You who have lived long years in warmth and comfort in this fragrant land of palm and peace have probably forgotten the raw, bleak, blowy and snow-filled days of back east—that land where we were boys and girls together in the long ago of blessed memory; where the wind shrieks about chimney and gable; where the pumps freeze up and the inhabitants have to melt snow with which to water the stock, human and otherwise; where the farms and fences are buried out of sight under the heaped-up drifts, and where the boy with a pair of skates rattling over his shoulder is everywhere in evidence.

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It is a great, big, wonderful land back there, full of wonderful people, wonderful cities, wonderful feats of enterprise, and in the rural regions is charming and old-fashioned.

To the boy or bird who has lived long in this practically fenceless country, he will find nothing set out upon any landscape more strikingly reminiscent of the yesterdays that have gone skooting down the toboggan slide of Time than the old-fashioned worm fences that go zigzagging between the farms and through the snow.

They are the same old splintery, stake-and-rider affairs that tore our trousers and pulled out our feathers lots of a while ago; the same ones on which the bobolinks teetered in summer, that the blackberry bushes brambled through, and along whose top rails the chipmunks raced in the sun, so fleet of foot! Go back there this February and you will find the drifts heaped over them in places, as they used to be in the winters of our youth, and across in the inclosures that they surround you may see the same old cornshocks sticking their ragged tassels out of the snow, waiting to be dug out to feed the cattle with by boys with numb fingers, as the older boys have cut that caper, many's the time.

As the trains whirl on through the silent fields of white on the shining rails, and go shrieking into the suburbs of town or city, the passengers may see from the car windows the pond or river on which the merry skaters are weaving their way in a very maze of motion. Swing, swirl, glide, gaily they go, hand in hand, man and maid, over the glassy surface, with all the ease and grace of birds a-wing. The skate-runners glisten in the sun, and if the train but stops near enough one may hear the ring of steel as it carves curlyques and figure eights in the water that has gone to sleep.



And an eastern winter is full of odd sights else to the seer from the golden coast — hacks and omnibusses on runners, men and boys with muffs on their ears and wearing ponderous and ungainly Arctic overshoes; stalwart chaps stalking about the streets garbed to the ears in great fur-lined overcoats; lovely creatures with muffs; horses wearing blankets, and along the city streets and the country highways gay and gaudy cutters hitched behind docked horses caparisoned with dozens of jingling bells. It is a great, big, silent world back there when the snow

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is over it. But for the noise of flying trains and the musical tintinnabulation of the bells upon smoking steeds, the whole land seems to be dormant and asleep. For miles and miles one may go along through the country sections and see scarcely a sign of life except the smoke escaping from the farmhouse chimneys, or a boy with a gun hunting rabbits in the woods. As the train flies shrieking through the forests dismantled of leaves, with the trees standing bare and gaunt, unless, as Lowell puts it, "Every pine and fir and hemlock wears ermine too dear for an earl, and the smallest twig on the elm tree is fringed inch-deep with pearl," the flying eagle or the journeying human fellow may see the creeks and "branches" (as they call them in the middle country of the continent), frozen over from bank to bank and their snowy sinuosities covered with the tracks of rabbits and the other game native to that frosty and forbidding land—these same old crooked creeks on which the Eagle used to watch a boy acquaintance of his setting traps for varmints eons of ages ago, and hunting coons "when the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock."



One time, not so very many days ago, the Eagle Bird watched a chap from the blossomful west go out sleighriding in but little more than the ordinary dress of a California citizen. My! but didn't he just everlastingly suffer? First, one thinly-gloved hand comes out from under the robe and up to the side of his head to warm his off and freezing ear, and then he had an off-hand freezing set of fingers on that side. By that time the nigh ear of him was tingling and nearly ready to drop off, when out from under the enfolding robes comes the hand on that side to try and thaw out the frosty and brittle member, only to have the one on the other side begin to ache with the cold worse than a hollow tooth. It was a great see-saw, that—the party from the warm and woolly west trying to keep at least one ear at a time thawed out sufficiently to save enough of it to hear the jingling bells—and then the flying snow, the nipping and eager air, the bloomful-faced maids and matrons one meets in other sleighs, with ears aflame with the carmine of cold, going by behind flying horses and amid the music of the multitudinous bells, that jingle with such maddening iteration in the play an Irving and a Booth have made famous. And such a variety of sleighs; the swan-necked *and swell* cutter of Fifth avenue; the family-shaped rig of the

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less plutocratic citizen; the ordinary bob-sled of commerce; the pair of runners bearing but a dry-goods box and a happy-faced youth and maid—all these and many more racing about in the frosty air, while the western tenderfoot alternately thaws out and freezes the ears he owns and wants to keep.



It is a great, wonderful, different land—that of the sliding runner and the slippery skate—and when the Californian gets abroad in it he pines for the balm and bloom of the flowery meads that garland the land about Los Angeles. He hears amid the music of the bells in the frosty air the liquid and entrancing warble of the meadow larks that tilt upon the sagebrush in the country by America's sunset sea. He thinks of the fragrant gardens that are a-wallow in the sun, and of the orchards fruited with globes of gold and crowned with bridal flowers. He hears the wash of the warm, wet waves on the beach at home, and in his blithe fancy sees the poppies of gold throwing out their banners along the foothill slopes. He sees the happy children of the west gamboling under the rose trees and beside the geranium hedges; and mixed up with the crunch of snow under the hoofs of the horses is the raucous whoop of California's mocking bird in the chaparral. Ah, yes! good friends of the Bird o' Freedom, back east is all right, perhaps, but, my, my! it's so different.

—[February 24, 1895.]

CUBA.

The Eagle has his eye on Cuba, and while he has no particular animosity against Spain, the land which gave the world a Columbus, yet, at the same time, he hopes the plucky fellows who are fighting for freedom and hanging on like bull terriers may win. A Cuban republic would make an excellent neighbor, just as Mexico does. The crown-wearers have no business monkeying with affairs on this side of the pond, and the faster they are dispossessed the better off will be the various countries in particular and the world in general. Go in, Cuba, and win! The Eagle is right with you in this fight, and if you get away with it he promises you one of the longest and loudest screams he has in the box.

—[July 21, 1895.]

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WHEN YSAYE PLAYS.

When Ysaye plays the fiddle there is music in the air. To be sure, he doesn't do much in the way of "The Arkansaw Traveler" or "Old Rosin the Bow," but when it comes to clawing the classics out of one of Mr. Stradivarius's best fiddles he approaches the peerless class in his own poised and peerless way.

How the fiddle sings to a fellow who has a soul for its music! It weeps, it sobs, it chuckles, it grins, it breaks into broad guffaws, and then there is a flood of tears — the music of rain among the leaves, strains of melody bubbling from the throats of birds, phantom-like fantasies that weave about one's heart exquisite sensations and fill the eyes with tears. Great is the violin, and when Ysaye lays it to his cheek and pulls the bow across its melodious strings the soul of it wakens, and its spirit is alive and glad it is living. He sweeps the bow across it and the elfins go capering about in a diablerie dance, the air swims with the spirit of melody, the soul is entranced and the ear tickled until the heart aches.

There are so few masters of the little, graceful, shining music box which masters most people who attempt to play it, that when one comes along who has reached the very soul of its mysteries the populace may be excused for lionizing him.

There are many millions of people in the world, and there are probably some millions of fiddlers, but of the chaps who are really acquainted with the possibilities of the violin there are scarcely enough to fill the drawing-room of a sleeping car. Right in the middle of this small crowd, were it to be made up, would be found this long-maned, self-possessed, phlegmatic Belgian, Ysaye. He knows the little music machine from the curl in the neck to the pin that holds the tailpiece, and when he gets it going the music comes shaking out of it in waves, showers, floods — music that is as liquid as the limpid air of the semitropics, as mellow as the sunshine that fills the poppies on the foothills full of gold, and as sweet as the memory of a dead sweetheart's song, or the never-to-be-forgotten pathos of a mother's lullaby.

Music like that is worth while; it gladdens the old world and makes it a fit place to live in, notwithstanding the rough places along the road, and the raucous discords that pass for music in the land are really only noise.

Bravo, Ysaye, you are a brick! What a building would be the house made of such as you!

—[September 1, 1895.

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THE FESTIVE TRAIN-ROBBER.

The gay and festive train-robber is working overtime of late, and earning gorgeous wages. What is a quartz mine seamed with the yellow truck compared with one of Mr. Fargo's burglar-proof safes that is so easy to burgle with a stick of dynamite?

Why, children, it simply isn't in one side of it.

A hydraulic mine with a half dozen of those large and abrupt squirters can't compare with the ready-minted coin of the republic which is toted about the country to tempt people like that Dalton crowd, once so lively and numerous in bleeding Kansas.

The thing of getting down over a sluice-box and washing out the bright nuggets that buy things is nowhere alongside of holding up a nice, quiet little box of currency and rifling it with a bit of a blast.

How joyous to plug an engineer with a pellet of galena, merrily blow open a baggage car, rifle a treasure chest, then mount steeds and away into the fragrant woods, where the catbirds jaw each other and have fun with Ma Nature in her sweetest mood.

How lovely and sylvan it must be for a freebooter to canter along under the shade of the sycamores and whistle in innocent glee while somebody else's cash jingles in his pocket or saddlebags.

How sweet must be the sleep of the industrious highwayman who returns to his lair after a night of toil, reeking with the odor of the guncotton used in his business, and bearing about his brawny person certain personal effects much thought of by the common carriers of the country.

In the presence of this earnest and honest toiler in the long hours when other people who transmit money by express are asleep, one who simply works for a living would be abashed.

For mark you with what aplomb he carries himself—and his Winchester. Note, if you please (and have a mind tuned to the finer things of this current period), how jauntily he sashays along the highway, buckled to a number of Col. Colt's most highly-polished, expensive and long-ranged six-shooters.

Ah! he is great stuff, and if the Eagle people could only get the knack of the thing they would feel almost like going into the business their own selves.

—[September 17, 1893.]

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HOT-WEATHER THOUGHTS.

What recollections there are to conjure up when the fry season approaches and the heat bakes the brain of the populace, weakens its energies and melts its linen.

Boys on the ice sliding, some with just a pair of old boots with holes in them through which the snow leaks, and others on skates that ring against the flinty bosom of the pond that has gone to sleep.

Those same boys tugging their painted sleds up a long incline, a mount at the top, and then a swift rush through the tingling atmosphere, with the snow flying from the prow of the miniature sleigh. Young fellows and their best girls — winter girls — going sleighriding where the bells jingle gaily on the flying steeds, and there is nothing quite so jolly as to snuggle under the cozy robes and hold each other's hands.

Men on the silent ponds sawing out the big blocks of ice and stowing them away in the houses for use next summer when it's hot and ice-cream season hits the world with a warm thud.

Snow shoveling to get out of the house the morning after a big storm, when the way to the front gate leads through a crystal cut that is icy cold.

Digging the fodder from under the feet of the beautiful to feed one hundred and eighty-seven head of hungry stock at daylight, with the mercury at 27 degrees below zero, and struggling to get lower.

Wrestling with a recalcitrant woodpile when the ax is dull and the heap of fuel has to be dug out of a drift that is wide and deep, the digger's fingers numb and his poor feet aching with the cold.

Night, and the stars shining down from a clear, cold sky on a stretch of white, still world that looks like a ghost, and the moon creeping up above the leafless trees and flooding the landscape with silver.

All these things are proper to talk about when there are such days as is this one, when the Eagle Bird would like of all things to shuck his feathers and flesh and sit in his bones.



How the winding stream in the big woods woos a fellow on such a day as this.

He hears it murmuring among the leaves and grasses along its banks, eddying around the roots of the tall trees and singing

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in silvery ripples over the rocks in the shallows — the “shallows that murmur when the deeps are dumb.”

He sees it going on its glistening way amid the shadows that fleck its bosom, and the breeze that blows up stream is so nearly a real bit of wind that the thought of it cools and refreshes him.

There, under the dense foliage, there is a growth of lush grass, and on it the lazy fellow lies in blissful quiet and scans the strips of blue sky that lie off yonder unmarked by a single ship of the air, those cloudy crafts that drift on their way unfreighted and unfettered. He loafs and rests his soul while the breeze tilts the leaves, rustles the hazel bushes and sighs in the treetops in restful and confidential whispers. Away down stream there is the cry of a catbird, and away up stream a fellow of his answers with a call that makes the heart of man leap to its music. A robin with a breast of scarlet rules a line of red across the leafy avenue, and a gay bit of a jaybird yells at him as he sweeps by. High up in the forks of a dead tree a yellowhammer pecks away with a sort of devil's tattoo, and the squirrel that shies around on the other side of the limb appears to wonder what the busy hammerer is at, while the sun that goes slanting down the afternoon is the best kind of company for the whole crowd.

All these things are genial recollections for sultry days up here above the glowing asphalt and the gleaming walks of cement. For it is no use to kick about the weather; just think of something cool and agreeable and let it go at that.

—[June 14, 1896.]

THE AGITATOR.

If one will withdraw himself from the turmoil of agitation that is going on in this great, but bedeviled, country of ours long enough to think a bit, he cannot but conclude that civilization is so near a failure that it at least totters on the edge of that abyss at whose bottom are bankruptcy and disaster. For what a country for infernal agitation this is. Nothing is left in any fixed condition anywhere long enough for matters to settle, but all the time and everywhere it is agitate! agitate! agitate!

We pass a law, but before it becomes operative agitation is commenced to repel it. We adopt a tariff system, but before trade can adapt itself to the conditions of the system everything is unseated and unsettled by change.

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The moment that dull times come upon the land—and it seems to be a law of nature that they must come, because man is such a restless and unsettled animal—we begin to try to make laws to restore good times, and in the effort simply muddle up things worse than they were before. In the opinion of the Eagle people (which may not amount to much to some of you, but to us it is the greatest opinion on tap anywhere on earth), infernal agitation has more to do in bringing distress upon the people than all other things combined. Permanency and stability in the laws and in our system of government, and in our systems of tariff and of finance, are worth more than all the doctrines that were ever preached. The people can adapt themselves and trade can adapt itself to almost any condition, but no people can conform and no commerce can adapt itself to conditions that are as variable as the shifting weather-cock on a spire. What if God Almighty should take it into his mind to change the motion of the celestial orbs that go swinging with rhythmical accuracy through space?

What if He should conclude to switch the Milky Way around in some other shape; make the moon do the daylight shift, and put the sun on the night shine; haul Venus around where Jupiter is “at,” and reverse the stars in the Big Dipper—how long do you think it would be before planets were smashing against planets, and red-hot suns and frozen moons were running amuck among other suns and moons, and knocking the entire plan of celestial procedure into a state of chaos?

What if He should conclude to slow down the motion of this little, measly and mangy earth of ours, bring Mars down to within eighty miles of us, put Arcturus on watch as our orb of day, scatter the Pleiades around on picket duty in different parts of the heavens and shove the North Star over in the sky about seventy degrees—what sort of a state would we be in?

But, thank goodness! Nature's plans do not change. The whirling worlds and suns go on year in and year out, circling through the vast, impenetrable abyss of the upper air, and they change not in their courses.

No act of Congress and no artesian spout of eloquence can make or unmake the laws that rule the stars which shimmer and the suns that glow.

Nightly we may look aloft and see the constellations fixed and unmistakable. The Polestar gleams always where God first fixed it, and its shining point of light will be there in the

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untold ages that are to come after all that is now in the world is death and ruin.

Tomorrow the sun will rise as it has risen for millions of years back of those blue hills to the eastward, and the night shall meet it on the sky's westerly edge as it has through eons of ages. Always above us sweeps the great blue dome, so vastly grand and so majestically beautiful. Sometimes clouds shut out the vision of it, but we know, however lowering the murky pall o'erhead, still behind the dusky curtain of the dark the sun shines on, and yet is the sky there, deeply, darkly, beautifully blue. And as one thinks of this, and notes Nature's example, he can but wonder that man should not read a lesson in those stars that gleam afar, and fashion his doings upon the way they point.

But no! he must needs agitate. At every turn of life he agitates. If times be good he agitates to make them better, and destroys the good that is. If times be ill he agitates to improve them, and further disturbs the disturbance. Out of the quiet he brings chaos; out of disaster he brings despair. Wherever he is there is no such thing as peace, though he may cry "peace" until the market places echo with the noise of his shouting. What his fellow-man builds he pulls down in ruins, and so comes grief to the race; tears to the eyes of childhood. If the Omnipotent could but say to this country today: "These statutes are the laws; they must stand; man shall not change them," I just have an idea that the world would settle down to business and that prosperity would rule.

For what we need is stability in affairs; a code that is not changed by every jackanapes who succeeds in getting elected to the Legislature; a tariff system that men in the pursuits of commerce may depend upon for a longer term than overnight, and a scheme of finance that shall not be pulled and hauled about on political platforms until it looks like the wreck of worlds. Many of our laws may not be good laws, but we can only get rid of them by forcing them to the letter; and it surely obtains that the constant shifting about and changing of laws is worse than the maintenance in the statutes of bad ones.

Therefore would the Eagle people lift up their unmusical voices and scream for less monkeying with the things that are. Let us, in heaven's name, keep still long enough to find out where we are "at," for a few months, at least.

Down with the cursed agitator, whatever he terms himself; and your petitioner will ever pray.

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MOUNTAIN FIRES.

We Eagle people have been having the hearts of us shockingly lacerated lately because of the terrible fires that have been sweeping over the mountain peaks and roaring in the cañons, destroying the nesting places of the Birds o' Freedom and devastating the heights where we soar.

The great pines in whose branches the Eagle builds her nest have been flaming pillars by night and smoking towers by day, and the wind that whispered and murmured through their spindles now sweeps sullenly over barren and blackened wastes.

The young Eagles have perished in the awful flames, and the chaparral in which the quails whistled is not. Day after day the parent birds of the mountain heights have watched the great clouds of smoke swelling up from the deep gulches in the mighty ranges afar off; they have seen the bursts of flame on the mountain tops and have trembled in awful terror as they saw the fires licking up the big woods and the undergrowth as they crept nearer, and nearer, and nearer to the Eagles' homes onto the sky-reaching hills.

They have seen the stately and beautiful trees that bedeck the mountain slopes go down before the on-sweeping charge of the brigades of flame; they have heard the crackling and the roaring element of fire as it leaped along over hilltop and valley, wiping out the homes of bird and squirrel, until not a living thing exists today where but so short a time ago the Eagles nested and their companions rollicked among the bushes.

Somebody is to blame for all this, and somebody should be made to suffer for it.

There is little enough foliage in this land of the summer sun, goodness knows, and it is heartbreaking to see the little we have swept away through the criminal carelessness of some human critter who ought to be in jail.

Some day, maybe, California will awake to the necessity of protecting her forests, and of extending them by the propagation of trees on barren slopes, instead of allowing the vandals of flame to destroy with the striking of a match the growths of a hundred years.

Ah! the Eagles that are left are sad at heart, indeed, as they look away over the bare and blackened mountains and see what work the flames have done. No more for years and years shall we see the majestic monarchs of the hills spreading their great

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branches in the sun and air, nor hear the hum of the wind playing Aeolian airs through the twigs and leaves. The snow will fall in the winter, and, with no foliage to protect it from the sudden sun, we shall see it swept away in a day's time and the lowlands flooded with the quick rush of mighty waters from the vast and precipitous drainage sheds. Next summer the reservoirs will have naught to feed them, and the orchards and gardens will be thirsty and will have naught to drink. Then where, my masters, are your crops of golden globes a-glitter in the sun, your verdant meadows of alfalfa, your flowering uplands and your vales of green?

They will not be, and all because of the foolish carelessness or criminal neglect of the people who should act on time and not wait to begin to fight fires after all the damage has been done.

—[October 11, 1896.]

CIRCUS AND HOSS TROT.

Whoop la! The circus has been in town, and with its seductiveness of color, glittering spangles, caracoling steeds, big elephants, "taggers" and other monsters, has wooed from the foothill ranches and the bottom lands of Ballona the country people who can chase up a dollar or two to come in and see the turnout, even in face of a devastating Wilson bill and a tax on sugar.

As a drawer, nothing has been found so far in the world of amusements to equal the arena in which the pink girl clad in few clothes and an engaging smile goes loping around, leaping over banners and through paper-covered hoops—the arena above which other girls swing on the flying trapeze, and in which the strong man shies cannon balls aloft and swells up his muscles for the edification of the small boy and his ever-present pa.

The smell of the sawdust catches them every one and every time, for there is something of romance about the circus with its knights in armor, its bespangled ladies of the cavalcade, its white-faced clown and its ringmaster with a whip that twirls and pops as only the whip of the ringmaster can.

The Eagle's sympathy goes out to the small boy who is shy the price of a ticket, or who cannot find a place to crawl under the tent, for he it is who suffers when the circus comes to town.

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He "reads" the gaudy pictures on the billboards and barns, and he stands on the street and sees the monster parade of aggregated novelties, monstrosities and world-beaters from the far countries go by, but when he isn't able to get into the tent where the flags fly, the lions roar and the band plays circus music that is like no other music on earth except like that of every other circus, that boy lugs around with him a case of heartache that is absolutely pitiful.

If Eagles had money as some men have that I can look into the eyes of from up here, there wouldn't be a tatterdemalion of a kid in town that wouldn't take in the show and have in his pocket the price of at least one glass of pink lemonade. That would be a perfect picnic, it seems to me; at least, it would be to the circus-loving boy, and the old fellow who gave the young fellow the enjoyment would be sure to get the most fun out of it in the long run.

Some of you old chaps with twenty-dollar pieces jingling in your pockets and wearing Eagle photographs off of each other ought to try it on.

'Twould be a great investment.



And the horse races — the agricultural hoss-trot of fragrant memory, which is second only to the circus in its capacity to draw the multitude. It has been here, too, for a week, and the Eagle has had about as much fun out of the meet as any of you.

There is something about fast horses that entices even us monarchs of the air. How the heart of one sort of hurts him as he sees the bunch of flyers gathered behind the wire cavorting and plunging in wait for the flag to drop. How their nostrils swell and their eyes shine. What a picture they are as, when the jockeying is at last finished, the starter shouts "go," and they trail out along the course, swing around the quarter like a ribbon of horse flesh of varied color, get bunched up at the half, and on the last turn come tearing along like mad, with hoofs beating a tattoo and their riders' jackets bellying in the wind.

Yow! yip! yow! Here they come down the stretch, everybody nearly breathless with excitement, everybody with a pain in the heart of him as it pumps the crimson current faster than normally.

Hi! Hi! Hi "Get in there! Get in there! Get in there!"
Hi! Hi! Hi! Here they come thundering under the wire, the

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crowds along the fence with hats in air shouting to split the throats of them, and everybody in the grand stand on their feet and yelling like wild men and women and children of Borneo just come to town.

Whoop! but isn't it great sport! And the particular delight of it is that the horses share in it with the two-legged folks who wear clothes, buy pools, shoot craps and buck at the wheel of fortune, with its star-bright Eagle Bird and other characters that win or lose as the clattering wheel goes round.

THE DEATH OF MISERY.

Misery is dead, poor fellow. Perhaps you didn't know Misery, but if you had lived long in the vicinity of this perch of the Eagle Bird you must have met the dear old, loving, faithful, devoted chap, for he was close about here for years and years, and I want to tell you that the shop is lonesome like since Misery doesn't come around any more looking wise and pleasant out of a pair of eyes so sweet with kindness that you were just bound to love him.

Misery was a living picture of affection, faithfulness and sweet temper. He was just a dog, Misery was, but such a dog as has had but few counterparts in all this world. You may not think that Eagle Birds know much about dogs, and they don't, as a rule, but Misery wouldn't let anybody stay long in his neighborhood without making himself known and beloved.

When that faithful dog would sidle up to the Eagle Bird and stick his moist muzzle into a fellow's off talon and beg to be petted, one just had to pet the fellow and get fond of that dog. Most dogs get in the way, and do things that make people desire to throw things at them, but not Misery; nobody ever wanted to throw anything at that dog but loving looks and cheerful greetings. One just had to throw that sort of sentiment that comes from the bottom of one's heart to that dog—he compelled it. Let dear old Misery but lay his moist muzzle on a fellow's knee and put up a silky ear to be fondled, and the fondling commenced. You couldn't help it. If all the men and women and other people in this wicked old, riotous and troublous world had Misery's disposition there wouldn't be much use in going to heaven. The earth would be a place good enough for any fellow to live in. Poor old Misery!

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Misery was most promiscuous in his affections, but he didn't seem to mind it. He was so overflowing with sweetness that there was lots to spare — not only for all the fellows around this print shop, where the wheels keep going in brain and machine, but for everybody around town who could take the time to look at and fondle a nice dog. One is apt to get jealous of people, or dogs, who love widely, but it was impossible to feel that way toward dear old, faithful Miz. He was an artesian well of love for the human family, and we all, Eagle people and other people, drank at the fountain alike.

The only people ever to get vexed at Misery were a few other dogs who were unappreciative and poor judges of character. I have seen that dog come limping into the printing joint under this perch with an ear sore enough to make a dog eat nails, but Misery's disposition never slipped a cog. I have known another dog to chew Misery's leg until the old chap couldn't travel, except tripod fashion, but Lordy! Misery was just the same — laughing and smiling like, when he came in, only just a little more hungry for affection than usual, and a little more insistent upon being coddled and called the dog-gondest nicest dog that ever set a plover.

Poor old Misery! you sure were a comfort to everybody honored with your friendship, and that meant everybody on your beat.

And now he is gone away into the silent spaces, and yet, though only a dog, Misery is missed so that there is more than one heartache around here where the Eagle looks on at things and keeps a-wondering and a-wondering.



And what I am wondering about just at this blessed minute is why, if affection and faithfulness are so appreciated, there isn't more of them in this world. If a dog can compel men, women, children, bankers, tramps, newspaper reporters, printers, restaurant men, editors, newsboys, car conductors, truck drivers, policemen, firemen, messenger boys, queens of "sassiety," little girls, big, fat women, old women, all kinds of women, and every blessed variety of humanity that wears hair and other garments — I say, if just a lovely, patient, uncomplaining dog can make people so fond of him that they just about burst out crying when they hear that he isn't going to come rollicking up those granite steps down stairs any more, who don't human people try to be as nice as a dog?

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And as to faithfulness, well, were the human family as faithful as Misery used to be when he was around here wagging the tail of peace, and almost saying out loud that this is the loveliest old world that was ever built, and you people are the best and nicest people that walk on two legs—I say, if the human outfit were half that faithful there wouldn't be any defalcations in banks, no divorce suits in the courts, no running away with some other fellow's wife, no shooting up of folks and towns, no burnings at the stake, no cutting and carving and killing; but, instead, smiles, sweet looks, eyes brimming over with affection—a whole world full of silky ears waiting to be stroked, a whole blooming continent of kindness and joy at being alive and just being around where folks are.

And that is what the Eagle Bird is wondering about as he thinks of poor old, loving and devoted Misery, who will not come around here any more and say "shake," with the look of him, just as plain as a man can with the speaking organs that he not infrequently overworks.



Poor old, lovely Misery, where are you this morning? is another thing that the Eagle Bird is wondering. If there is a heaven for good and faithful dogs, Misery, I want to make a bet that you have a front seat in it, or a place in the ingle nook that is just as warm as you used to love it under Bill Chapin's stove up in the attic, where Bill makes pictures of cows, and horses, and dogs, and farmers, and hobos, and all sorts of lions and "taggers."

So the Eagle Bird guesses that you are better fixed with it all than the Eagle Bird is with a bolt through him and a digestion that doesn't work, even if it is cast iron. I hope you are, Misery, for you have earned a good place in a heaven where there are lots of human beings who have nothing to do but keep you company, Misery; stroke your ears and look at you as if they wanted to steal a nice dog and take him out on a ranch.

Poor old Misery! Dog as you were, there are a whole lot of people who are not going to forget you right away. Human memories of human beings are almighty short, as a rule, but human memory of you, Miz, is likely to last many a long, lonesome year—years that contain no wag of your sweeping and kindly tail; years that are void of the touch of your moist muzzle;

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years that are not sweetened with your good humor, your surpassing love, your abiding faithfulness, your more than doglike devotion.

There are any quantity of people, Misery, that the Eagle Bird wouldn't care to say good-by to, but I do to you, Misery, for, though but a dog, you had a heart in you that ought to have been in a human body—an understanding that seemed sometimes as if it were the annex of a human soul. Good-by, Misery.

CECIL RHODES.

In the far land of South Africa one of the world's most brilliant lights has gone into an eternal eclipse, but the merry old world goes on today as it did yesterday, and as it will tomorrow; and so what is it all about, and what does it all matter, anyway?

What is what all about? you may ask me. Well, everything—the mad struggle of you madly struggling human beings to get to the front; the everlasting race for fame, for power, for riches—those things that Cecil Rhodes had in such opulent measure. But two days ago Cecil Rhodes was a name to conjure with; today that name serves but as a recollection of one who was and is not. Into the land of gold and gems he went with a masterful and dominant spirit. He strived, and struggled, and battled, to be blessed or cursed by men according as their interests might lie, and then when the battle was but half fought out, when the empire he would have builded was undergoing assault, he fell asleep—and what is it all to him this Sunday morning, when the sun is shining on the world and the birds are caroling in the coppices?

The Eagle is no philosopher, but such things as the passing of a Cecil Rhodes and the pitiful outcome of all his labor and his planning for empire and power are enough to make even a wandering vagrant of the air lapse into a philosophic strain. For it is pitiful, when one stops to think about it—the worry, the striving, the eternal grind that civilization has made the lot of the sons of man for the beggarly regard of a deep and lasting sleep in six feet of earth, or a handful of ashes in a columbarium.

How much wiser are the Eagles who soar across the blue spaces of yonder sky in insouciant freedom, careless of the day that is and heedless of the morrow that is to be. The night finds

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them safe amid the branches of the towering pines on the mountain top, and the day sees them breasting the breezes that blow above the fields of green and gold. The power of the Eagle is in his talons, and he lusts for no greater empire than that he may be able to snatch a lamb from the fold when he is hungry. Whether there be diamonds in the blue clay of South Africa or yellow dust in the gravel beds of Alaska matters not to this vagabond of the higher altitudes. Whether Britain or Boer shall rule on the veldt cuts no figure in his calculations.

Therefore is the Eagle, and his lesser mates in the domain of the air, wise with the wisdom of the ages. When his pinions are scattered over the landscape and his small carcass has been put to nature's use of fertilizing a bunch of ragweed, or a bit of sagebrush, it seems to this observer as if he and the greatest man that has ever lived were quits as to which is the better off. If he isn't, my masters, prove to me otherwise!

—[March 30, 1902.

IN THE WOODS.

I wonder if you human creatures who wander up and down on those burning stretches of cement and asphalt these hot July afternoons ever stop to think that there are places up yonder in the purple distance where the zephyrs swim among the leaves and murmur music that is sweet and low; where the birds get gay on the boughs and the lizards skurry over the rocks. I wonder if you ever stop to think of the streams in the mountains that purl among the boulders and loll in the shade of the sycamores. I wonder if you know how an Eagle Bird suffers at being set up here in the sun on a chunk of granite, the while he is yearning and longing for the music of those breezes among the leaves; the patter of the squirrels on the fallen foliage; the whir of the quails' wings in the coppices; the lilting of the mocking birds in the chaparral; the lulling insistence of the brooks.

Ah, my masters! up there in the woods is the place for one to loaf and possess his soul, as my old friend, Walt Whitman, puts it. There is where one can snuggle up to the heart of the great god Nature and listen to the music of the spheres. There is where enjoyment is to be had without any frills on it. There is where joy comes floating in on the breezes. There is where

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health makes the cheeks rosy. There is where fashion and fame and flubdubbery are forgot, and peace is in the air.

The summer days make one think of all this, and to one who was hatched on a pine tree bough and tried his pinions first in the air that is scented with yerba santa and wild sage, when he does think about those places that Nature makes he gets nostalgia that gives him the heartache.



These big towns where the walls are high and the streets are hot; where the crowds pass; where the automobiles puff and roll away; where the grind is constant and the nights are filled with the light of arc and incandescent; where the trolley car complains at the curves and the air-brake sighs; where the hustle to live makes the brain reel and the muscle taut, may be all right in a way, but give to this bird of the mountain places the sweet air that swims about "the purple peaks remote" and you may have the seething old town all to yourselves.

Night up there where the stars are out and the silences are vast makes for happiness, for the world of work and worry is not, and though the day shall come again on the morrow, tonight's the night for thinking of the Infinite; for looking up into the void where the planets roll; for dreaming in the hushes of the hour of the things that lie beyond the fathoming of human thought.

How sweet the air is here with the balm of the hills; how fragrant are the zephyrs that stir the leaves; how far away seem care, and toil, and strife. This is life, when one is in the far distances where there are no clipping hoofs on the asphalt; this is life, and all that mad fight down in the hurly-burly world of froth and fret is merely a bad dream that will pass.

Come with me, then, this morning in your better thoughts, thou listener to the plaint of this Eagle Bird, for it will do you good to shut your eyes and listen as the wind blows above the yellow fields; as the larks make music on the swaying reeds; as the rippling waters glint in the sun and slip into the shady places. Come up with me to where there are peace and fragrance and silence, and let us loaf awhile together for the soul's sake.



But if you will not come with the Eagle to the mountain places, where the nights are steeped in solitude and silence, then

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let us get together where the waves are tumbling on the shingle in the maddest frolic that Nature knows. Here let us rest on the cliffs that overlook the scape of sea and sky and watch the sails in the offing—the sails that seem like the ghosts of ships that pass in the days of sun and the nights of shadow and shade. There the ever-restless and mysterious sea shifts under the rush of the winds and the surge and rush of the mighty tides. There rests above those giant waters that brooding air of mystery that is like none of Nature's other mysteries—immutable, grand, awesome, sublime is the waste of ocean, and he must be a Stoic who can look across the expanse and not be touched and thrilled with the magnitude, the power, the mighty generousness of the pulsing waters that shimmer under the sun and are beautiful with the pathway of light that the moon makes when that white planet sets its pallor in the sky.

The woods woo one and the waves beckon; the reaches of distance that lead to the hilltops, where the pines are filled with the glory of sunlight and are sweet with the fragrance of the garden places, are all too great for him who loves Nature and her ways. He would that he, in the first person singular, might go along those hindering ways of distance as his thoughts go, to rollic in the wooing woods and to harken to the boom of the breakers that “fret and lave the tinted shells upon the beach.”

All these things when the doldrums of July are upon us; when the normal man hungers for the ground that was made for the stepping of his feet, and for his couch when the night falls and the dark comes upon all the land.



There are some thousands of the favored of fortune who will go into those woods, and beside the mighty waters, that it shall not be given to hear the things that are attuned to the ears of others. They are of the world's unfortunates, for he who has a holiday and cannot get the full measure of it in the sights and sounds that lie about God's world of loveliness and naturalness has missed the golden things that come with living.

Appreciation of nature is a blessedness, indeed, for there are none so poor or lowly that they may not see the sun blazing in the heavens, the stars shining in the azure void, and hear the diapason of the waves that spell out Nature's wonderful story in Nature's own wonderful way.

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It is a great chance to be afforded a place under the sky when the planets are set visible in the heavens, and all the twinkling bits of light are picked out in the arching dome. Here in the hot and noisy town we may look up and see the whirling worlds in their orbits, but it is by the sea or in the hill places where the trees are, and the birds, and the skurrying squirrels, that they may be seen at their best.

So come with me out to the wide spaces, where there is room to breathe, and let us watch the world go by, to the sighing of the winds in the branches, and to the lulling music of the mighty sea.

—[July 6, 1902.

SPORTS.

Great is baseball when it is played by sluggers of science and pitchers whose curves are elusive, but when the hamfatter of baseball gets loose in the diamond garden and makes a monkey of the game, that is when the Eagle Bird suffers to the very core of his inwardness.

You human critters may not think that Eagles care for the sport that has flies, fowls and swats of other descriptions in it, but that is just where you err. Up in Eagledom we dote on all sorts of good, clean sport. Why, you ought to see the flying races we have between the young Eaglets, and likewise the diving handicaps for lambs and other grub that is good for us aerial meat-eaters. These flying fests are usually "pulled off" at some location in the high mountains where there is no such thing as a man with a gun. We haven't anything to bet on these contests except the game we catch, but then in the Eagle's country game passes as current as red money with my photograph onto it does down there where you wear your sweet lives out hustling for those red dollars. And occasionally we kill an umpire, just as you do at ball games, but still I sometimes feel that there are more umpires yet living than have any real right to.

But I don't see any of those flying matches any more. Being bolted down here to a chunk of granite where the Eagles do not soar, they must pull their games off up in the pineries without my august and September presence. But I can watch

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the ball games out at the Chutes from this location, and I must say that when I do watch them the feeling sort of steals over me that I am wasting my time. At least, it is thusly a good deal of the time.



Now, what fun is it to watch a game that is so full of errors that the last column in the score looks like a row of telegraph poles, and what possible sense can there be in my keeping an eye glued onto the park out there when the umpire makes decisions that are as raw as a freshly-killed lamb of the wilderness? I tell you, fellers, it is all a waste of time to watch a ball game, or any other game, that makes you suffer because of its rank badness.

Of course, not all the baseball can be gilt-edged, but when a game becomes of the strictly professional variety it ought surely to be a lot better than the kind the boys in the High School put up. But what gets me the hardest is to figure out how the dog-goned umpire arrives at some of his decisions. Perhaps he lacks the Eagle eye, and then again, maybe, he hits the high places in town after dinner, where the high ball is the only thing pitched, and where the fluid that circulates is bad for the judgment.

Well, I don't know what it is, but as sure as you live, either some of these ball umpires take dope, or else they are just naturally biased, to call it by a meek and gentle term when a stronger one would be more fitting.

Yes, good people, the Eagle Birds all like good, clean, bright, snappy sport, but when the game is spoiled by bum playing, and when a good game is lost by decisions that are bummer, I get so aggravated that I wish I could be blind to base hits and deaf to balls and strikes, 'deed I do.



Now, there are hoss races. You might not think that this bird family I am proud to be a member of, even if my framework is merely cast iron and my perch is located on a print factory, would care a sou markee for the horses that trot, pace and go the other gaits, but that is where you have one of your erring spells again. I love to see the sleek brutes with their legs all balled up with doings that make them look knock-kneed, brought out to trot, but it pains me a lot when there are hours of scoring and jockeying to seconds of racing.

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Up in the Eagle country we do it differently. When there is to be any old kind of a race with my kind of people we start 'em all off the first turn out of the box, and the fellow who gets off in front and comes in ahead wins the business. There is no jockeying and no false starts, but it is up with the gate and let 'em go, or down with the flag and the bunch of birds is off with every devil of 'em bursting his gizzard to win. Oh, fellers! it is great sport, sport is, when you do it that way, and when you don't wear the racers to a melancholy frazzle before they get started toward the stretch.

I see you are going to give the Eagle Bird a chance to see some hoss trots and things out at the park pretty presently, and that is what has caused it to occur to me that I like games pretty much if they be games that are worth playing and worth spectating at. I hope this fall, when you begin ringing the bell for the hosses, that you will put the blamed races through fast, and not keep me in such a state of suspense that I nearly have heart failure waiting for something to happen.



There are lots of other games that the Eagle Bird enjoys looking on at. Now, there is croquet. If there is one thing I like more than another it is to see a lot of lovely things in short skirts and fluffy waists playing that game and getting mad at each other. That is truly sport. If you will watch those girls "clussly" you will see them cheat perfectly scan'lous, and the way they do it is to shove balls over in front of the second wicket from where they belong and then swear that they have been all down the line. My, my, how girls can act when they play croquet! Girls that are lovely in disposition and faultless in manner will get out on a croquet ground and just lie, rob and steal like a politician, and never turn a hair. That's what makes the game interesting for us Eagles, though. Were the game to be played fair, as most games are played, croquet wouldn't be much fun. Of course, it is only you girls down there that commit highway robbery when you stand over a croquet ball and shove the thing over to a wicket with your dear little tootsie, and then sneak it along through another wicket by some other kind of an underhanded trick. Now, don't deny it, girls, for I was watching you.

But, to come back to the commencement, good sport is as good for man and beast as it is for birds. It starts the blood

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circulating right. It clears the cobwebs out of befogged and tired brains. It gets people out of ruts and gives them something to talk about besides making money. It refreshes the spirit because the change of the human pace sets one back to the days of kiddom. It rests people to watch the other fellow working himself into a sweat trying to make a home run, and if you don't like sport it is a safe bet that it is because you never gave yourself a chance to like it. Why, they tell me that when a man takes hold of a ping-pong ball he is lost to the world, and that one grip on a golf club means sure ruin to the peace of mind of the fellow who is too busy to play at it; and yet you can find woods full of people who will tell you that ping-pong and golf are rot and a waste of time. Little they know about it until they have had a swipe at some of the balls. Gee! but I wish the Eagle Bird was cut loose so he could play some of those games!

—[July 20, 1902.

A QUESTION OF PHILANTHROPY.

If the Eagle had Carnegie's money — well, if the Eagle had, he would be spending some of it for the people for something besides books and libraries, and such as that.

What a chance to do things a man has with a wad of money like the Laird of Skibo Castle. Had I something like \$300,000,000 I would buy music for the people, for one thing. Not music printed on sheets with "figgers" on it like little negro babies in rows that slant up and down, but the music that shoots out of the bells of cornets and other horns, or the lilting strains that come from the vibrant strings on the wailing violins, the horse fiddles, the clarinets, the bassoons, and all the other jiggers that make for sweet, alluring sounds.

And I would hire those bands and orchestras to play down on the east sides of the cities, where the poor people don't have any too much fun, and in the Dogtowns of the other cities, where the only music the populace hears, that amounts to much, is what comes from the starting-up whistles in the morning, and the same sounds when the hands knock off at noon, and which are again repeated at intervals from 5 to 6 o'clock p.m.

Yes, fellers, that is where a man could spend a lot of money to mighty good advantage, for music will uplift the most sluggish and sordid soul. It puts heart into hope. It makes hard work

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easier. It makes the men who march move with alacrity the feet that are sore and the muscles that are worn to a frazzle.

Fancy how a poor neighborhood would brace up and begin to notice that there was somebody who cared for the people there were there band concerts two or three times a week in the purlieus! Fancy how they would begin to plant flowers in the slums and brush up their faded garments could those tired toilers get out of an evening and hear the new band play! My, my, what a comfort it would surely be to a man with a disjointed liver and too much money could he see the kids and the old folks gathered about the band stand, and, as the sweet strains of good music (not rag-time) were wafted about on the breeze, blessing the thoughtful fellow for making life worth living for them!



Books and libraries are all right. The Eagle Bird approves of the spending of the rich man's funds to provide reading matter for the multitude, but reading is not everything. Some people can be educated through their eyes, but some understand better with their ears. Those who have more ears than they have eyes ought to be considered, too, when the plutocrat is slinging his money about sort of reckless like. There are some mighty good people who are as poor as pusley who wouldn't read books if they could be picked up in the road by the cord, but those same folks could be made better and happier by the enthralling power of good music. Then why doesn't some steel-truster, or some sugar-truster, or some beef-truster put out some of his hoard of money bales to pay for the bands to play tunes that will lighten the heart, moisten the eye, give hope a boost and set the nerves dancing and quivering? I would give you the answer to this conundrum if I had it about me, fellers.



Now that the billionaire is in sight, coming up over the hill of modern-day prosperity, there are any God's quantity of ways that the fellow can spend his money to do good to his less lucky fellow-man, in case he feels like it. And it comforts the hearts of the Eagle people to know that there is a constantly-growing tendency of the ultra-rich to do something with their wealth besides buying more automobiles, more steam yachts and more castles in the effete countries.

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Here is an Eagle notion. Everywhere there are people who have hit the toboggan and are on the scoot, but not quite yet to the bottom of the slide. Now, if the Eagle had Carnegie's money, or Schwab's money, or Rockefeller's money, or even half of it, he would hire an emissary to hunt out the chaps who are on that slide, and who should make it his business to pull them out of the hole they are headed for before they get plumb into it. Many a poor devil who has a little something saved up goes into a thing that is good and all right, but he blunders before the proper end is reached, and so he goes kersmash, just because he hasn't quite enough stuff to keep the fires lit until the wheels will turn often enough to pull him up the long hill of effort to the goal of safety and success. It seems to me that a plutocrat would be doing his heart good, and the world good, by rescuing the fellow who is grabbing at straws and hasn't arms quite long enough to reach 'em, and not quite enough grip in his fingers to hold on if he does reach 'em.

How does it strike you, you rich fellers?



Money is a powerful thing in these days. It seems to us folks in Eagleville that it is getting more and more potential all the time. But I'll swear that I cannot see where money makes people very happy unless they spend it to do good to somebody who has hit a low spot in the world. The selfish devil who piles up money just to see how high a heap he can get, and who hangs onto the heap after he has got it piled up as high as a house and lot, goes dead one of these fine days, and the pile he's made doesn't go where he does, as you may have observed. It does seem to a poor devil of an Eagle Bird, whose capital is some cast-iron feathers and a bolt through his innards into a perch of granite, as if it would be more fun to spend the money-heap in making a crowd of ill-lucky and improvident folks forget their sorrows and cares than to have a lot of kids scrap over a will, and, after the lawyers had left a little something of the estate, to go and blow the money in for things that they don't need, and that merely give them indigestion, or something a blamed sight worse.

Money is bully in reasonable quantities, but I have heard of people who had so much that they couldn't use that their eye-winkers fell out from worry about it. It seems to me I would rather have plenty of eye-winkers and less bales of bonds in a safe-deposit box some place.

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The Eagle hears people talking as they meander along under this perch about the badness of the world, and that it is getting worse with every tick of the old clock on the Courthouse, but don't you believe it. When you come right down to the true meat of the human heart it is getting better all the time. I am expecting to be called down for making this assertion, but then they can't call me down more than three stories, for that is as high as I am located. Of course, humanity isn't going to become thoroughly angelic in the next seventeen minutes, nor will sin and wickedness quit performing entirely yet a while, but in the main, taking men and women as they come and go, I can tell you, for a sure thing, that they are improving with the money market.

And, knowing this, seeing the grand, good things that rich men are doing with the wealth that is coming to them by the trainload, the Eagle has ventured these few suggestions as to what further may be done to help along the millennium—to make two parties happier and more contented—those who have money, and those who have it—to get.

I want to hear the music playing at the new band stands in the slums; I want to see the kidlets doing the two-step to right good tunes that sweeten the understanding and uplift the soul of those who don't know they have such a thing; I want to see the fellow who is about losing his grip given another chance to grab a-holt; I want to see the roses blooming where there are now piles of dead cats and windrows of tin cans, and I want the fellows to do these things who have the stuff to do them with.

—[August 17, 1902.]

SIGNS OF FALL.

Did you notice that it is getting along in the fall again?

One can always tell when it is the fall time of the year, because the race horses come out of some place and go around town hitched into little, narrow sulkies with rubber-tired wheels, and a man perched over the tail of the nag as if he were reaching into the middle of next week for something that he could never hope to get.

If there is a man on earth who looks like the living likeness of a "natural-born reacher" it is the fellow who drives a blooded trotter, or pacer, or some other gaited equine, around in a sulky built for one and to trot horses in.

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But there are other signs of fall besides the moving views we get at times of trotting horses showing off their movements with horsey-looking men pushing on the lines. There is the campaign business, for instance, that we have some falls, and this particular fall happens to be one of the falls.

But to the Eagle Bird with a memory onto him it does seem as if campaigns have had some of the ginger and things omitted from them, as compared with the days when this bird was a fledgling and located in a nest in a high tree on a mountain top.

In those green and salad days the political campaign was up and a-coming at all hours of the day and night. The days were filled with log rolling, and the nights with fireworks and the smell of kerosene. The men who lugged torches showed up the day after with oil streaks on their plug hats—they used to wear white plug hats when they marched and lugged torches in those days—and oil streaks on their other wearing apparel.

Some of you fellers doubtless remember those gay old, hilarious days when the Wide Awakes and the Tanners and the Rail-splitters went whooping over the land of Lincoln and Grant, making a political campaign look like Old Liveliness from Livelyville. Those were great times, fellers.



Now they are having Rough Riders that look as if they would do murder for thirty cents, when they are dressed up for the fray, but Lordy! those Rough Riders that you see around town with their pants in their boots, and blue shirts onto 'em, or leggings onto 'em, or something that a-way, are as harmless a lot as ever held up an Arizona stage. I don't presume that those Rough Riders who are named after Teddy would hurt a single person that they are acquainted with; but you can never tell; they might if 'roused.

But they don't look as much to me like regular campaigners as did those old-time marchers who wore capes of oilcloth and uniforms that had splotches of red in them some place. Those were the lads that made the blue empyrean crack open when they hollered for Old Abe or Ulysses in a loud tone of voice.

And, some way, whenever it gets along in the fall, when things all over the country begin to get ripe and to be hauled into the barns and cribs and smokehouses, it comes to me about those old days when there was lots of marching, and early and often voting.

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It was the Democrats who did most of the early and often voting in those other periods before some blooming Australian with a good thinking apparatus got up a ballot system that played hob with the rascal who hankers to vote in every precinct in town and to get fifty cents every time he whacks up another vote.



There is another thing about fall in some sections of the country, but we don't seem to feel it so much out here, where the oranges blossom and the mocking birds are gay, and that is the leaves that go out of the shading business, and the branches that become bare to the wintry blasts.

The beauty of it is that we don't have any wintry blasts out this way, except from the kicker, who is always with us and is forever dodblasting something or other.

In the countries where one really notices that fall "has come," the people get busy harvesting apples and putting them into the cellar for a rainy day. Then they mash some of the apple crop up into cider—and it is good with a straw at the other end of it, and a boy at another end. One boy at the end of a straw, the straw ended into a cider barrel at the other end, makes a picture of the fall season that one cannot forget if he ever saw the boy swigging cider.

—[September 28, 1902.

ON CHEERFULNESS.

Say, you people down there on the sidewalk, what are you going about for with such long faces? Why don't you brace up, smile and look pleasant? When you go home on the cars at night why are you taking into the presence of other people a manner that bespeaks ill temper and a disordered liver? When you walk into the house where the wife and babies are, or, if you are the wife or the child of the family, why don't you whistle and say "hello," and act as if the world were a bully old place to live in, and as if everything were a little bit better than it really ought to be, even if it isn't?

If there is anything that pains the Eagle Bird under the wishbone it is to see you human creatures going about grumpy and acting generally as if you are sore at something or somebody. Of course, I know that things go twisted plenty of times; there are

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trials that make the spirit ache like an old stub of a tooth that ought to have been yanked out years ago. There are deals that fall down, and people tell you lies and make promises that they don't keep. There is plenty to worry about, but Lordy! fellers, what in blue blazes is the sense in worrying? Worry never changed a condition, paid a debt, or made a deal go through, so far as I have been able to gather from the returns. You can't change people by looking glum and sour, and you can't make anything change the least bit on earth by worrying about it.

I have been watching you human creatures in your endless parade along these thoroughfares for many long, sun-filled years, and from my observations there is nothing about you that strikes me as being as near the real thing as cheerfulness and good humor. These qualities are as cheap as dirt, but as dear as diamonds—"a most unusual paradox," but it's all right. The woman, girl, boy or man who comes up smiling is the one for me, you can just wager your undergarments. The fellow who grins at fate and smiles at adversity can have my money to play the game with—or he could have if the Eagle Bird had a place for a pocket.



It is no credit to anybody to be cheerful when things are going finer than silk. It is nothing to do to look like ready money when you have it in your jeans, fellers, but the chap who can look as if he had a private mint working overtime when he doesn't know where the next meal is coming from is the one for my money, and he is a heap more apt to get the meal somewhere than if he were to look mad enough to eat nails.

This world is not going to last you fellers forever. And, as has been remarked by somebody who thought of it first, when you are dead, fellers, you will be a heap long time dead. Then in the name of common sense why don't you get in here and be as cheerful as you can and have as much fun as you can? When you get to that other place where you are going maybe there won't be time to have any fun. Maybe there won't be any other place that will suit you half as well as this one does.



I see plenty of people, though, from here who have a lot more than other people have, and that some other people are envious of them for having, that go about with faces as long as a horse's. They go to the ranch or the town headquarters at night

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with a mug on them that would stop dollar watches. Not to be slangy, I want to say that they make me mighty tired. If their wives, if they be the husbands in the case, would take a club to them when they go home looking that way it would serve them right. And if they be the wife of somebody's bosom, or the child of some home, and go to the domicile where the folks live looking down their noses, they ought to be spanked. I know of many a good dinner that has been utterly spoiled by the look on the glum face across the table, and I know of many a cheerful soul that has been placed under a wet blanket by a sneer. Sneers and unkindness are all so unnecessary that it is one of the wonders of the world to me why the sneer and unkindness factories keep on turning out their bitter product.



You ought to see us up in the Eagle country. There's where there is cheerfulness on nothing. When one of the Eagle bunch gets to looking as if he hated the set of his feathers, and begins to grumble at the lamb he caught last because it wasn't fat enough to suit him, we just crowd the kicker off the perch, by gracious! and send him to flock by his lonesome.

Now, I would respectfully submit that you human wretches ought to be fully as sensible as we Eagle people, who never had no show, no how, being just birds.

You ought to see the way the Eaglets are trained up in the Eagle country. (French Eaglets are popularly known as *les aiglons*). Well, as I was about to say, when you interrupted me about that funny French way of spelling and saying Eaglet, they bring up the kid Eagles to smile, sing (raucously, you know, as Eaglets will), and take things as they come, whether point foremost or any other old way.



If you human creatures would teach the little ones you are raising up (not more than one-sixteenth of the time the way they ought to go, but some other way,) to first of all things carry about in their eyes the sunshine of smiles, about their lips little ripples of mirth, and in the hearts of 'em an abiding spirit of kindness for their kind of people, they would be apt to grow up the same way, to the joy of the world, and to the everlasting comfort of humanity.

I have often thought that cheerful institutes would beat high schools all to smithereens as paying propositions. If you could



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graduate the youth of America in being good, and joysome, and kindly of heart, this would then be the greatest country on the rolling globe, that makes eclipses, for sure.



Of course, fellers, you have all had this sort of advice before, but you are so forgetful that to be reminded to be gay won't hurt. And so that is why the Eagle Bird is preaching this autumn morning from his pulpit of gray granite the gospel of love, kindness, light-heartedness and good humor.

There is no sermon that ought to be dug out of the barrel and preached so often as the one relating to the cultivation of the habit of taking things as they come, and acting as if the taker enjoyed the performance.

Don't, the Eagle begs of you people down there on the sidewalk, and in automohorselessness, pride and pomp, go about as glum as if you had been walked on by elephants. Don't be cross and sour and hateful. Don't be impudent. Don't be too smart. Don't get the mulligrubs, whatever else you get. Don't despair, whatever petide. There is sunshine beyond the hills, fellers and girls, there is, sure. Some day it will be over in your part of the country, even though there be a fog across the face of the moon just now. Get together, people. Brace up and be happy, whether there is anything to be happy about or not.

The human creature who carries his own sunshine about with him is reckless of fog, and clouds cannot feaze him. If you are wise you will get into his class with a rush; for he is the salt that savors the world of life.

CIVIL SERVICE IN EAGLEDOM.

I have been wondering for many a long lot of time why it is that along about November the poet begins writing sad and soulful poetry with a trend something like this: "The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year." Fellers, I have guessed it — it's these darned elections that come along in all too many Novembers, that's what the poet has his ailment about, I'll bet you. Just why the elections should have been saddled onto November instead of October, December, or some other month, this bird has never been able to understand, but things are as they are, and here you are, fellers.

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But, speaking about elections, puts me in mind of the idea that we have entirely too many elections in this country, don't you think? It has always seemed to me as if the country would be a large sum of money in pocket, and much brain fag ahead, if we only had about one election in ten years, instead of some kind of an infernal flare-up and tear-up nearly every old blooming November that comes along. It looks to me as if just when things get settled down and are working smoothly and lovely, and free in every joint, that an election full of fireworks, hot wind, smell of coal oil, and other offensive things, comes along and knocks the country generally all galley west and crooked. It isn't right to do this; it isn't right that when the land is full of peace and quiet the brass bands should begin to toot up, the Teddy's Terrors to shoot up, and the Americus Club to march up—and down—the country, to the destruction of sleep, and to the shattering of the nerves of Eagle people, and other people just as good as we are, and just as much entitled to be let alone as anybody.

That's what elections do, and I reckon they will keep on doing that a-way so long as nobody but a poor, measly Eagle on a rock roars about it.



We do this sort of thing better up in the Eagle country, fellers. Whenever we get a good, substantial Eagle in a job that suits him, and that suits the neighboring Eagle people, we just leave the fellow in his place to work away and do the best he can without frightening him half to death every one or two years for fear he isn't going to be elected for another term. Don't you know, fellers, that not even a superior Eagle person would be of much use if he were scared off his base every little while by thinking that the week after next he might not be in position to eat? Sure. Well, to have the daylights scared out of him is almost as tough on a human being, it seems to me, as it would be on a bird of the broad and sweeping wing, whose home is high in heaven, or words meaning the same thing. Am I right, or am I wrong, fellers?



Of course, I know there are persons meandering around looking for political jobs who do not believe in the civil service rules—that is, they don't believe in them until they get the job, and then you can bet they are for hanging on until the last dog is sus-

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pended by the neck of him. People are so different when differently situated, aren't they? You may have noticed it. I have.

But when you come right square down to the hardpan of facts with the bark on, isn't it folly with a big "F" in front of it to keep on making changes of men when you have good ones doing something that they can do better than any green hand can do it to save his life? My thinker tells me so, and it is working all right this morning. For instance, when we have an Eagle up in my country who is an expert at swooping down and grabbing a fresh young lamb or a nice little meat baby for the Eagle to subsist on for a while, do you think we would send out on a foraging expedition a poor, measly bird that couldn't land a lamb or other meat in seventeen times trying? Such tactics would be perfectly ridiculous, it seems to me.

But that is the way you human frailties do business. No matter how good a man you have being county clerk, or surveyor, or assessor, like my fat friend, Ben Ward, you are more apt to fire him, many times, when election day comes around than if he wasn't worth his salt. It's a shame to perform like that, fellers, and I know you all will agree with me if you will stop a bit and think about it.

The trouble is, as it appears to me, that when you people begin to monkey around in politics you leave your common horse sense at home on the piano and go out to vote with your emotions. Instead of calmly asking the neighbors what kind of a man he is — say Captain Hance or Charley Bell — when it is time to vote for somebody or other for something or other, you just slam away with a little rubber stamp and hit the best bunch of officers a clip under the ear, as it were, that knocks them so far off the ticket that they are never more heard of in public office. That seems silly to me, fellers.

I don't see any of the people who run banks, or factories, or newspapers, or dry-goods stores, acting in that foolish manner. When they get a good man in the right place they hang onto him as if he were made of diamonds. Just fancy a bank that would change an expert cashier every two years or so for some dub from the country who wouldn't know a sight draw if he saw it come flying through the window. And do you think my dear old friend Blackstone down Spring-street way would fire the best clerk he had on the floor just because it happened to be some sort of an election day? If you were to ask Blackstone about it he would say: "The ridiculous idea!"

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Well, then, fellers, isn't politics merely business — the business of the great American public? Aren't the municipalities of the country merely big business concerns that are run for the benefit of the people who go to make up the town? Aren't the States merely business concerns the same way? It looks to me up here as if they were, but maybe my eyes are mixed crooked this morning.

But I don't reckon they are crooked, all the same, fellers. It is you people who forget what you are about who are more or less twisted. We Eagle people are all right, and our thinkers are working without the split of a stitch or a cog.



As some fellow down there in the sunshine reads these few remarks with his feet up on the railing of the front porch this sunny morning (in case it doesn't happen to be foggy) I hear him thinking to himself that "rotation in office" is the proper caper; that we ought not to have in this great, free and salubrious country a clan of office-holders who continue too long at the public crib; but he doesn't think straight if he feels that way about it. Rotation in office is a dream of iridescence, and that's all there is to it, fellers. Nothing in it, nothing whatever. The thing to do is to get the best men that can be had for money to do any stated thing, and, once secured, to keep them at work as long as they are honest, industrious and willing to keep right on pegging away.

It has always seemed actually pitiful to me that the man who has made a splendiferous record as a public official should have to go about the country behind a raw-boned horse electioneering himself before his fool constituents in order to hold onto his job, in case he is so lucky as to secure a renomination for the miserable position that he ought never to have tried for in the first place. If I see straight, it ought to be the particular business of the decent people to nominate and place into a job the best and most tried man for it without asking him to do as much as a hand-stir to get it. Am I right, or am I wrong? The official who has lived up to every duty with honesty, integrity, faithfulness, decency and zeal deserves not only the money he earns, about twice over, but the applause and support of the people he serves. For I want to tell you, fellers, that good men are almighty scarce. You may have an opinion that the Eagle doesn't know about this, but you forget that the old bird

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is up here on this perch watching and seeing things that are going on when all you people are sound asleep, or ought to be.

I say this to you, fellers: Don't keep swapping horses every two years or so. When you find a man who is all business and a yard wide, don't give the poor devil heart failure by making him feel that he is going to be boosted high and dry out of his position on election day.

Such work as this is cruelty to human animals. And even the human animal has feelings, fellers, the same as we Eagle people. You ought to be pretty good to them, for some day, fellers, you may want to hold a political job your own self.

That's all this evening.

—[November 2, 1902.]

ON THE BURDENS OF LIFE.

Poised here on a block of granite above the moving multitude the Eagle muses on the methods of men; the ways of the world; the fights of life; the grip to hold on, and the grab to catch on that you human creatures of the hustle and hurly-burly are forever putting forth in order not to fall behind the procession, or get lost in the shuffle.

It is a mad old, strenuous world for you fellows down there, and I know it, despite the brave efforts you make to cover up the hearts that are beating under your jackets, and that sometimes seem to come up in your throats and choke you. In a sense, all you hustlers wear your hearts on your sleeves for us Eagles to look at, although they may not be in reach of the bills of the daws that peck. Brave to outward seeming, insouciant and "indifferent to Fate," careless of the morrow as you appear to be, and reckless of the little measure of life that is given to you, the Eagle watches your struggles to get to the front, to stay at the front, if you have already reached the right of the line, to lose no step that has been gained, and to reach up to another round in the long ladder that is so infernally hard to climb and so easy to fall from if Fate or Fortune but shakes the insecure support a little bit.

And, watching your comings out and goings in, looking into your eyes as you pass along the highways, bright of visage or overcast with gloom, as may be the case with you, I cannot help wondering what you are doing it for, anyway. Do you ever stop to think about it?

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What do you suppose would have happened to this old, mad world had you never happened to come into it? Where would these garish lights be at night had you never lived? Would the music be playing but for the instruments in the band that you touch lip and finger to? Would there be any such things as life, and color, and darkness, and scent, and sound were there not the human organs to make complete the combinations that make movement, the pigments, the shadows and the shine, the perfume and the melody? Surely not. Where there is no ear there is but silence; where there is no sight there is neither color nor form; where there are not the human senses there is neither the lilt of the lark on the swaying reed nor the odor of roses that blush in the sunshine. This may seem to be a ridiculous proposition at first blush, but stop and think about it for a minute or two and you will agree that for once, at least, the garrulous Eagle Bird is as much as half right, anyway.



But that wasn't exactly what I was thinking about when the thinker began to move its wheels for today's screed here under the eye of you, my master. I was thinking more particularly of what an all-fired big fuss some of you make in the world, the swath you seem to cut, or think you are cutting, and the little any of you all amount to when all is said and done.

Watching you begging, buying, driving, selling, being driven, forging to the front, falling behind, slipping down, getting up again, scheming, finessing, standing up to the rack, falling by the wayside, bullying, being bullied, smiling, frowning, swearing, praying, preaching and listening to preaching, side-stepping, facing the music, no matter how raucous the tune — watching you human hustlers, worriers and accomplishers doing all these things, and as many more kinds of things as are made verbs of in Mr. Webster's justly popular dictionary, I must say that the game is a hard one, and I often wonder that you continue to play it.



But it is the fellow who keeps on pegging away who most excites Eagleistic admiration, even though my sympathies may be with him in the strenuous struggle he is making. You may not think it, if you ever do think about such things, and I guess you do, but there is really some good reason for your being here and making motions. This great big, ugly, beautiful, hideous, soulful, sympathetic, cruel world must be something more than a

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plaything for the Power that made it. I hardly think that you gentle, tender, faithful and honest chaps that I see going about doing the day's work that is to be done, no matter how hard the task and how bitter the fodder at the board when the day is merely a recollection of another yesterday — as well as the chaps who are neither faithful, nor gentle, nor tender, nor honest — have all been put here to count no more than the figures of a lot of puppets painted upon a ball that swings in the illimitable space. You have your uses, fellows, even if there be moments when you appear to be misfits and cumberers of the ground.



Of course, fellows, the Eagle people are no closer to the tree of all knowledge than you are. We do not make our perches in the branches of that famous monarch of the forest, but I am guessing, too, just as you all are. I am not sure enough of anything that I can't see with these cast-iron eyes, hear with these cast-iron ears, that you cannot see from the street below me, feel with these talons nailed to a rock, nor fail to smell because the factory that cast me did not put a set of nerves inside these works, but I have a guess coming to me that the story will all be unwound to you some day, and that it will be as simple as many another puzzling puzzle has been found to be after you have been instructed as to the way the old thing works.

Therefore, I guess you might as well quit speculating as to what all this living, and lying, and laughing, and crying, and suffering, and enjoying, and lamenting, and exuberating is about, and just keep on hustling and being as patient as you can.

THE DRINK HABIT.

Not so far from the perch of this Bird o' Freedom the other day that they were out of hearing I saw and heard a small group of good fellows talking about things, as men down there in the hurly-burly of life do talk when they get together.

They were all men of the world, rounders in a sense, fellows about town who are convivial, insouciant, and, to outward seeming to you who meet and hail them with the time of day on the promenade, indifferent as to serious things. And if I had the coin I would wager that in a dozen years you could not guess what they were talking about.

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Well, it was no secret—at least, they were making no secret of it then, for the Eagle Bird heard them as plainly as he does the whistles at noon that stick up through the roofs of the mills down on Industry Flat beyond Main street.

But what do you presume it was that those men of affairs were talking about? You can't guess, fellers, and so I will tell you—it was the drink habit, the saloon nuisance, the one prime curse of humanity, the robber of home and the destroyer of happiness, that one infernal thing that is of no use in God Almighty's world—whisky and the other fiery liquids that men and women pour down their gullets to the stealth of their brains, their morals, their self-respect and their common decency.

That was the subject.



You would be astounded if I were to tell you the names of those good fellows who were administering a universal roast to the evil of swigging grog, and other fool things of that sort. But the Eagle Bird won't give them away, although they might not care if he did. Yet I will say this much: that the sentiments there expressed made me think a whole lot more of those fellows than I ever did before. And that is saying much, for I have been watching their meanderings for a long time, rating those chaps as being fit to tie to when there is any kind of a fight on, or at any other old human time such as you have down there where you all are moving hither and yon.

They are all agreed that the saloon and the stuff sold in saloons are evils greater than all the other evils that curse humanity. They all agreed that while there may be a use in nature some place for the rattlesnake, the bed bug, the flea, the cockroach, the mosquito and the politician, the saloon is absolutely senseless, useless and an unmitigated nuisance as a human institution. And, what is more, I heard one of them defy anybody in the wide, wide world to prove to the contrary.



And that conversation between a group of men you would be glad to know, and that thousands of you do know, for their names are in the newspapers with great frequency, set up a whirring movement among the wheels in the thinkery of the Eagle Bird.

I thought of the gay and gallant host of master spirits that I have seen fall by the wayside through the infernal curse of booze.

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I thought of the splendid scholars, mechanics, inventors, journalists, lawyers, statesmen, orators and soldiers that I have seen glide into hell on a current of whisky.

I thought of the beautiful women that I see from here on this granite perch slipping into the side doors of groggeries to do things that they ought to be ashamed of, and that they are ashamed of.

I thought of the men who toil at the forge and the lathe and in the trench and upon the ladder that I see day after day spending their earnings for liquor, while their gaunt wives toil over tubs full of suds and their babies go about with their little toes sticking through torn shoes, blue with cold.

I thought of the millions upon millions of money that are spent year after year, and that have been dissipated in the same way for centuries, for something that is all of evil and nothing of good.

I thought of the blood that has set the stain upon the door-posts of the world because of the demon of drink.

I thought of the bruised bodies of women and babies that speak as with tongues of flame because of the brains of father, or lover, or husband, or brother set on fire with the pestilential broth of hell.

I thought of the homes ruined by it, of the fortunes destroyed by it, of the poverty made by it, of the agony caused by it, of the children made fatherless by it — ah, my masters! my thoughts ran on and on, thinking of this world's master curse, until I came to wonder why that world below me that is so filled with love and grace and beauty has put up with the wicked and senseless thing so long.



But perhaps you ask me what is going to be done about it? Don't! I am merely a figure in iron sitting up here in dusk and shine, in storm and starlight, in rainy weather and in the gloaming, after daytime glides away. And so I can do nothing.

But if I could! Well, that's different. If I could, my masters, I would, ere tomorrow's sun sets behind the waters of the blue Pacific, close tightly the door of every saloon on God's green earth and nail them closed forever!

If I could, my masters, I would join with the gentlemen of good hearts and splendid sentiments that I heard talking together the other day, and place whisky and its side partners, drink of

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every kind, among the poisons, to be manufactured only by the governments of the world, and to be sold and distributed only for such purposes as pure, unadulterated liquors may be used properly, as the doctors might direct.

That is where the Eagle would put the cursed whisky business, were he the supreme autocrat of the world, and now you who think otherwise may commence heaving rocks this way whenever you get ready!



And if that were done — if whisky became a medicine solely, and were abolished as a beverage — what, think you, would be the result?

You can see as well as I can that heart would be put into the hopeless; that the besotted would become sober; that those wearing the gyves of whisky slavery would become disenthralled; that the hovels with old hats in the windows and gates sagging on the hinges would become homes full of light and mirth and melody; that the striker would quit striking; that the murderer would in millions of cases never become a murderer, because he would not be made fighting crazy by drink; that the rioter would be at peace with the community; that strife in the home would give place to content and sympathy and love; that the gaunt babies who barely exist in the festering slums would be fat and roly-poly and clad in garments befitting little bits of humanity; that the good fellows who are now going swiftly down the path hellward would be stopped and turned into the ways of industry and decent living — all these and ten thousand other things to the benefit of the human creature, you can see as well as I can were the whisky business wiped out at one grand, glorious, fell swoop.



And I have still left in me sufficient faith in humanity to believe that very thing may yet be done. I know plenty of you people will sneer at this idea of the Eagle Bird, but your sneers don't feaze me worth a cent. Right is right, fellers, and the whisky business is all wrong, eternally wrong, and the wrong cannot rule forever. I believe that as the world continues to grow better and wiser and saner the people in it will see the folly of turning rye and corn and hops, and others of nature's products, into miserable stuff that brings the human family noth-

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ing but misery, grief, sorrow and death, and will put a stop to the reckless manufacture of liquid dragons' teeth.

And when whisky has been put in the same category with national bank notes — to be made only by the government; when all the grog shops have been abolished, when the supreme tempter of the human creature has been removed, you will see right here the happiest and most blessed old planet that swings in accurate glory through the star-filled spaces of God's illimitable blue.

—[November 16, 1902.

REMINISCENCES OF A COUNTRY BOY.

These chilly nights, with a moon only half size, and touches of frost in the low places, make the Eagle Bird think of the glad-some days of yore in the land where the hickory nuts were wont to be scattered in glorious abundance beneath the shagbarks; where the quail piped up in the woodland places; where the gray squirrels scampered along the branches of the chestnut, and the hazel nuts were ready for gathering in the coppices alongside the pasture fences.

The Eagle Bird remembers seeing the boys in those olden days, where the russet apple is gathered into the cellar about this time o' the year, going up and over that pasture fence looking for the cows and harking to the whistle of Bob White, with a wish for a gun. And those cows — such times as those boys did have with them sometimes! The Eagle used to sit up on a gnarled limb and watch the performance. Boy in a hurry to get home so that the milking could be done and that lusty plate of biscuits and things devoured in time for spelling school. Cows wayward, stubborn, mulish and determined not to go down the path toward the milking place until they got good and ready. Boy attempts to surround cows and steer them toward the home place. Cows break for a patch of brush as thick as the hair on a toy dog. Boy crawls through the undergrowth, torn by brambles as to clothes; scratched by briars as to hands; flicked by obtruding limbs as to face, and hot as Sam Hill as to collar. Boy finally gets on the far side of that bunch of cows, and by that time the cows are in another patch of brush still more dense and full of things that prick and scratch and tear. And all this time the twilight is deepening, the hickory nuts drop into

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the fallen leaves, the birds give a good-night twitter as they tuck their heads under their wings, and those cows, quiet, serene, patient and stubborn no end, remain in that patch of thick brush until the boy begins to bellow from sheer exasperation and chagrin.

And then after that lad has worked himself into a perfect frenzy at those fool cows, the animals, Brindle, Speckle, Beauty and Bess, meander out of the thicket as though nothing had happened, and go swinging down the path homeward at a gait that keeps the boy hustling like a nailer to prevent being left.

Nothing can be meaner and more trying to a boy—one of the old kind of boys that the Eagle Bird used to know in his callow days—than a fool of a bunch of cows, or even just one infernally mean cow, when blasted and consummate obstinacy takes possession of those animals.

I wonder if there are any of those old-time pasture lands back east now; those quail covcys that pipe up in the glades; those hazel thickets where the hulls of the nuts are sour like when the crop isn't quite ripe yet, and those big stretches of dusky woods where the owl hoots until the air is filled with lonesome sound, and, in season, the whip-poor-will lets loose his melancholy cry to the night, begging to be whipped.

It would be just like this iconoclastic civilization of you human fellows to destroy all those old-time things; to drive the boy into town some place, and put him into patent leather shoes; to frighten the Bob Whites off the earth, and to cut those fragrant pasture lands into building lots and locations for trolley lines.



Going forward, developing the country, improving the waste places, educating and refining and uplifting the children are all right—must be right, for every one of you human creatures that an Eagle person would care to know is clamorous for smoothing things out—but I want to tell you, fellows, that those old-time boys who went barefoot and had stone bruises and plenty of other troubles were the real boys. And those cows even seem to me to be different from these modern cows that belong to the Topside Dairy Company, and have their milk peddled around town by a man wearing a sombrero, who drives his horses as if the devil had sent for him. And when he nearly runs you down in his mad career, don't you wish the devil would get him?

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Yes, those olden times, and not so all-fired old, either, when the Eagle Bird was a fledgling, were great in their way. Of course, people were not falling out of flying machines in those days, being electrocuted by sagging or trailing wires, or getting mangled into pulp under the grinding wheels of trolley cars, but there were spelling school and singing school in the schoolhouse in the woods near old man Brown's place, there were husking bees all over the neighborhood, and when the Joneses killed their pork they always sent a slab of spare ribs or a seductive length of tenderloin over to the folks who lived in the house near where the Eagle roosted.



I am watching you mob of human creatures down there in the jam pretty closely, the Eagle Bird is, and it seems to me that you are not as neighborly and hospitable and kind as you were in those days of the humbler folk.

I guess you are getting too rich and too restless, fellers. It seems to me that you have lots of new-fangled fixings that haven't helped anything except to make you work a heap harder than your fathers did, and to get a heap less fun out of life than they did. You have typewriters, and telephones, and swift trains, and lightning trolley cars, and sewing machines, and sulky plows, and sixteen-horse harvesters, and horseless wagons, and wireless telegrams, and airships that don't work very well, and stenographers, male and female, and gas works that are smelly, and electric lights, and bicycles that run by gasoline, and faucets all over the place so that the kids nowadays don't know what a pump looks like—you have all these things and oceans more that the Eagle cannot remember the names of, and yet you are hustling and jostling each other and worrying yourselves to death far worse than did those other chaps back yonder in the days of the pasture lands and the cowslips in the sedges.

That is what "civilization" is doing for you human creatures, as it looks from this perch, where the Eagle is chained to a rock on the tower of a print factory, and I sometimes wonder if there aren't a few things that you all are reaching for with both hands that don't pay for the reach after you get them.



It strikes me, fellers, that you get hard and selfish and blasé. Nothing much is worth while to a good many of you. You have

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chased the gamut of experience up and down until there aren't any more experiences. The theater bores you, the church you don't go to, the neighbors are new ones and you don't care a whoop for them, there are too many books to read — so many of them that you cannot tell which ones of the millions that are printed you want, and so you don't read any of them — the fast trains go too slow, the typewriter has made you a slave to a piece of mechanism and a girl with a smirk; the age is too blooming speedy, and you don't know where to get off and rest.

I'll tell you, fellers. Find out if there are any of the old-fashioned places away off from telephones, far away — far away from the whiz of the trolley wheel, far away from typewriters, where there is only some pale ink to write with; far away in that far country where the cows come up to the bars and breathe fragrant breath into your face, while a boy comes tagging along behind them whistling any old tune, as the moon meanders up above the tree tops behind the smokehouse; away back there where the hazel nuts are ripe in the thickets and the sumac berries are reddening all the woods; back yonder some place where the red buds blow, and the pawpaws ripen, and the cider mill creaks, and the haws grow mellow, and the pumpkins are ready to make pies with, and the wild turkeys strut among the oaks, and wild hogs go exploring after acorns with their industrious snouts pushing the leaves about — go back there where there are the first principles in living and snuggle down close to the heart of Nature, if you want to be glad you are alive.

The Eagle Bird looks longingly across the smiling land about this perch of his'n, and, lovely as it is here by the rose trees and the lily hedges, gets mighty homesick sometimes for the cry of Bob White on the fence around the wheat field, and hungry for a sight of the old place where "we all" used to be "so happy and so pore."

—[November 23, 1902.]

THE UNDER DOG.

There was something in The Times the other day about the salvation of human beings sent to jail and prison for crime. The article, as the Eagle Bird remembers to have read it when the copy came in to the man downstairs who has a blue pencil in his sanguinary right hand, and a high forehead under his front

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hair, came from the pen of a man who is in the business of trying to make criminals better instead of worse. There aren't many such men in this world, and when I see one coming up the street I feel like taking off my hat to him. At least, I would if hats were the caper in the Eagle Bird's country, which they aren't. I believe that philanthrope who wrote that article in The Times t'other day was right. You human creatures, who assume to be so high and mighty and so all-fired good, slam people who are a little crooked around too much. You bump their heads together when there are two of them to be arrested, clap the darbies on them as if it were a picnic to put men in handcuffs, and otherwise make the poor malefactor, real or only accused, feel as if he hadn't a friend on God's green earth, and as if God's green earth had no spot of turf upon which he might feel free to gambol without being arrested for gamboling on the green.



Our friend of the philanthropic spirit claims that crime is a disease, and that criminals have a right to be treated as if they were sick instead of being mauled around like punching bags, and pushed behind cell doors as if they were insensible in mind or body—or words to that effect.

Well, why not? If crime is not a disease why shouldn't all you fellows down there be in the chain gang? I want to say that if some of you had been born and brought up where some of those poor devils who are in the chain gang were brought up you wouldn't be in the chain gang, but would have been in the penitentiary, or on the scaffold, ten or fifteen years ago.

You are mighty nice, and smart, and genteel, and high-toned, and honest—you fellows who are in the swim where everything goes along your way with the greatest of ease—but had you been born of dissolute and drunken fathers and mothers; had you been reared in the purlieus and herded with the goats when you were a kid; had you seen the cupboard empty when you were a hungry urchin, many and many's the time; had you been brought up amid poverty and squalor and wretchedness of all degrees, I wonder if you would be the same natty, nice and lovely creature, with your nose in the air, as it is when you go to church this morning, looking as if butter wouldn't melt in your mouth.

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Say, you fellows, come down out of that; come down from that pedestal of self-sufficiency and conceit this sunny Sunday morning, and take a look behind the grated doors on the other side of First street—at that frowsy and unkempt crowd of drunks and bums and hobos that were dragged in there yesterday and last night, on foot and in the patrol wagon.

Say, you fellows, those bums and hobos and drunks are your brothers, do you know that? God made those miserable, unhappy, vicious devils of human beings, the same as He made you in all your frippery and finery and complacency.

But do you ever take a thought of those brothers of yours who live on the lower levels and who dine upon the crusts? Of course you don't. Were one of them to brush by you today as you go winding down the walk on your way to St. Switchin's Evangelistical Methodist Protestant Presbyterian Episcopalian Congregational Church, you would just about have a fit were he to touch your natty Prince Albert with his bunch of rags.

But say, did you ever stop to think that it is by the merest chance that you are not the hobo and that hobo there you? Did you ever stop to think that if your pa and ma had been brought up on the south side of Archey Road you might have been bumping over the ties on a brakebeam instead of lolling on a plush seat in the Pullman, and bored to death because the train doesn't go faster? Of course you didn't, but you ought to once in a while.



Say, you fellows, do you know the Eagle Bird hasn't much to do but just loaf up here in clammy and cast-iron silence and chuckle to see your performances? You are really and truly a funny lot—so almighty funny that as much as half the time I am too surprised at your antics to laugh at you. You go ambling along frittering away chances to do a little good in the world, and being so beastly conceited and selfish—at least a whole lot of you are—that I am many times glad that I was turned out of a mold in an iron foundry instead of being hatched from an egg—by gracious, I am that!

Why don't you get in and do something or other for the poor, miserable outcasts of the world whose hands seem to be against every man, and who can make affidavit that every man's hand is against them? Why don't you look down into the boggy places and help to lift out some wretched mortal whose feet are

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in the mire? Why don't you watch out to see if some brother of yours is not going swiftly hellward who might be started on the other road by a simple handstir and a smile? Why don't you forget the gewgaws on your fingers for a minute, and the fiesta rags of gladness that are on your back, and try to do something for the wretch who has neither gladness on his back nor in his heart, nor the sunshine of a human smile to light him on his way?



You say nobody asked you to? Nonsense, man; the hungry eyes of humanity are appealing to you every hour in the day, if you would only look out at the place where the miserable fellow shivers in the cold, while, instead, you are looking into your own cold and selfish heart.

Yes, indeed, you fellows make me laugh. You are always so willing to do so much when it is too late to do anything. You are always so all-fired willing to lift the fallen up after he has slipped ten million feet into an abyss, out of your reach. Take these lads around town who sell newspapers of a Sunday morning, or any other old morning, it's all the same. Those are little brothers of you fellows, but not one in a thousand of you ever stops to think what is going to become of those urchins; who is sending them to school; who is putting warmth in their little, dirty feet that are blue with the cold; and that better glow, the warmth of human sympathy, of human courtesy, in their poor little, half-starved hearts.

No, indeed, you pay no attention to those brave-souled little lads who drift and drift and drift, except to kick them if they get in your way, or curse them if they get too importunate in pushing their wares.

And yet, let me tell you, fellows, that there are skurrying around these streets trying to make a living, as brave, true and honest hearts beating under tattered jackets as ever fluttered beneath the brocades of a prince of the royal blood.

Yes, fellows, those are the men who are coming along up the road just a few years later. Some of them will be riding in the Pullman with diamonds on their fingers and their feet on the seat opposite; some of them will be in automobiles, and some in the patrol wagon; some will be gentlemen, as natty and debonair as you are, and some poor, little pitiful devils whose history reeks with pathos unspeakable will go behind the barred doors

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where the chains rattle and the bolts click and the guards pace to and fro.

And some of them, alas! and yet alas! will sit in the cells of the condemned; they will hear the carpenters hammering on the scaffold; they will keep their hungry eyes fastened upon the face of the death watch who sits with them until that last hour of agony when the sheriff or the warden comes in with the warrant; they will march out—some of these boys when they are men grown will—out of that noisome cell into the dark corridor that leads to the gibbet, and then up the stairs; the prayer of the priest, the black cap, the click of the bolt as the death trap drops to a fall, and all is over.

There, you fellows, is where some of these brothers of yours are going. What are you going to do about it? What are you doing to try to stop them? Where is your boasted sympathy, your cheerful offer of help in this hour when that poor wretch of a brother man of yours, discouraged, disheartened, ill of the crime disease, is slipping, slipping, slipping gradually, but as surely as the shining of God's bright and beautiful stars, into the blackness of the awful abyss that yawns and yearns for the everlastingly lost!

—[December 7, 1902.]

DEWEY, GET YOUR GUN.

From the southward, where the waters from the eastward sea sweep along the Venezuelan coast, there comes the rollicking music of cannon that are firing warm, rotund chunks of metal so blamed near the Monroe Doctrine that we can feel the stir from them in the atmosphere. Nobody has been treading on the tail of the Kaiser's coat, so far as this old bird has heard anything about it; nobody has made any faces at the man with the mustache; nobody has been trying to rip through the blockade, and nobody has been doing anything, so far as reports have reached these headquarters, that should cause the German men-of-war to clear the decks and proceed to pound sand with the impact of steel billets properly molded into warlike form.

Therefore, by gracious! the Bird o' Freedom would like to know what all this means. My old, troubled friend, Castro, has done about all that even an irate Kaiser could ask of him;

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he has said he would willingly pay up if he had the money, and he has sent to these shores, as a special representative, the astute and able Mr. Bowen, to try to square matters; but in spite of all these motions for a continuance of the case, those dratted ships, loaded to the guards with cannon and Dutchmen, have hauled off and taken aim at America. Say, what are you fellows down there going to do about this business?



Now, mind you, fellows, the Eagle Bird is not spoiling for a scrap with Emperor Bill, or any other potentate that wears hair, but if William is looking for trouble, I think, by gracious! that he ought to be accommodated. Of course, what this old birderino says doesn't amount to any more than the twitter of a sparrow, but at the same time the little bird has his say, and I'm going to have mine. Therefore, put me on record, fellows, as saying that I don't like the looks of things down there where the Venezuelans grow. From this height above the human multitude it appears as if William the Kaiser were going to try to make us show up as to whether the Monroe Doctrine is a mere bit of doctrinal buncombe, or whether it is a sort of unwritten law of the land of the flag of stars that we are willing to fight for. How does it strike you all?

Now, say, fellows, either that Monroe Doctrine does mean a lot, or it doesn't mean anything. If William wants to know just what it does mean he hasn't a blooming bit the best of me. I have been hearing the spouters in Congress, and you other spouters in the clubs and all alongshore, doing a heap of talking now and then about that doctrine of Mr. Monroe's, which certainly sounds good to me, but up to this writing I am free to confess that, so far as anything tangible as to what we would do over here if any of those effeters bumped up against it with a dull and sickening thud is concerned, brave old Monroe, with the level head, might never have been born, nor never had a doctrine about his person. But if Bill wants to know about it let's let him know about it; what do you say, fellows?



Of course, so far as the presence of King Ned's ships along the skirts of the blockaded district is concerned, it is my opinion that Ned and his outfit wish to goodness they were over in the next county. You see, Ned's forebears tried conclusions with the

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Yankee tars on divers occasions in earlier days, and it is the general opinion that they are not out hunting for something to make the British nation join a Don't Worry Club, by unanimous consent. But as for Kaiser Bill's crew, they know nothing about the prowess of the Yank beyond what they have read in history, which is more or less incorrect as to facts and translation. Had the Germans of 1776 and 1812 had the same practical experience with Paul Jones, Commodore Perry, Stephen Decatur and brave old Lawrence that some other people have had, it is barely possible that their descendants would not be getting quite so gay as they are at this writing within hearing distance of Dewey, who has such a cargo of mighty fine shooters aboard.

To be sure, fellows, this old bird up here may be unduly worked up over the unruly proceedings down at Fort San Carlos. Those bombardment businesses may be only a flash in the pan, so to speak. Maybe by the time this tale of woe gets into print somebody or other will have explained matters with ample apologies thereto annexed as Exhibit "B," but just now there is the thunder of guns in the air; there are pieces of steel hurtling across an American republic; there is an assault upon a doctrine, indirectly, that we are pretty seriously stuck on over here, and, for my part, I don't like the smell of the smoke, however the rest of you may feel about it. From all I can gather there hasn't anything occurred within the past week or two to make it necessary to kill anybody in Venezuela. Venezuela isn't so almighty rich and powerful that it is necessary for a great big lummoX of a nation to go down on the water's edge and blow fringe off the edge of the blooming country. Don't you see it that way, fellows?



Being as things are trending in the direction that they are, I guess, fellows, that's it about time to call for Dewey, and as you all seem to feel a bit backward about requesting "Cousin Garge" to appear on the scene, I shall take the initiative. So here goes:

Get your gun, George,
Get your gun!
"Something doing" to the
Southward.
Get your gun!
Kaiser's gaysome,

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And his fleet,
With its decks swept
Slick and neat,
And his guns swabbed
'Till they shine
Inside as they do
On outside,
Are made black
Upon occasion
When his gunners
Run to quarters
And pot shot
America;
Therefore, Dewey —
Get your gun!

Get your gun, George,
Get your gun!
P'raps it isn't needed.
And p'raps you needn't
Shoot,
And then again,
By gracious!
There may be 'n
Effete galoot
Who would like
To mix it with you,
And a mixer 'tis
You are,
So in order
To accommodate
And be
Johnny-on-the-squar',
Why, Dewey —
Get your gun!

Get your gun, George,
Get your gun!
Grab it quick
And head 'er southward
Where the long,
White billows run —

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Where the Caribbean
Sea weds Atlantic
Merrily —
Where the Indies
In the offing
Shine like sea-stars
Emerald green —
Where the heavens'
Lovely azure
Lures in limpid
Overlean —
Where a little
Crippled sister,
Deep in debt
And sore bedight,
Is a-struggling
And a-moiling
In the light
And in the night —
Little sister's calling,
Dewey, in the
Daytime and the night —
And you may not
Have to fight,
And we do not
Want to fight,
But we'd rather
Fight than run;
Therefore, Dewey —
Get your gun!
Get your gun!
Get your gun!

—[January 25, 1903.

THE TOPSY-TURVY WORLD.

If your man and woman's world down there isn't all topsy-turvy, then the Eagle Bird's eyes are crooked, that's all. And I fully believe that after this old bird has pointed out a few things to you that have already doubtless occurred to more than one of you "already yet," you will agree that I have struck it.

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Now, for instance, you remember that my old friend, Bob Ingersoll, once said — in fact, he said it several times, in one form or another — that if he had had the making of the world's system of doing business, or words to that effect, he would have made health catching instead of disease. Well, fellows, why not? Why cannot people contract blithesome spirits as well as the blues; catch a splendidly working pair of air pumps in their bosom instead of pneumonia; blunder into good roads full of sunshine instead of places where somebody has the smallpox; fall down or get bumped by a car and have his lame leg made well instead of getting the one well leg he has left all smashed up? Those are a few of the things I would like to know about.



And then there is the matter of gossip between neighbors. Did it ever occur to you that it wouldn't take any more words to say praiseful and gracious things about other people than it does to rip their reputations up the back and to scarify their characters until, were the gossips to be believed, there is scarcely a person on God's green earth who is fit to inhabit the surrounding country? Did it ever occur to you that if the people who do kind and thoughtful things were given credit for the good things they do in the same measure that they get blame for things they have never thought of doing, there would be a heap more happiness to the square inch than there is now? Did it ever occur to you that there is really more good in the world than there is bad? But I would like to see the chap who would believe it were he to come to this world of yours straight from Mars, or some other far-distant planet that may, or may not, be inhabited by creatures something like the mob that I see sashaying down there on the pave day after day. Why, my dear fellows, if that wanderer from Mars were to drop in on almost any of you and hear what you are saying about the other fellow, he would be bound to think that this is a world full of liars, bloated bondholders and horse thieves of the deepest and most deadly dye.

That is another thing that makes me curious to know what you all are thinking about.



And then there are the newspapers, and the newsboys who holler in a penetrating tone of voice all about the things that have happened, and about a good many things, by the way, that haven't happened yet, but that may happen, possibly, sometime in the far-distant future.

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It is "All about the horrible murder in Happy Valley," or "All about the suicide and murder in Milpitas," or "All about the horrible railroad accident in Arizona," or New Jersey, or wherever the latest horror has taken place. Of course, it isn't the fault of the newsboys that they go about the streets crying of horror in a tone of voice that is enough to make an old bird shed his feathers — 'deed not. They only shout about the things that are set forth in the headlines of the papers that are given them to sell for a cent, or such a matter, per.

But just why nothing should be considered of any great consequence except wherein somebody gets robbed, or smashed, or stabbed, or shot to death before the eyes of his family, is something I have never yet been able to understand, although I have been watching things and trying to get at the true inwardness of the same for a mighty long time now.



How would it be if those boys were given a chance, once in a while, at least, to holler, "All about the lady who gave up her seat in a street car to a tired man," or "All about Kaspare Cohn giving a hospital to the afflicted," or "All about the library that Andy Carnegie is going to give to Los Angeles — maybe," or "All about the boy who found a purse with \$1000 in it and returned it to the man who lost it and wouldn't accept a reward," or "All about the dinner at Mrs. Johnson's, where the neighbors praised those who were absent?" Say, fellows, wouldn't it surprise you to go out on the street some afternoon or morning and hear the boys shouting glad tidings of that variety instead of pouring your ears so full of horror and suffering that it makes them ache? Wouldn't it make you feel better to have a picture in your mind's eye occasionally of something joyous and blithe and gay, and a good deal less of the dreadfulness of life, which comes along in its regular course to most all of you, in time, without having newspapers and newsboys telling you daily what has happened to hurt some other poor devil that you never heard of before, and never hope to meet as long as you live? It seems to me that's the way I'd like to have it were I a human being like you are, instead of a mere Bird o' Freedom, with only one father and one mother.



What I'm trying to get at, in my crude way, fellows, is to impress you with the idea that you are all too much on the shady

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side of the street instead of on the sunny side — that you are forever groping, or being made to grope by others, on the seamy side of life where the purlieus are, and the suffering, and the death, and the sorrowing. It does seem to me, fellows, as if it were quite enough for the people to be in the railroad accidents who happened to be there, instead of dragging all the rest of you into the burning and splintered cars, where the cries of the maimed and the dying are enough to break one's heart. It does seem to me as if you would be able to worry along if you didn't hear about the poor wretch in San Francisco who was murdered in a drunken brawl until long after the murderer had been sentenced and executed, if he ever should happen to be executed, which is but seldom in California.

In fact, fellows, I presume if you never knew that there had been any such affray and any such hanging bee in the blooming State you would be quite as well off, don't you think?



In making these few remarks you will notice that the Eagle Bird is not criticising anybody in particular, but it is the general system that makes me tired half to death. California is not the only place where there is an everlasting shouting going on in the newspapers, and from the lips of newsboys, about the direful things that have happened since the previous edition went to press. It is the same way all over the blooming country as far as the searchlight of this Eagle eye can penetrate. In some places they print the headlines announcing horrors in red ink, with type that is a foot high! Think of that. It is bad enough to hear a newsboy hollering in red ink, but it is simply dreadful to the sensibilities of one who was raised a pet to see a journal, presumably of civilization, spreading abroad announcements of disaster, or death, or sorrow in a manner that would be proper if the newspaper were running a bullfight instead of presuming to enlighten the populace of a great and glorious country that has a most beautiful flag, and a system of government that is the pride and the hope of the world.



Having a beautiful flag and a constitution and bylaws befitting the ensign of the nation, it does seem to me as if all the varied interests in it, including the newspapers, and the newsboys, and the Associated Press, besides the grand army of special correspondents on the spot, ought to try and live up to the nobility



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and grandeur of the country's institutions. Just why you all should breakfast, lunch, dine and sup on horror in regular editions and frequent extras, that come from the press reeking with gore, is what I am positively unable to understand. In other words, I don't see why you want to go chasing after dog fights, and woman fights, and man fights, and railroad wrecks, and murders, and assassinations, and elopements, and burglaries, and all the other manifold horrors that affright the senses, when there are pleasanter things to hear about on every hand—or at least there ought to be.



Finally, fellows, I want to say that if you all didn't want to wade in the dew of death, and to sup on the sorrows and frailties of other people, the chances are that the newspapers would quit telling so many details about things of that character, and would turn their linotype melting pots toward casting more cheerful tidings. I want to say if you all would sit squarely and firmly upon the fellow with the hammer, when he begins to hammer, that you, your own selves, might be spared many a hard knock from the same fellow's industrious hammer. And I want to say, further, that I see plenty of good things going on down in your midst, but the amount of intelligence about it all that gets printed in the newspapers you could easily put in one of your off eyes without batting it.

I think you will agree with me, therefore, that the present system of telling all the bad news that there is to tell about, and skinning the good tidings down to a measly paragraph or so, set in type so small that it gives you eye-ache to read it, is a dinged poor system, so far as humanity's getting any uplift out of it is concerned.

And there is one who is sorry that this is so.

—[February 1, 1903.]

THE INDIVIDUAL MAN.

The combine is a big thing on ice, but did you fellows down there in the midst of the bargain-counter push that is wearing the skin off your elbows ever stop to consider that it is the individual who makes the combine, after all?

My old and valued friend who buys picture galleries by the wholesale, ships by the fleet, railroads by the million of miles or



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so, and steel mills by the thousands of acres, which his name it is Pierpont Morgan, with a J in front of it like a cowcatcher on a locomotive, is the potentate of combination, but all the same it is the man Morgan who is the real thing. The other fellows who chip into the pools that he works up and manipulates count for not much more than the ink on a contract—it is the man behind the contract, the brains above the ears, the sturdy nerve and the undaunted spirit of the main guy in the proceedings that command the admiration of this old Bird o' Freedom, and I lift a claw in enthusiastic salute.

It seems to me that there is a sort of lesson in this that the people who think in crowds, and who try to run things in mass meetings, ought to cogitate about on their way to the hall.



There has been moving around under this perch for some days past a man who has reaped richly of fame and glory, but there isn't a whole bunch of Winfield Scott Schley, if you did but notice it. To be sure, there were lads behind the guns—gallant and splendid fellows, all honor to them—who assisted in the harvest down at Santiago de Cuba, but, all the same, it is the individual commander of the fleet who looms up out of the smoke of the burning Spanish ships that are beached to the west of Moro, and not a command of thirty thousand men. The idea I am trying to convey in my feeble way is that there is always an individual getting his head above the multitude and commanding admiration, whatever the size of the supporting command—be it a fleet manned by thousands of men, or a handful of dare-devils backing up a Hobson in a forlorn hope. We all remember Hobson, and history will remember him, too, but to get the names of the men who went into the jaws of death with him, under the muzzles of the guns that swept the waters of the Santiagan channel, one has to hunt up a book and read their names out of it.

It was the same way at Donelson, fellows. I reckon you haven't forgotten the name of one Grant, who mentioned the fact to one Buckner that he proposed to "move immediately upon your works," but it might puzzle a good many of you to recall the names of any of the great officers who took orders at Donelson from that quiet soldier who was never whipped, nor never let go until the other fellow surrendered.

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Above the records of the revolutionary war there looms higher than all the monuments that were ever builded, even were they piled up end upon end, the figure of the immortal Washington. Through the four years of smoking homes and towns and cities; through rivers of patriotic blood; through the ashes of sorrow; through the fireworks of celebration marking great victories, there walks in sight of the world, and there will walk forever, the spirit, and the almost palpable presence, of Abraham Lincoln. The armies that he led as Commander-in-Chief, the fleets that swept the mobile and mysterious sea under his orders, are really intangible and inconsequential when one thinks of Lincoln. It is the man, the individual, the person who marks the heroism, the wisdom, the intellect that enthral the world with their brilliancy.



A Marconi sends a thought hurtling through the belt of ether that is buckled about the world.

An Edison sets the world alight with the glow of the film in the little pear-shaped bulb.

A Franklin flies a kite with a key at the end of the string next his hand, and electricity is given birth in the knowledge of men.

A Morse buffets the stream of derision and pulls hard against the current of opposition until, with key in hand, the words are transmitted through space: "What hath God wrought?"

A Fulton launches a steamer upon the stream in the face of pessimism and discouragement, and sees it move according to his plan.

A Gatling makes a gun that fires bullets as the stream pours from a monitor in the muddy mines.

But what of the crowds that watched the proceedings — the crowd that read the bulletins announcing Marconi's matchless accomplishment; the multitudinous millions that are reading and dining and dancing beneath the lights fashioned by the brain of Edison?

What of the innumerable millions who have heard the story of the kite and key?

What of those who laughed Morse to scorn in the days of the first telegrams?

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What of those other millions who have been pushed backward and forward along the pathway of the mighty waters through the genius of Fulton?

What of the slaughtered thousands that have fallen under the iron rain from the Gatling gun?

They all, my masters, are as the mist upon the mountain tops; the fleecy clouds adrift upon the bosom of yonder sky; the wimpling and intangible winds that sigh among the bushes on the hills.

But those great men who wrought great things—those masterful monarchs of achievement—they are not forgotten, and they never will be forgotten, because they achieved—as it is the individual who always achieves!



And one need not look so far afield to see what comes from the effort of the individual—he is working all about you, and within the sight of these eyes that see not—the eyes of the metallic Bird o' Freedom. We see the men of this community, individual men, strong men, men not to be daunted by opposition nor discouraged by discouragements, going steadily forward making Los Angeles both great among the cities, and as beautiful as great. The mob helps things along, to be sure, but it is the commander of the detachment who looms up in the running here as wherever else the world is running away in any form or fashion.

And so it is all the wide land over—in this land and in all other lands that lie beyond the farther seas, and in the islands set within the confines of the vasty deep—it is everywhere and always the individual human being who makes for victory, for success, for triumph. The mob counts for as little as do the massed and intermingled sands upon the shingle where the wild waves play.



Being that the world fares forward thus and only thus—fares forward steadfastly and surely by the might of the individual man who does things with one set of brains, and with one pair of trained and expert hands—is it not to be wondered at that there should be a great multitude of men in the world who are battling with might and main for the leveling down of humanity, instead of the pushing forward of the individual who demonstrates a capacity for masterly accomplishment? Is it

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not the superlative of folly to try to hold back the one man in the mass of men who could really help the mass to better things were he not manacled by restrictive rules and ensnared by the trifling exactions of small and trifling fellow-men?



For the sake of argument it may be granted that the leaders in the fight for unionizing the world are sincere in their belief that all workers should do just so much work and no more; that each worker should earn just so much pay and no more; that the dead level of effort should be maintained in all the establishments of industry in Christendom, but when that time does come what will become of invention, of the development of new ideas, of the dragging from the bosom of mystery in nature those mighty secrets that are still hidden there? What would the world have known of the comforts and blessings of modern life, that are so common as to be unappreciated, had Marconi, and Edison, and Franklin, and Fulton, and Morse been shop men held down to doing but the day's work, and no more?



Therefore would the Eagle sing, were he a songster instead of a mere figure of a bird on a rock, of the individual man, the man who thinks things out, works things out, braves things out against fate, opposition, jealousy, envy, or selfishness. As I see it from here where the rain drips and the moon washes the hills and vales with living light, there is always a big fight on down in the meandering multitude that toils and frets and strives without ceasing. But the resolute and stout of heart finally win, if you hear me—not the resolute mob nor the stout congregation, but the brave and nerry fellow who stumbles and falls, but gets up again; who blunders over obstructions only to kick them out of the road and press forward; who meets rebuffs with a smile, and who laughs at opposition as if it were a joke.

It is generally to be observed that the things worth having have to be fought for. Nature guards her treasures under rocks that dull the drills and that embarrass the drillers, but when the individual driller comes back from the blacksmith shop with his drill sharpened and goes to work, something has to let loose.

It is the fellow himself, and not a whole raft of fellows that cannot be segregated, who commands the everlasting admiration and esteem of your humble and obedient friend and fellow-fowl.

—[March 8, 1903.]

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ON MODERN SONGS.

This 'ere Bird o' Freedom has been wondering considerably of late why it is that you human beings of these piping times of peace in America are satisfied with the kind of music that you are being called upon to listen to most of the time, and that you frequently applaud until the glowing horseshoes in the incandescent bulbs quiver on their stems, so to speak.

If you hear a youth of today, male or female, sit down at a piano and begin to claw the ivory, it is ten chances to one that the tune played will have about as much real melody and sentiment in it as there are in the tumultuous braying of a wild jack-ass of the desert when he lifts up his voice in the silent watches of the night. The rag-time air that lacerates the nerves has been sweeping over the land for the past four or five years, until every amateur pianist in the country is become a syncopated monomaniac. The songs of the day that are not syncopated are otherwise an affront to the understanding, in most instances, and melody seems to have fled the earth, in so far as the song writers of America are concerned.



Note the songs that are strewn about the pianos of the country as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa — songs about "Mr. Dooley," or "Rip Van Winkle," or "Good Morning, Carrie," or "Who Was it That Shouted Chicken in This Crowd." Now I leave it to any of you good people down there in the mix-up of humanity that shouts out the chorus of "Down Where the Wurzburger Flows," if such vapid and nonsensical songs aren't enough to make an Eagle Bird crowd his mother off her perch — provided he has both a perch and a parent of that variety? Sure, Mary Ann.



But think of the old songs that Steve Foster and Claribel and Philip Phillips wrote, and sang, and played, in the times before *de wa'* — or thereabouts. Those, and the compositions of hundreds of their contemporary composers, were melodies with sunshine or tears in them — melodies that went straight to the heart and lingered there; melodies that haunted the brain, not for a night and a day, but through the long lane of life that leads down to the still waters where there is a current that sweeps into the illimitable sea; melodies that lulled the babies to sleep

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through the lifetimes of a dozen generations; melodies that swept around the camp fires of the great war until tears stood upon the cheeks of bronze; melodies that yet are played sometimes, and that, mark you, never fail to get the glad hand from the listening multitude.

So it looks as if it is the composers who are blamable for the decadence of popular taste—if decadence there be, and the court seems to think there is.



The Eagle Bird often speculates as to why there are no "Suwanee Ribbers," or "Old Kentucky Homes" set out in little nigger heads on the staff nowadays. There are mighty few people round about the country who can remember back before the advent of those songs into the world of music, and yet they are as fresh, as sweet and as savory as they were so many years ago when Steve Foster was alive. Do you know of anybody who is writing those songs of everlasting life in these days? If you do, fellows, I would like almighty well to have you show me.

To tell the truth, fellows, there isn't a song written in these days, as it seems to me, that will last until the composer can change his shirt.



Take the war-time music as an example. Do you remember the tunes that the lads of the '60's on both sides of the line marched to and fought to and cried over when the fence rails were blazing in the valley lands and the hilltops were illuminated with the fires "of a hundred circling camps?" "Mother, is the Battle Over?" "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," "The Battle Cry of Freedom," that war lyric that sets the pulses of good Americans a-thrill even unto this day; "When the Cruel War is Over," "Mother I've Come Home to Die," "Maryland, My Maryland," "The Bonnie Blue Flag," "Marching Through Georgia," which came too late to be sung on the field by the embattled hosts, but which is an immortal melody for men to march to, and hundreds of other songs that were alive all during the war days, and that yet are living entities in the domain of melody—melody that is appealing, insistent and potential in the minds of Americans and the whole world's peoples, in a sense.

But what of the music brought forth by the last war in which the fighting Yankee was engaged? I venture to say that there is

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but one of them that will be recalled to mind a dozen years from now, and that a New Orleans bawdy-house melody, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." To be sure, there were other songs brought out by the Spanish-American War—"The Blue and the Gray," for instance—but if there was a composition in the '90's that will live for as much as nine years after it was composed I will be the most astonished old fowl that ever sat on a granite perch and dilated upon the failings and foibles of humanity.

The Eagle Bird may have ears of cast iron and pinions that were once beautifully gilded (but that are now smoke-begrimed and grimed with dust besides), but he loves to hear the old band play—provided that it plays real music, and not airs that are enough to drive a temperance lecturer to drink.

Music is life. The lilt of song in the meadows gives a fillip to the joy of being alive. The rhythm of the sighing zephyrs among the pines was the first melody that fell upon the Eagle Bird's listening ears in the days of quite a while ago—that was Nature's very first song after God gave form to this terrestrial ball and set the trees to growing in the first great forests thereof. But music is music, and not "mere noise and fury, signifying nothing," as my old friend, Bill Shakespeare, once casually remarked.

You human creatures make just as big a mistake when you lower musical taste in the community as you do when you reduce the moral taste to the gutter-snipe level. In these days of education, general advancement, abundant opportunity and splendid progress, it beats me why you all should be satisfied to listen to alleged music that bears no more resemblance to the real thing than a bear trap does to a grand piano.

The government of the United States is constantly needing money to do business with. Only a short while ago there was an internal revenue tax on about every old thing there was in the way of papers, checks, and things of that sort, and today we hear mutterings in favor of an income tax. But here is a pointer for the tax collectors of the nation: Let them tax every composer of a rag-time song ninety-nine per cent. of all he makes from the sale of the infernal truck, and put in jail every mother's son-of-a-gun who sings the blamed things, or plays them on a piano, fiddle, dulcimer, hand organ, oboe, bassoon, clarinet, trombone, concertina, bass viol, organ, melodeon,

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jewsharp or other instrument of torture when shooting rag-time upon the ambient air, and the problem of funds for government purposes will have been solved.

Yea, composer fellows, give us Eagle people and your fellow-sufferers down in the jam there some real music, and not syncopations about bad coons, and gay coons, and fly coons, and dancing coons, and chicken-lifting coons, night in and night out at music halls all over the wide land this side the great, deep drink. In the name of all that is sweet and sacred in music, give us some songs that will live until the singer of them can go across the road and back, at least.

* * *

Hush, fellows. There is a band coming up the street. I can just faintly hear the boom-oom-oom of the big drum, that has a little man hidden behind it, and who is thumping the thing in the northerly head of it as if it were a mortal enemy. That infernal band is playing "Mollie Shannon," as I live and am cast iron. Wouldn't that bend in your wishbone?

Of course, it wouldn't have taken any more wind and wear to have played something else than it is taking to wheeze out "Mollie Shannon," but the bandmaster seems to have the notion in his cocoanut that if he doesn't play what some people call "popular music" he will lose his job, and hence those raucous noises that are miscalled music by an indiscriminating multitude which stands along the curb and is watching the band go by. He ought, though, to lose his job for catering to the ears of the groundlings that need a bath to their understanding.

Say, fellows, you may not think that music counts for much in that busy and trying old world that you are digging holes into, and building houses on, and running wheels over, and paving with asphaltum, and laying sewers in, and stringing telephone lines across, but that is exactly where you are committing one of your numerous errors — for, as sure as you live, good music makes for character. It is educational as well as edifying; it is uplifting as well as debasing; it is a vital force in the world that lies out yonder in the sunshine, and that is going rolling along in the same old pathway between the stars to an end about which it is useless to speculate.

If the old band won't play good music you ought to make the fellow who makes the selections swallow all the crooks in the tuba, in the hope that they will get crosswise in the critter. 'S all this morning, fellows.

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THAT JOYOUS SPRING-TIME FEELING.

Back to the woods, fellows, back to the woods! Spring is here, sure enough, and the streams are singing down the cañons the most wooing and winning music in all the world. And it's pesky near fishing time up in those cañons, too, fellows. The trout season is edging up mighty close now, and they are swarming in those rippling streams and hungering to be hooked. Ugh! ugh! don't you hear the water purling around the big boulders and splashing along in sprayful plenty up there close to the snow line? I do, fellows, and the mellifluous melody of those mountain streams sounds mighty good to me.

And there are lots of pools under shelving banks where the wily little speckled chaps congregate and wait for bait. Of course, you may get wet and skin the shins of you as you blunder along over the rocky edge to those streams, but when you come into camp at night with a basket brimming to the full with those harmless but toothsome specimens of the trout family, and when the man on the cook's watch has fried a mess of those same beauties, I want to tell you that you are a villain if you don't get up and yell with joy because you are alive.

Of course, we Birds o' Freedom don't take our fish fried. We just naturally swoop down and grab 'em from their residence in the moist and musical waters — eat 'em raw, too, but Lordy! fellows, they taste good to us just the same as to you fellows.

But going fishing up here in the cañons that are looking quite too lovely and gay for any use this spring isn't the whole thing, by a jug full. There are other attractions under the shadow of the peaks besides the mere fillingness that comes from a mess of fish caught the same day. There is the rippling wind that blows up from the sea and across the valley lands, full of fragrant scents and rich in capacity to heal the wounded spirit and strengthen the tired souls of you fellows who moil, and toil, and fret, and worry, and stew, week in and week out, down here in town where the sidewalks glare and make the feet of you so sore that you go home at night "mighty nigh" dead to the world. I see you limping, fellows, and I know what ails you. Well, there isn't any room for sore feet up in these cañons, excepting it be a few blisters, more or less. And when the soul is at peace and the heart happy, who cares for blisters? Not an Eagle Bird, you can bet.

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And there are other attractions up in the mountain gaps, fellows, where the wimpling rivulets go dancing and shining and singing on their way to help turn the wheels in Toilville. There are meadow larks in the chaparral; an occasional mocking bird perches himself in some old place and sets the echoes flying backward and forward across the glens; the lizards twinkle among the rocks, and once in a while there drifts across the landscape the shadow made by the wing of a brother Eagle Bird as he soars below the sun and stares it in the face.

And then the fragrance of those cañons in a lush year like this one, fellows. The scent of the yerba santa and the sage. The pungent odor of the pines. The smell of the Hesperian gardens down in the valleys that lie out of doors in lavish loveliness. Aren't they great, fellows? If you've ever been up there where those trout leap at a fly and go skallyhooting through the pool with a hook in the right place, the Eagle Bird doesn't need to tell you that life in those wilds is simply great.

Of course, some of you — in fact, the most of you — think you haven't the time to knock off for a week and go up there and let your whiskers get leaky and your complexion go to rack and ruin, but if you did, fellows, you all would live a heap sight longer, and have more fun out of life while you do live. Of course, were you a dodrotted old cast-iron Eagle Bird on a tower, next to a silent, sedate, but smoky, chimney, with your coporosity bolted down to a chunk of granite weighing about one ton avoirdupois, you might complain about not being able to get off and chase those wicked trout to their lairs, but, being free, white and of age, and with not nearly ten thousand years of life yet left to you, it strikes me that it would be good sense for you to pull out for the cañons and get yourself in shape for the strenuous summer that isn't so blamed far off.



And as you go along up the foothills, fellows, I would suggest that you take a look at the floral show that is on this spring. It has been a mighty long while since California, always lovely, and sweet, and fragrant, and gay, has been quite so smothered in all those things as it is this year. Talk about your floral carnivals and your fiestas! Why, fellows, the foothill family has been watching a floral parade for the past several weeks that has never had an equal since man went into the show business. Man, the sucker, thinks he is immense, but when Old

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Nature concludes it is about time to bring off some kind of an exhibition, little, old, measly man is made to look like fifteen two-cent postage stamps.

On the way to the trout streams, if you will get your noses out of the pages of *The Times* long enough to look from the car window, you will be able to witness arabesques of loveliness that are not to be equaled much this side the Elysian fields. The poppies are yellowing the slopes by the hundreds of acres, and, blended with the opulent color of that fragile blossom, which shrinks from growing in any soil excepting that of the Golden State, there are pinks, and blues, and purples, and paler yellows; and up behind this carpet of riotous color there rears the mountain, where the shifting light of the marching sun spills glory everywhere.



Of course, you'd scarcely expect an Eagle Bird to notice all these things that he was hatched among, and hence should be too commonplace for him to care for, and yet, fellows, that's just why I love 'em so. Had you all been hatched in a tall pine on a mountain top, where the wind sang lullabies to the fledglings, I want to tell you you would far better appreciate and enjoy the care-free life along the banks of a trout stream, or the blessed rest that comes from going to sleep under the light of the everlasting stars. Take your dinged old towns with their bells, their gongs, their steam whistles, their ice wagons and their hot pavements, but give to this Bird o' Freedom a holiday or a lay-off out in those hills that grow purple as the sun goes down the sky, and that move into the background of the night with a silent majesty that awes the heart and subdues the restless soul.



And some of the mornings up in those high places are as beautiful as a dream of Paradise—those mornings when a fog has drifted in from the sea, enshrouding the valleys with a coverlid of silvery whiteness that resembles a silent ocean. When the sun comes up from behind the peaks and shines in glory upon that expanse of mist there is a sight unfolded the like of which is to be seen in but few places in this old world of yours and the Eagle Bird's. And then when the mist melts and disappears, and the valleys with their fields and orchards and gardens are disclosed, the spectacle is one to stir the emotions of the dullest spirit wrapped up in the most prosaic of mortals.

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I want to tell you fellows again that it will pay you in health, in happiness and probably in money to put on your last year's suit that the moths are working in, to borrow a fishing pole from the fellow who lives next door, and to buy a ticket or get a pass to some place leading to a remote cañon in the mountains, where the fishing is going to be simply great, presently, and just forget that there is any such blamed thing in all this world as work, or care, or worry. For the streams are fuller than they have been for many springs. The trout ought to be fat and gamy, and you may gamble all your spare change that the air is as sweet up there as the breezes that blow across Araby the blest.



Yes, fellows, there is a long, hot summer coming along up the pike at a 2:40 gait. There will be things doing in the days that lean up against the walls of the future that will tire the heart of a saint; therefore it is the part of wisdom to go into the hills and dusky cañons for a few days before the grind begins in earnest, and lay in a stock of nerve and health for the battles that are to come.

How the Eagle wishes again that he were not a cast-iron figure on a rock, but a living and moving meat man, like the rest of you, that he might join a bunch of blithesome spirits who are going into the higher altitudes for an outing where he would get his feet wet and have the time of his life. But you fellows may go; and joy go with you, every one.

—[April 26, 1903.]

EVERYBODY'S TROUBLES.

A wail comes floating up to the perch of the Bird o' Freedom from one of you human chaps down in the hustle who says he has been overlooked. He declares in pointed language to this old bird of the more or less broad and sweeping wing, whose home is popularly presumed to be high in heaven, that while these Eagle eyes look into the hearts of a good many people who have trouble and worries and despairful days, his particular trouble is the very worst of the whole bunch of trouble.

There it is again. Every last mother's son of you goes along down the line full of your own woes with a sort of serene confidence that you are the only fellow who

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has woe on tap. But don't you believe it, fellows. Everybody is getting his dose, or if he hasn't got it yet it is being stored up for him in carload lots somewhere down the road. There is nothing that I can see from this outlook that is dead sure but death, taxes—and trouble. You don't all get the same kind of medicine, but Fate is mixing up some sort of a mixture for you, as sure as preaching. The Eagle's friend who complains that he has the worst pain under the jacket that ever pained a human being cannot look skin deep under the other fellow's jacket. If he could he would see many and many a ghastly sight, I'll bet money on that—or I would bet money if I had a pocket, instead of a craw like any other bird.



Yes, fellows, I see the consignments of misery, disappointment, worry, anxiety, suffering, mental and physical, being unloaded upon the shoulders of you all. One fellow has a big jag of grief piled onto him, but the little wad that is buckled upon the back of the other fellow feels just as heavy to that other fellow, because it is the first shipment of grief that has been thrown off the cars at his sidetrack.

When the little tad's brother runs so fast that the youngster can't keep up, and fears he is going to be left behind and be devoured by some sort of a wild animal with horns a rod long, he has just as much trouble, at that particular moment, as he has a good many years later when some darned rascal chisels him out of the commission on a real estate deal. The little bit of a girl who is frightened until her growth is stunted, by a flock of geese who hiss and flap their wings at her, is immersed just as deeply in troubled seas as she is thirteen years later when a mouse runs at her with his mouth open. Yes, fellows, they all get it—you all, and they all.



To one the woe comes in the thought of a lonely little grave out on the quiet hillside where the flowers are blooming and the grasses billow under the push of the summer breeze. The father, or the mother, of that little one may go about the streets with smiles around the lips and ready to break out at the eyes, but under the jacket there is a grief that will not be stilled—a heart that cannot be comforted. Many and many a time the Eagle Bird is mighty glad that he cannot see any deeper into the hearts that sorrow than he does—if he could, perhaps his own might ache, too.

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Then there is the fellow of business who pushes and crowds his way through life to make all the money there is in sight. He sits up nights and schemes and plans and maneuvers — and then the foolish fellow goes to bed and keeps on planning, scheming and maneuvering until he gets insomnia and the holy horrors. He awakes with the scheme that he went to bed with, and he lugs it around in the breast pocket of his jacket all day, and for many more nights, and plenty more days, only to see the blamed thing collapse after all his fretting and worrying and maneuvering. He has trouble that wears his spirit, let me tell you, and though his face doesn't show it when he goes downtown on the trolley car in the morning after the wreck, there is a pain under the vest of him that is so acute that it hurts like a wound.



Sometimes I see that other fellow in politics who plays the game as if his life depended upon his winning. He wrestles with gangs of roustabouts, and connubiates with heelers until his self-respect goes glimmering. He balks at nothing, and tries to drink all the booze in his ward in order to be thought a good fellow, but when the convention is over he finds himself turned down by twenty-eight majority, and so full of experience that it leaks out of his pores. That's trouble while it lasts, fellows — at least, that is what I once heard a fellow say who had been through the political wringer and come out a sort of melancholy rag.

Seeing from this coign of vantage all phases of mischief and disappointment that are constantly passing up and down the line of life, it just occurs to me that you people who think that you are monopolizing the trouble output are mightily mistaken. The product is something immense, and there is a new variety springing up every time it rains.



Well, and what of it? I'll tell you, fellows; just keep on a-coming and a-trying, that's what. Don't get the mulligrubs and lose your grip. Hang on and try to go to sleep when night comes without nursing your sorrows. Don't go sashaying off with the notion that you are the only poor devil who is up against some sort of a riot with Fate, for the world is crowded to suffocation with "others." And it is about ten chances to one that the "others" could give you pointers on woe and disaster, if you could go behind the returns that they exhibit in

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their faces. Of course, you may find no consolation in the thought that the fellow in the same seat with you in the trolley car has been bumping up all day against a gang that is trying to down him, but all the same it ought to be sort of comforting to know that Fortune has not picked upon you alone of all the people on the face of God's green earth to do dirt to. You may be going home with a bunch of nettles under your vest, Bill, but Perry, hanging onto a strap over there in the middle of the car, has a Canada thistle under his "weskit."



That's the idea — just keep on looking up where the sky is blue and the sun is ablaze, for it isn't anybody else's blue sky and sunshine any more than it is yours. "The cares that infest the day will go hiking down the pike if you will only be brave and laugh them to scorn." It's midnight only just once in twenty-four hours, fellows, and there isn't any one fellow who is monopolizing the midnight. There are crowds of you struggling and pushing through the dark together in that wondrous and pitiful isolation of the human soul.



For I presume you all have thought of what lonely and shut-in chaps you are, anyway. You may rub elbows until the skin is worn off them; you may "get next" to the biggest bunch of humanity that ever fought for a front seat at the prize fight, but after all each individual in the jam is as lonely as Robinson Crusoe was when he made tracks in the sand on a famous mythical isle. The inside of you is hedged about by a mask that no man's eyes can penetrate, and more than half the time you cannot make out the riddle of your own solitary selves. All alone you came into this world, fellows, and when the curtain rings down and the lights are out you will sneak off the stage in the same lonely and pathetic way.

But never mind about that. Don't get lonesome and discouraged, for, by gracious! you are having just as much company as the other fellow. He cannot turn himself inside out, so as to get next to the whole blooming human race, any better than you can. He has his little world all by himself, but you have yours. As the man being looks to me, he is a planet in the firmament of humanity — a central sun all by himself — and the biggest mogul that ever worked up a merger of railroads, or consolidated 1762 steel works into a trust, is just as puny a little, lonesome planet as he is.

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Therefore would the philosopher of the tower counsel you to be brave of heart and steady of nerve. If you are kind, and square, and patient, and faithful, you will get out of the foggy district by and by — provided that is the particular district you are operating in at present. The fog rolls in mighty thick sometimes, but, if you notice, it always lifts again. It doesn't rain and hail and blow great guns in the same county for forty consecutive years at a stretch. A panic doesn't last nine million years. Even Grover Cleveland, who was chain lightning on panics, could keep prosperity out of Uncle Sam's corral only just so long.

Dawn is breaking back of Wilson's Peak, fellows. It promises to be a lovely day for all you fellows who will look out where the sun is rollicking in glory on his steady and unerring way. So don't worry, and don't get carried off with the idea that the sun isn't yours, just as much as it is the fellow's who has an automobile that cost \$1800, and that is warranted to break down every time it oughtn't to.

For, fellows, even the opulent cuss who has an \$1800 automobile has trouble, don't you see? Think it over.

—[May 10, 1903.

CLOSE TO NATURE.

Oh, yes, fellows, it is great when it rains. But you don't get all the joy there is in a good soaker. It is only we videttes, who have to take whatever weather comes along, who really enjoy a rainstorm.

As for the white rains they have up in the high places in the everlasting hills, they are great, too, and I just pine for 'em. You know, of course, that the Eagle Bird's original perch was in a tall pine on the side of a mountain where the wind sings, and sighs, and moans, and makes melody that is the sweetest on earth. There are the singing of the prima donnas, the boom of the brass bands, the rhythmic sweetness of grand orchestras, and the lilting melody that comes from the chambers where the big fiddle, and the little fiddle, and the clarinet, and the piano, and the half-way-between fiddle get together to the making of lovely sounds, but I want to tell you, fellows, that none of them, to the ear of this old nature-loving bird, makes such joyous

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music as does the soughing of the winds in the woods—the swinging rhythm that the rain beats upon the snare drums of the leaves.



Say, fellows, how many of you hustlers down there in the busy bunch know what it is to get right close up to Nature where her dear old heart beats? How many of you are skurrying through life and missing all the shows that are really worth seeing—the sunrise on the hills, the star-shine 'way up yonder where the Pleiades twinkle when the clouds have rolled away; the steady, pouring music of the mad and merry rain? It is a great show that we have up in Graniteville—which is the outpost—when you all have gone home and turned in, only to turn out after the better acts of the show are over and the sun has rolled down the curtain. Of course, the sun also rolls up a curtain—the one that discloses the mad days in which you all jostle one another half to death trying to get rich, but I want to tell you in confidence that when night comes onto the stage and all the stars get going and scintillating at once, that is when the show really commences.



As before remarked, or rather intimated, you fellows who keep hammering away on Grub street, or in Government Bond street, or in Broker avenue, miss the things in life that are really worth living for. It isn't all of life to buy sugar or sell wheat; however earnestly you grubbers may think so. There is something doing all the time besides buying, and selling, and trading, and roping in, and being roped in, fellows. If you would only get onto this fact many of you would last longer, and have a heap more fun while you do last. There is but one ride for any of you out to Evergreen or Rosedale, but, if you will get onto the fact, there are a great many rides you can take that you can get more fun out of than you can that last one in the closed carriage wherein you lie down and go feet forward. I see a many a one of you who could enjoy fishing, but who positively won't stop "going it" long enough to even spit on your bait. With a whole grand army of creeks full of fish, what sense is there in letting some other fellow catch all of 'em, will you tell me?

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Speaking about fish, I once knew of a white-haired old daddy of a couple of boys who was the boss fisher. He could go out to a little "branch" that trailed its winding way through the woods, where the catbirds were yelling at him, and catch strings of fish a rod long when no other man in the whole neighborhood could even get a nibble. It used to seem to the spectators as if that dear old man just hypnotized those fish. He would plant himself on a log that stuck out over the stream, pierce an angleworm lengthwise on a slender bit of steel, throw his line into the stream and then let Nature do the rest. And, by gracious! I never saw Nature go back on him, whenever I happened to be looking. It might be a dry year, with the water so low in the branches that the cattle had to hunt to find it, and yet that rare old boy with the white hair would come home with a string of fish that was worth going miles to see. Now, I want to tell you fellows who are so blamed busy that your children need an introduction about every three months in order to get acquainted with you, that that rare old lad with a can of angleworms in his pocket going out through the dewy grasses to catch fish, got more out of life, to my mind, than almost any of you human creatures that I have ever stood guard over. To be sure, he didn't accumulate much of a bank account. In fact, if there were any strangers on the face of the earth it was that fisher and a bank book, but when it came to being acquainted with Nature and her ways, and getting next to that old girl who ought to be a sort of sister to all you fellows, he was perfectly next. Getting next to Nature is one of the arts of living life as you go along. And that is the only way to live, as it seems to me, fellows.

—[February 8, 1903.]

THE INDIVIDUAL SCRAP.

A veteran of the great war, a soldier, as he tells me, from Gettysburg to Appomattox, has written a letter to the Eagle Bird, apropos of what was here set down upon a recent Sunday respecting the shocking increase of crime in this land of ours, and the mad scramble for money that is going on, regardless of the bleeding human hearts or the needed uplifting of the understanding of the children of men. The Eagle's applauding correspondent says, beneath the signature to his letter: "I

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make no excuse; this is simply a soldier's answer to an Eagle's cry." As if an excuse were necessary—ever—from any man in all America who once wore the blue during the murky days of the great conflict between the States!

No, indeed, no excuses, for the Eagle is glad and proud if anything he shall every say upon this page of *The Times* shall be deemed worthy a thought from those gallant men who won the battles for the free in the brave days of old. If there are any men in all this world who have a right to be heard it is those who preserved us a nation. If there are any men in this land to whom it were worth while to listen it is those who have learned wisdom from experience—who have arrived at those sober years in this little, human lifetime of you who assume to be all there is in this world that amounts to shucks.



My soldier correspondent takes for his text this thought in the screed from the Eagle's eyrie: "Isn't it about time that you quit making money and commenced trying to make men?" and upon that slender bit of a question he sets out his views of the decadence and dreadfulness of the age you live in, in language that fairly sings the feathers on the wings of the Bird o' Freedom. And I don't blame him, for I want to tell you good people down there in the crush that it is time more of you than the dear old vets of the '60's ought to wake up and begin to take notice of the drift of things. You are all getting so rushed in your pursuit of the material things that manners are going to the dogs, and the race isn't getting any better, as a race, to put the matter in the gentlest and most ladylike manner possible. If you don't believe me, go through the papers this morning and read of the ructions that are everywhere evident—man against man in twos, threes and in bunches; man against man in the shops, in the orchards, in the factories, in the mills; man against man with the bludgeon, the knife, the poison bottle, the infernal machine and the six-shooter; man against man in the stock market and in the everyday deal; man against man all up and down the line from Skowhegan to San Pedro. Life has become a scrap of the individual against all the other individuals, in order to get the best of it, if he can. He who has is raising heaven and earth to get more, and he who hasn't is so envious of him who has that he is eating his own heart out. I fail to see many of you who are not trying to see, not how much

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you can do for what you are paid for doing, but how infernally little. You are gradually losing sight of the fact that love is still the greatest thing in the world, and that money would melt if you could take it to the place where the bulk of you are likely to land—if there is any such place.

And this everlasting and overwhelming scramble for wealth appears to be a strictly American malady, a habit, a complaint, a contagion, or whatever you may choose to call it. If you will listen to the men and women who walk the streets of any city in this land you will find that the last mother's son or daughter of them is talking about money, or the things that money will buy. Brains, character, integrity, deportment, purity and the simple faith of simpler days have gone by the board, and nothing talks but the hard cash. The brainiest cuss that ever thought a thought might come to Los Angeles and starve his heart out from loneliness, but should he arrive with a carload of red automobiles and a barrel of money to check against in the bank he would be the observed of all observers and get invitations to every feed in town. And Los Angeles is but a type of every other town and city in the U. S. A.

You may be inclined to argue this question with the Eagle Bird, but it won't do you any good, for the facts are incontrovertible; they are made evident every hour in the day—every time a train of the Limited comes in with the sleepers full of plutocrats who had money left them by fathers who worked themselves to death. And there are millions of other fathers working themselves to death that youngsters yet in knickerbockers or short frocks may blow in money upon things that they don't need and oughtn't to have.

Yea, my masters, it is a mad world, and it is getting madder every minute in the day. Where is it going to pull up? Ask me!

And, by gracious! when you ask me I can't answer.

It is the natural-born principle of the Eagle Bird to be hopeful, optimistic and sure that everything is going to turn out all right, but there has been so much hell popping lately that we optimistic fowls of Eagleville are commencing to haul in our horns on the optimistic business. You Americans who are so alert, so sane, generally, so alive to the material things of

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the world, are getting a little too much so for us Eagle people, who haven't much of anything to do excepting to look on and watch you cavort. You are getting too much of the opinion that there isn't anything in God Almighty's world that cannot be bought for cash, with or without a discount.

And the Eagle Bird is not discounting the fact that money is all right when taken in broken doses, but when you eat it, sleep on it, wallow in it, talk about it, dream about it, scheme for it, lie for it, connive for it, grab for it, kill for it, work yourselves into nervous prostration for it, and go to hell for it in the end, it seems to me that the money business is being a little bit overdone.

But my soldier correspondent touches upon a matter other than money in his scathing screed to the Eagle Bird. He pays his respects to the infernal and damnable drink habit, disease, practice, business, occupation, of a vast majority of the American people. He doesn't say so, but I do, that there is just one business in this country, and in all the world's countries, that has no business to be a business, and that is the making and vending of alcoholic poisons for the unmaking of men and the making of devils in human guise. The Eagle Bird isn't blind to the evils that surround the drink business, for they are so palpable that he could see them all with but half an eye. He sees the brightest youths, male and female alike, going hellbent down the red road to ruin. He sees the pretty homes desolated by the drink evil. He hears the drunkard's little ones wailing in the streets because they are hungry and cold. He sees the white face of the drunkard's wife, and the wet lashes and the breaking heart of her. He sees the prisons filling up with men sent there because they became criminals through the drink habit. He sees the insane asylums crowded to the doors with inmates, not 1 per cent. of whom would ever have been there had there never been a drop of alcohol made in this world.

And, seeing these things, my heart bleeds for humanity.



For the saloon, the drink shop, the beer garden, is the one thing, or the several things, if you please, that do no soul on earth any good whatever. They are killing to the soul of the people on both sides of the bar, and you know it, and they know it, if they have sense enough to think a bit. Hell is being crowded to the last small gridiron in the southwest corner by

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persons sent there when they were besotted and debauched in heart and mind. Because of alcohol and its by-products the land runs red with blood, and civilization is going backward a mighty sight faster than it is going forward, unless I mistake the signs on the sky. You human creatures in constantly increasing numbers are pouring rot into your stomachs and riot into your brains. You are being "good fellows," and a lot of you will end on the gallows, or in the gutter.

If government is for the betterment of humanity, or rather for the government of humanity, why in the name of common sense doesn't the government take hold of this alcohol evil and wipe it out? And I'll tell you—it is because the American politician is the infernalesst, sneakingest, meanest coward that ever hid his face when he saw a shadow on the grass. The saloon is his boss, his master, his club, if you please. He rounds up the meek and almighty lowly voter in the purlieus where the saloons are the thickest, and hence he is as afraid to talk against the drink evil as a canary bird is afraid of a cat. He is almost as afraid of a saloonkeeper as he is of a walking delegate, and God knows he fears the latter of all things that walk anywhere.

But this thing won't last. It is getting so bad that it will be sure to get better. The pendulum can't swing one way all the time. There will some day arise in this country a band of statesmen with nerve, and when they do come to the front you will see the saloons go toppling over like a row of frame houses caught by a cyclone on a Kansas prairie.

And when that glad and glorious day does come, if the Eagle isn't melted over by that time into a plowshare or a set of harrow teeth, you will hear him scream!

—[May 17, 1903.]

THE MASSACRES IN BESSARABIA.

You people down there in the United States doubtless think there are some tolerably serious things doing in your midst, and there are. The Eagle Bird has frequently invited attention to the fact that there are some of you who are misbehaving in divers and sundry ways, but when this bird of the sweeping wing looks across the seas and the mountains toward Bessa-

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rabia, that is where he witnesses goings on that cap the climax of deviltry and misbehavior. It probably suggests itself to you people who think that you are having trouble, that the poor, wretched Jews who are being slaughtered and outraged by the Russians are getting a deal that is much harder than any other people on the face of the earth. Over here most of the trouble consists in walking the floor, but in that far Russian land there have been witnessed lately scenes that, by comparison, make the very worst thing that has happened in this country bear a resemblance to a picnic in the woods.

For one I am beginning to think that man is becoming more and more of a failure every day of his life. The very moment one of you steps forth from the crowd and shows attributes that are almost God-like, there is a mob some place else breaking out and overturning one's optimism like a cyclone tips over haystacks on the plains. Man, it seems to me, is improving more rapidly in his peculiar and varied manners of being inhuman to man than in any other particular. The countless thousands who mourn are still mourning in the streets, despite the preaching, the teaching and the other manifold efforts toward the uplifting of the human race.



Here in Los Angeles there is gathered one of the most noble associations of men and women in the world—an association that has been organized for the betterment of humanity and the eternal salvation of those who desire to be saved, but despite their efforts, their splendid teachings, and their magnificent example, crime runs rampant through the land, and it is only the minority that is listening and taking heed.

If you ask me what is to be done about it I am as dumb as an oyster, for I don't know. You are meeting tonight to pass resolutions and take up a collection, but by the time the funds reach those distressed Bessarabians there will be but few of them left, from all appearances; and as for your resolutions, I doubt very much if they be heard at the point they are aimed at.

Of course, the Eagle is willing to agree that something must be done, if nothing more than to adopt a series of more or less salty resolutions and the passing of the hat around, but that isn't particularly encouraging to the humanitarian who would rejoice to see man treating his fellow-man like a brother, instead



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of sticking a knife between his ribs, or peppering his anatomy in general with pellets from a six-shooter.



In other words, my masters down there in the churches and other places, it staggers me to try to make out that the world is getting better as it grows older. According to the lights that shine upon this perch, the farther along down the declivity of time you human beings get the worse you act. I am constantly hearing that everything is booming in the righteousness line, that Christianity is moving along at a swift gait, and that it is but a question of time until man is the fine creature you are everlastingly bragging about his being, if he isn't just this minute, but when I hear about Bessarabia, and some of the occurrences in your own country, called the United States, I fear you optimists are showing more of your wares in the market than is any demand for.

There was a time when optimism was the Eagle Bird's principal stock in trade, but I want to tell you that op. is being knocked out of me every time a brickbat is thrown at a strike-breaker, or a Russian Jew has his throat cut and his viscera strewn about the Bessarabian landscape.

Until humanity shows its ability to keep the peace and give every other fellow a show for his white alley, it is hardly seemly for you human beings to do much bragging about that race of yours. We do things better than you do, even in the Eagle country, where it is the fad to eat raw lamb and jack rabbits.



And I believe that up here in the Eagle country we are getting at the core of your disease. Selfishness is what ails you all. You may call it looking out for No. 1, and providing for a rainy day, but to my mind you are losing your grip on a pleasurable hereafter by being so selfish that were a dog to bite you he would become inoculated with the microbe of that disease. A great many of you talk about the everlasting brotherhood of man, but when the fellow comes along who needs a brother almighty bad you have a sudden call to attend to something or other in the next county. Hell is said to be paved with good intentions; and it is sidewalked, in my opinion, with soft words that don't mean anything worth mentioning.

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Talk is cheaper just now than it has ever been before in the history of the world, and there is more of it on the market than can be absorbed. It is the fellow who does things and says little, and not the chap who promises things in carload lots, and delivers the goods in packages about the size of a gnat's ear, who conduces to a joy in the Eagle's nest.



Just now resolutions are passing regarding the troubles of the Jews across the sea. There are thousands of human brothers and sisters over there in distress the most dire and dreadful, but I fail to hear of anybody outfitting fleets and mobilizing armies to go across country and lam the daylights out of Russia if she doesn't quit that slaughter-house business, which she has been overdoing. It is as easy as spreading melted butter on bread to gather at the meeting-house and pass resolutions, and to drop a nickel or a two-bit piece in the basket when the collector comes around with a dingus that looks like a corn-popper, but if Uncle Sam should begin to act as if he were going to preserve the peace and defend the afflicted, even if a fight to a finish were necessary, you all would have a fit. Russia shouldn't treat the Jews in Bessarabia as she is treating them, and she ought to be slapped right on the wrist for doing it; that seems to be about the situation. Of course, the Czar will feel hurt that you should presume to criticise his actions regarding such of his subjects as are not approved by "The Bear Who Walks Like a Man," but it is not at all likely that he feels hurt enough to lose any sleep over the tenor and soprano, likewise the double bass, of your resolutions.

Even, when this observer and chronicler was but an Eaglet in a tree top on the mountain, the Millerites, or some other branch of the great North American crank family, were promising the millennium, and buying nice white robes to go sailing through the skies in, on flowery beds of ease, but those robes have long since been made over into night shirts for the kids, and the millennium appears to be some ninety-nine millions of years farther away than it was when the followers of Brother Miller were preparing for their aerial voyage.

And while that is about how things seem to strike me this foggy morning (it will doubtless be foggy this morning), I still want to feel some confidence that you human beings are not going to keep up this lick of being so contemptible, cruel, inhu-

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man and selfish that there can be no hope for you in that blissful hereafter which is promised when all the thorns of life have been picked up by wounded and bleeding feet. I am trying my best to preserve enough optimism to clothe the Eagle's nakedness. I am doing my level best to look cheerful when all the skies are black. For there is a little love and faith and charity in the world yet — just about enough for seed, I should say.

Isn't it time to begin planting?

—[May 24, 1903.]

HELP THE MAN WHO IS IN A HOLE.

Somebody, somewhere, sometime, said that "man is made to mourn." It would certainly seem so; at least, it does to the Eagle people, who are merely looking at, while you go through, your several performances down there in the crush.

High water along the rivers; tornadoes on the plains and prairies; tornadoes in the canebrakes of "down South;" towns flooded in Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Illinois and elsewhere in that part of the republic, and railroad trains and trolley cars smashing into each other and into people on foot, on horseback and in wagons and things, all along the line, convince the dwellers in the eyries that if man wasn't made to mourn the poor devil ought to take in his sign. As a mourner, man seems to be a success in all particulars — not that he picks out mourning as a business, but he manages to drift into places, or get washed or blown places, where there isn't much of anything left for him to do but mourn, whether he enjoys it or not.

Of course, it isn't for a mere Eagle Bird to say why man should have to do so all-fired much mourning as he goes sashaying along through a continuous vale of tears, instead of having the bulliest kind of a time, but I rather guess you will agree with me that the fellow who isn't doing a mourning stunt today has a job of that sort waiting for him down the road some place.



No doubt, if you men and women people had the fixing of things it would be so arranged as to reduce mourning to a beautiful minimum, but according to the observations from this perch of the Bird o' Freedom you are just about as helpless regarding the mourning business as is a litter of blind kittens trying to swim the Mississippi.

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It rather amuses us spectators to see some of you going along in a rollicking, devil-may-care way, as if the sun were forever going to shine on your side of the street, without caring a whoop about the fellows on the side where the clouds lower and the midnight rains beat. You look natty and gay and festive, and all swelled up with prosperity and good luck, but Lordy! fellows, there's a bunch of mourning coming to you all one of these days, as sure as you are a foot high. It isn't given to Eagle Birds to tell just what sort of a dose you are going to get ladled out to you, but it is part of the game you are playing by keeping alive, and when the cards begin to run against you, look out for mourns.



Being, then, as mourning is coming to you, it strikes me that you all ought to just keep right on rollicking along and having as good a time as you can, not forgetting to help the other fellow to have a good time, too. It strikes me that selfishness is growing faster in this country than the towns are, and that is saying a whole lot.

Back yonder in the old pine-tree places where the Eagles dwell and soar, I have seen human beings doing things for each other that they appear to have quit doing altogether. It doesn't strain my rememberer any to recall the time when the neighbors gathered in old man Brown's hay field, when Brown was laid up with the rheumatism, and harvested his hay crop between sun up and sun down. Those neighbors came over to Brown's place from miles and miles away, bringing their own grub and mowing machines, and the way they went through Brown's hay field would do your soul good, fellows.



And there was Jones—some few of you may remember Jones. His wife had been sick for weeks with the typhoid fever; one of his boys had a broken leg; three of the little girls were down with the measles; one of Jones's horses had fallen into a well, and Jones himself was laid up with a case of pleurisy that kept him all doubled up in agony. Well, Jones was just about to "raise" a new barn when misfortune commenced a continuous performance with the Jones family and live stock, and so those neighbors of Jones, they just clubbed together to the number of seventy-five, or such a matter, and when Jones looked out of the window about 4 p.m. that day from his bed of agony

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he saw that barn all up and rows of those big-hearted neighbors of his piled along the roof and hammering nails into shingles like they were getting \$3 per shingle for the job.

Say, this was bully for Jones, of course, but I wish I had money to bet you that Jones's neighbors felt better when they knocked off and went home, after the job was finished, than did Jones himself.



And there was the Widow Smithers, who lived down on the "crick." You must have known Jim Smithers. Well, Jim died, and Mrs. Smithers became the Widow Smithers right after the funeral of Jim.

Now, when Jim Smithers died he had "in" about the finest crop of oats that had been grown in Erie county since the Seneca Indians lived in those parts. Well, those neighbors who lived up at the corners, and over Robinson's Hill, and back of Parker's place, they concluded among themselves one day that Mrs. Smithers' crop of oats needed harvesting, and that the widow was a mighty poor harvester. So down they came to the place where poor old, dead Jim Smithers used to hang out when he was alive and able to be up and around; and the neighbors brought along their cradles and their rakes, and some of 'em brought sulky rakes, and Bill Porter, who lived back of Brunson's old place, brought a new reaper that he had just got from the village, and when all hands were on deck the way they piled into the Widow Smithers' oat field was good for a sore heart and a jaundiced mind. Bill Porter's brand new reaper went whirling and singing around those acres of oats in a strain as cheerful as mocking birds yelling in a patch of chaparral. The brawny farmers, with the good old-fashioned cradles, swung through the yellow grain at a gait that was surprising, and the lusty chaps with rakes came hustling along raking, and another bunch doing the binding, to such end that when the Widow Smithers came back from the store at the cross roads, where she had gone to sell her eggs and two pounds of butter that she had churned that very morning, there wasn't anything in the oat field but just stubble and cocks of oats lined out in rows like "reglars."

Well, maybe Mrs. Smithers' eyes leaked a little when she saw what those neighbors had been doing, and you could hardly blame her if they did, now could you?

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But what about the neighbors nowadays? Do you see any of them looking out to any great extent for anybody except number one? I don't. If they do it out in the country it is in some part of the country that doesn't loom up in sight of this coign of vantage, fellows.

As for the people who live in the towns and cities, about all I can see the most of them doing is to try to do the other fellow, and eating their hearts out if the other fellow shows that he is too darned smart for 'em. The bulk of the people that show up from here are hustling themselves to death to make money, and running down, and over, and dumping into the mud, anybody who happens to stand in the way. Of course, there is no discounting the fact that money has its uses, but it seems to me that there are a heap too many of you who are making it the entire shooting match. You may be able to buy automobiles and golf clubs and pianofortes with money, but the Eagle Bird will be dodging if he has ever seen one of you that was able to buy a scruple of happiness with a bale of greenbacks as big as a horse's leg.



To be real truthful with you, fellows, it has always seemed to me that those neighbors out in the country back yonder in the olden and other days, who looked around to see who was in trouble and went several rods out of their way to lighten up the load of the distressed, got more real, all-wool happiness and comfort out of life than any people I have seen since.

To be sure, those other fellows were not much on style. Some of them wore only one suspender, and even that was called a "gallus." All of them wore overalls, and they smelled sweaty when they sat down under a haycock to eat their snack of grub, but Lordy! fellows, the good feelings they had down in the bottoms of their hearts you couldn't buy with a carload of J. Pierp. Morgan's most gilt-edged securities.

And that is why the Eagle Bird is saying to you this morning that it pays to be cheerful while you have a chance, for there is a large wad of mourning waiting for you around the bend in the road; it will pay you all the time to give a glance aside at the other fellow who is running along beside you and hitting nothing but the low places, while you are skimming and hitting only the high ones. One of these days, just as likely as not, there will be a sudden shifting of the cut, and before you know

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it you won't be able to hold even a pair of deuces in seventeen straight deals, and that other fellow who was down to one white chip and a pants button will be raking in jack-pot after jack-pot until he has poker paralysis.

You may feel like thinking these things over, maybe.

—[June 7, 1903.

GREETINGS TO AND FROM THE EAGLE BIRD.

The Eagle Bird sends greetings to his unknown friends who take their pens, pencils and typewriters in hand to say to the Bird o' Freedom kindly, gracious and praiseful things. Those cheerful and blitheful missives from the multitude which come floating up to this perch from week to week are the salt that savors life for at least one birdlet in the Far West. I take it as a great compliment, indeed, that you busy and worried mortals down there should, on occasion, have the thought and take the time to sit down under the gaslight, the 'lectric bulb or the more modest and lowly kerosene fan-tail burner, to indite a few lines to one isolated on a rock right forninst a place where they are digging an all-fired deep hole in the ground to set up more presses in. It speaks well for you that you are not too tired to jolly a fellow along a bit, even though he doesn't deserve it.



It has been quite a good many years of sun, and wind, and rain, and work, and worry, and tears, and laughter, and sorrow, and pain, and failure, and success, since first the Eagle Bird commenced making these few remarks through the pages of about the greatest, and quite the most religious, daily on earth. There have been gaps in the chain of screeds, to be sure, but if the Eagle Bird got tired awhile and kept still about it I presume you enjoyed the brief respite, for I do not doubt that you were tired, too.

In all the years of writing things to you people don't you believe that I have done all the talking. It would be most extraordinary if even an Eagle Bird by chance could hit it off just right in his lucubrations with every fellow who picks up his Sunday morning paper, and finally, having read everything else, including several pages of small "ads," the wails from Wall street and the price of pork in Chicago, turns over to this

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page of The Times "to see what sort of rot the Eagle has turned out this morning." And it would be surprising if, sometimes, some of you didn't get mad and send a letter up this way that makes the Eagle's pin feathers sizzle.



But I have taken my medicine and grinned and borne it when you wrathful cusses have said salty things. And where the Eagle had the best of you is that you didn't have "ary" organ to print things in, as the Eagle has. It is great to have "a organ."

But it is funny about you people down there, how you disagree about matters. One fellow will write to the Eagle Bird to say that "That screed about the homesick boy hit me right in a tender spot—it was great, old bird." And the next morning there comes along a letter from 'nother fellow who says that the Eagle never hit it off as he did when he told you fellows about the trials and hardships of the men who have wrested success from the rocks, cañons and dry plains of the glorious and Golden West, and are now rolling around over the irrigating ditches in automobiles that smell to heaven and cost the neat but not gaudy sum of \$1750 and upward.

But there is one thing that never fails to draw a salute from somebody, and that is when the Eagle Bird pays his respects and obeisance to the men who fought out the war for the American Union to a glorious finish. All of which goes to show that hearts, generally, are pretty much in the right place. Admiration for the nation's heroes who went out in the dark and wet, and amid blood and tears, and fought the battles for the free, and that other men should become free, speaks well for patriotism, and manhood, and gratitude, and the other qualities in humanity that tend to make some of you but little lower than the angels.



But don't you think for a minute that the letters to the Eagle all have a praiseful trend, as before remarked. There have been times when this observer of current events and the follies and foibles of people who walk the pave under the arc lights has run counter to the whole bunch of you, it seems to me. That is when the Eagle has had his days with pinion and tail feathers covered with ashes, and gloom thick enough about this eyrie to float a gunboat on. But you all ought to remember

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that an Eagle Bird, not being human, is liable to err — it is only you fellows who wear tuxedos and hats that mash down flat who never make mistakes. Some day the Eagle may become reincarnated, in that dim and purplish future which hangs like a gaudy curtain over Point Loma, and it might be just his good luck to develop into a real, walking biped like the rest of you, with a mind fit for treason, stratagem and spoils.

For the present, however, your esteemed, or unesteemed, looker-on, as it may happen to be in each individual case, must be content to remain a mere cast-iron figure on a granite tower, more or less (mostly more) covered with dust and smoke instead of gilt, as in my callower days, and altogether a graven image, none too perfect as a work of art, and none too wise as to the understandings of you human creatures, who are so different, and, many times, so nearly impossible.



But we Eagle people are the same way, fellows. Goodness! but we do blunder along in the dark and hit so many jagged things that stick up in the road. None of us is wise, even though we may make a bluff at being endowed with a superior judgment and understanding. We all of us — human and Eagle people, it is all the same — start out down the road of life some day with profound assurance that we know the way, and the first clatter out of the box a fork in the road is reached and the wrong one is taken — the one that leads to the forest full of shadows, and animals that roar and howl and rend, instead of taking the other road that leads to the places where the sunshine floods the plain, and where love and hope and joy abide. It has often seemed to me as if the great Creator made a gigantic mistake when He didn't endow the last one of us with telescopic eyes and a wisdom sufficient to keep us from breaking our fool necks over boulders that ought to be plainly seen.



Yet all this has nothing to do with the good people who send greeting to this Eagle Bird, by chance, from time to time. That their kindly and gracious words are duly appreciated is hereby publicly acknowledged, with thanks. Many is the strong lift they give one who is sitting up here trying, as best he can, to give some of you fellows a lift, too. Many is the glow of satisfaction that has come to the Eagle Bird's heart, and sometimes a mistiness in the eyes of him, at reading the good and

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praiseful things that have been written to me from out that vast multitude which is the great unknown to those who write. Many is the time that it has seemed as if all the things that one puts upon paper were a waste of effort, and a wilderness of mere words, until out of the multitude there comes a letter that gives a fillip to labor—a lift to the understanding, a jolt of encouragement to go ahead and put a little sunshine, a little hope, a little faith and a little love into the hearts and lives of the discouraged, the disconsolate and the despairing.



If there is any moral in these few remarks it is that it pays sometimes to say a kindly word to the worker in this world, whether he be hammering out phrases on a typewriter, a pounder of iron on an anvil, a man-of-all-work around a home, or the fellow who seats himself at the keyboard of a machine and puts in type the lines you are reading this blessed minute. No man, woman or child is above praise and applause—to those who write, of all other people, it is the breath of life.

Therefore, to you correspondents who take the time and the pains to send a word between whiles to the Eagle Bird, whether of praise or blame—I'm much obliged to you. Come again.

—[October 4, 1903.]

ON SUCCESS.

When one sits loafing on a rock where there is excavating going on for a lot of new machinery and an addition to the home structure whereof he has held down the southeast corner for many long years of observation regarding the goings on of you human people, it is but natural that, being an Eagle person, he should sometimes get to thinking about what a good many of you fellows down there in the rush and scurry of getting to the front call "success."

I know mighty well that it is the prevailing opinion among you that the individual who succeeds in piling up a stack of dollars as high as a modern skyscraper (be they dirty or clean, it is all the same), is the most successful thing in business. Why, I can see it from here every day. Let some old woman die and leave a mutton-headed kid some \$16,479,328.80, and that kid at once becomes the cynosure of all eyes, so to speak. He

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may not know enough to pound sand or drive geese to water, but as soon as the morning papers print the announcement that the old girl is dead and that Jimmy comes in for her fortune (that Uncle Billy made skinning sheep), and the bulk of you begin taking off your hats to Jimmy as if he were a little tin god on wheels.

Jimmy has just enough sense to hire a fellow to manage some of his affairs for him, and then Jimmy's fortune begins to grow bigger and bigger, whereupon you pronounce James "one of the most successful men that our city has ever given birth to." Or it may be that Jimmy is one of the sort that starts out on a blowing expedition and exhausts every few minutes at some joint in town where there is wine to be opened, or "good fellows" to be filled up to the neck with booze, and even then there is a big sprinkling of you who will take off your hats to Jimmy just the same.

Say, fellows, that sort of thing makes an Eagle Bird sick.



Unless the last blooming wit I have about me has gone on a wool-gathering expedition up the Congo, there is no such thing as success unless it is earned by individual effort, by right methods, for right things. The man who has to have some of his kin-folks die in order to be great couldn't be a success to save his life. He may add to the dollars that have been left him, and he may have "sabe" enough to keep from going to the devil (which would be a most extraordinary circumstance, although it has happened), but the fellow who has to be put astraddle of the fence before he can climb over it would never be considered one side of a success in the Eagle Bird's country.

To tell the truth, fellows, in the lovely highlands where the Eaglets are nestled in the swaying pines, through whose needles the winter winds whistle rude Borean tunes that none of you can learn by ear, success isn't counted by the accumulation of the number of lambs that an Eagle Bird can hook his talons into in a day's flying, but by the way he handles the mutton after he has it captured and hoisted to his lair. It isn't everything in this world to pile up, and hoard, and get rich beyond the dreams of avarice, although there are numbers of you who act as if that were the sole issue. I have seen millionaires perambulating about this very town who were the most monumental failures in the whole blooming community; and there are others passing,

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with no more money in the banks than the law allows, who speak the biggest sort of success every time they say anything.

And that's what I am asking you to consider this morning as between man, woman, child and Eagle Bird, face to face, as it were.



The man who has \$98,000,000 and yet goes through your vale of tears without a care for those who have only \$28,000,000 is not so much of a success as to deserve six pages of biography in "Who's Who in America." The rich old curmudgeon who toys with a plugged quarter of a dollar for an hour before he spends it, in very infatuation with the Bird o' Freedom on the obverse side of the disc, is among this world's colossal failures, no matter what the magnitude of the figures that the clerk at the bank brings down in his book when it is passed through the wicket to be balanced.

For, though some of you may differ with this discussionist about it, I want to say that accumulation isn't the thing. It is the disbursement that counts before the Great White Throne. The poor, miserable human being who knows only how to make money, without having any sort of a notion as to how to spend it, is the most pitiful representation you have at large among you. The man who accumulates money without securing the love, the loyalty, the affection and the confidence of the men at his elbow who work in the same rutty old highway, that is deep in dust and rocky with boulders, has made a failure as big as a red barn in the country, I care not the size of his account at the Farmers' and Merchants'.

Maybe you would like the Eagle Bird to define success as it is set out in the dictionary of Eagle City? All right, fellows.



Success, sirs, up in the happy hills where the air is sweet, and where the dawn first reddens the summer skies, consists in being so sweet of temper, so finely in tune with things, so poised in spirit and so gay of heart that not even the falling of a three-story house onto a fellow can sour his disposition, make a discord in the songs that run riot in his heart, or topple the nerry and steady chap from the perch he may have happened to alight upon that particular morning. If the fellow (bird or human, it is quite the same,) keeps close the love of those who ought to love him, keeps faith with those who have trusted him, keeps

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sunny the eyes with which he looks into eyes that speak again, holds fast the affection of those who are his kith and kin, acts square, walks straight ahead instead of wabbling, is brave and true and merry, whether the rain beats or the sun shines, is tender of the feelings of those about him, patient with the impatient, a prop to the weak, a source of joy to the despairing, a well-spring of pleasure to those who go forth in sadness and walk amid days of darkness and nights of storm and stress—well, say, fellows, I want to tell you that that sort of a chap is a gigantic, overmastering and rock-ribbed success, even though he hasn't a dollar on earth that he can call his own.

Old Moneybags across the street may be able to buy more red automobiles than he, more silk undershirts than he, more Pommery and oysters than he, but with all his dross in the bank which has sixteen time locks on the doors and bars across the windows, he cannot begin to buy one side of the sunny street that our cheerful citizen walks on so many times almost in loneliness because there is such an infernal tendency among you people to crowd over into the shady way which runs parallel to Tears street.

This, then, in very brief form, is what we look upon as success at the Courthouse in Eagle City—just going right along making the best of things; being strong and steady when the rest of the brood is weak and rattled; being faithful amid the unfaithful, steady as a clock when everything is reeling; full of hope when the pessimists are howling about the coming storm; doing the day's duty as the day comes, no matter how deep the mud or how penetrating the dust; singing when the tempest lowers and the skies drip sorrow; careful amid the careless, watchful of the truth—being just as near right as possible, and not saying anything about it.



And I want to tell you, children, that, even though he hasn't a sou markee, the fellow with that sort of a bank account is richer than old Rockefeller with his Standard Oil Works all smoking up at once, to which may be added the steel works which Andy Carnegie used to own, but in which he now holds bonds to the amount of \$306,000,000, barring such as he has given away in the purchase of libraries for communities that are in need of shade trees and a real, good, old-fashioned swimming hole a heap more than they need books to read.

—[October 11, 1903.]

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MOLASSES AND VINEGAR.

Speaking about molasses and vinegar, it is the private opinion of the Eagle Bird, publicly expressed, that there is none of you human beings' "old sayings" that has more point to it than the allusion to the difference between those two commodities when it comes to the matter of trapping flies. I have been making careful observation and note of this matter for more years than I would care to confess, and there hasn't been a time when the molasses didn't win out.

I am well aware that there are those among you who do business in, and the bossing of, establishments who think that it is really necessary, in order to get anything properly done, to get out and raise the very devil with everything and everybody around the place. Persons of that sort don't mean half they say, and aren't half as mad, the most of the time, as they pretend to be, and therefore they don't fool anybody worth a cent, even if they do make the surroundings full of unrest and discomfort. It isn't the man who bluffs and blusters who accomplishes things, but it is the fellow who quietly gives an order and means it. It isn't the best mate on a ship who always prefaces an order to reef a sail with an oath about blasting somebody's eyes. It is the officer who talks to his men as if they were human beings who gets the best work out of them, and who goes to sleep with the sweetest conscience.



Therefore it pays to spread molasses instead of pouring vinegar, besides being a heap more comfortable for the poor devils who slip up in the mess. Up in Eagle City it is the rule to reward the little Eagle who is the sweetest tempered, instead of the one who can shove the most of his fledgling mates out of the home nest. You might not think we know the difference in Eagledom between molasses and vinegar, but that's just where you get off one of your errors again. We know sweetness from sourness up in that country just as you do, fellows. And, by gracious! whatever goes in the Eagle country will go in yours, for up there in the big pine woods where the winds blow tunes in the branches of Nature's skyscrapers we are mighty "partikler."

Looking at the things this a-way, it seems to me it would be an almighty good idea for you people to endow chairs in universities, and have departments in grammar schools, for the

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inculcation of cheerfulness, good nature and forbearance as between brothers, sisters, friends, neighbors and just the ordinary passer-by of commerce. One oughtn't to have to be introduced to a fellow, it seems to me, in order to treat him as much as half white, and it looks to this 'ere bird as if the stupidest human being that wears hair ought to understand, by this time, that he can accomplish a heap more by persuasion than he can by taking an ax to the other fellow when he wants the other fellow to do something.



Do you know it comforts the heart of this Bird o' Freedom to witness a boss going about his daily occupation among his men with a kind word for those who are doing their work bully, and a lot of patience and forbearance for that portion of the force which isn't quite onto the curves of the job, whatever the particular job may happen to be? You all ought to know by this time that it isn't given to everybody on watch to have the same Eagle eye, or the same deftness and dexterity in handling the tiller. It comes perfectly natural for some fellows to do the right thing in just the right way, whereas the chap at his elbow, being from Missouri, or near the border thereof, has to be shown. You ought to practice, all of you, a heap of patience with the man from Missouri, for, though he may wear heavily upon your patience, he is just as human and just as tender in his tender spots as the fellow who seems to have absorbed the order you are about to give before you give it. It is in places like this where there is no more use for vinegar than there is for bonfires in a hay mow.



Speaking about the quiet man and boss who feels a sort of brotherly affection and a sympathy for his fellow-man, even though the fellow-man may happen to be working for wages, I want to bet you money that he will get more work out of his gang in a given time, by a large percentage, than will the boss who goes at things with a rip and a roar because everybody on the job isn't an expert the very first hour after he starts at work. There isn't a lick of sense in rawhiding people, I don't care a whoop whether they be Dagos or Yankee artisans. There is a lot of human feeling under a dusky skin, and there isn't a hide that cannot be better smoothed by pouring molasses over it than by a ducking of vinegar that is sour enough to make a pig

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squeal. Consideration, kindness, thoughtfulness of men's comfort may not be appreciated fully all the time and by every man on the scaffold, but in the main there isn't a sixteenth of one per cent. of the force that doesn't know the difference between decent treatment and the other kind, and that won't give better service under good treatment than they will if the foreman is a slave driver, and a damner from the headwaters of the Damn River.

"All up and down the whole creation" I see people who ought to know better using vinegar for catching flies over the telephone, in the home, in the hay field, in the packing-house, in the mill or factory, on the railroad grade, among the track layers, in the offices, in the department stores, and in the street cars that are jammed so full of feet that there isn't a foot of space to spare. What a blooming mistake that is you will all acknowledge if a fellow can only get a chance to pin you right down to it, and yet you go along just the same the next day trying to yell the ear off the girl at the other end of the wire and saying "sassy" things to the poor, jammed-up cuss who may happen to scrouge an elbow into you in a trolley car that is overloaded some 260 tons.

Attention, then, the class in patience, and let's do a little resoluting this sunny morning all in the month of October. Let's all of us who are inclined to open the vinegar cruet on every and all occasions make a stab across the table for the molasses jug. Let's try to get along without so much friction of journals, to the creating of hot boxes. Let's see if we cannot get through tomorrow, which is Monday, or will be Monday, whichever you want to have it, without using a club on a messenger boy or swiping a ditch digger over the broad back of him with a round-pointed shovel that costs \$1.25. Shovels, whether they have round points or square ones, were never made for swiping ditch diggers across the broad backs of 'em, and you fellows who are bossing the gang digging the canal ought to know that much by this time, for sure. How in Sam Hill would you like it if the president of the company were to come out from town and hit you under the ear with a road machine? Why, naturally, as a matter of course, you wouldn't like it.



So long as I have anything to say, and any place to print it, I am going to stand up for being white to the subordinate, I

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don't care whether he is getting six bits a day, or \$250 a minute. A six-bits-a-day man has a heart in him, and it ought to be respected for its tenderness, even though the envelope around it may look as tough as the hide of a rhinoceros. Beauty is only skin deep, as you are well aware, and ugliness and common-placeness are no deeper than beauty. Under many a rough skin there is a heart as tender as a woman's, and under many a thatch of towseled hair there are more blooming good brains than there are in the head of the veriest dandy that ever came smirking out of a barber shop smelling like a drug store that has been the scene of a recent riot.

Of course, some of the gang that you are kind to will impose on your good nature—you must expect that—but because one of the gang is a hog you oughtn't to treat all the rest of the force as if they were fit for the slaughter-house. I'll just bet any of you money that if you will try it for a week you will find that it pays big dividends to be patient, that molasses costs a heap less than vinegar per gallon, as it were, and that one gallon of the smooth and unctuous liquid will go farther than a ton of the bitey stuff that is bully on beans and things, and mighty poor truck to trap flies with.

—[October 25, 1903.]

THE VIRTUE OF HUMILITY.

Although the Eagle Bird has been keeping his Eagle eye on man and his movements to and fro for a considerable period, the occupation of seeing him cavort through space still contains many elements of interest.

For I want to say to you fellows that beside man and his performances all the other circuses and side shows are of no great account. To tell the truth, I have observed that man has the notion, generally, that he is the whole thing, and he comes near being it. But, after all, it is the really modest human creature who cuts the greatest number of carloads of ice per diem, and stores it away in the sawdust. The fellow who makes a holy show of his undertakings—who announces his every movement by the toot of a horn or the rendering of a rag-time tune by the silver cornet band bought at his expense—is really not the most successful fellow among you all, even though he

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may make somebody think he is for the time being. To put it in more simple and direct language, the modest man who says little and saws wood by the cord is the fellow who gets there, and who makes a permanent stay of it after he arrives on the ground. Therefore, would it not appear to be the part of wisdom for you all who sometimes show a tendency to have a swelling of the *cabeza* to wrap an ice-cold rag around the expanding member and thus prevent a possible explosion?

Scarcely a day comes gliding up with its rosy dawn above the eastern hills and ends at dusk in a glow of glory above the mighty western sea but what the Eagle Bird sees some fellow break out covered with red paint and other pigments, flash forth for a brief period before the eyes of the astonished multitude, and then gradually shrink himself, by force of circumstances, into the semblance of a boom that has collapsed, petered out, gone where the woodbine twineth, as it were.

How much more becoming would it have been had that garish cuss refrained from painting his extremities cardinal until he was sure his supply of paint would hold out.



Yes, fellow-man, or at least some of him, is simply great for making breaks and then going up against something or other that breaks him of sucking eggs and kicking old hats that have bricks under 'em. He frequently launches forth with a whoop, only to subside with a mere gurgle. We see the critter, on occasion, spreading himself in your midst with wild abandon, but later on he takes a sneak to the rear of the auditorium and sits down with a dull and sickening thud in a chair that has no bottom.

That the fiery, untamed monster of a man is tame enough to eat out of your hand at that moment goes without saying. Moses may not have been as meek as he has been painted, but you may safely place a few bets on the fact that that fellow is.

It has sometimes seemed to me as if Fate took delight in playing practical jokes on fellows who get gay with her. Fate, like any other bit of femininity, cannot be monkeyed with without danger that the fellow who does the monkeying will be made a monkey of almost before he knows that he has approached within the confines of the zoological garden.

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Seeing how becoming humility and modesty are in you men people, it has been a matter of surprise to us Eagle folks that there is not a more widespread cultivation of that product among you high-fliers, who later on become conspicuous dull-thudders. For, mark you, fellows, the chap who is modest about the things he is doing and the things he proposes to do as soon as the ice goes out of the Penobscot next spring doesn't have a whole lot of things to explain and regret, provided there isn't such a backward season that the ice remains on the Penobscot all summer. It isn't safe to assume, you know, that the ice is going to go out until you see clear water from the mill dam plumb up to where the lusty lumber men take their cant hooks in their red right hands and roll in the logs. It isn't safe to assume nowadays that any old cold spell isn't going to last from March 1st until the 30th of November, for the reason that there is no telling what effect sun spots have on men and seasons on this mundane sphere.

There was a time, once, when the almanac makers could figure out about what was going to happen some three and a half years from "the present writing," but that time has gone by; things are now coming along in chunks so diversified in shape and with so much difference in specific gravity that Old Prognosticator himself cannot make a much better guess than the old fellow can who takes a peek out of a crack in the door and "rather reckons" it is going to rain.



Yes, sirree, fellows, modesty is one of the greatest and most luscious fruits that grow upon the tree of knowledge. If I were the father of the family of thirteen boys and seven girls, instead of being a mere cast-iron substitute for a meat Eagle Bird on a block of granite weighing close on a ton, I would feed those children upon that sort of fruit up to the age of puberty, anyway.

For modesty makes people agreeable to their fellow-creatures, and a well-spring of pleasure on general principles. A modest, unassuming and definitely discreet man can be endured in the camp, the court, the grove, and on the bleachers at a baseball game, but the fellow who has an exaggerated opinion of his own importance makes tired those who see him strut, and offends all hands, including the cook who works for twelve dollars a month and board.

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Of course, modesty doesn't consist in being backward when it is high time to come forward and stand pat. Modesty that shrinks from the rude glow of a summer sun, and which hides itself in the chaparral when it ought to be out making hay, no matter who happens to be looking at the mowing machine, is a mighty poor excuse for modesty. Humility may be overdone, the same as eating pie or doughnuts, but that is no reason why one should not applaud humility and wish to heaven there was more of it in the world than seems to be manifest to the naked eye.

The brass band and the winding horn that sends its echoes rollicking among the hills and cañons are both all right in their way and in the proper place, but they oughtn't to accompany individual performances, except on the rarest occasions. It has been my experience that "See, the Conquering Hero Comes" is played many times when the hero isn't within 498 miles of that particular point where the trombone player is, at frequent intervals, swallowing brass rods and ejecting large, robust, *dos, fas, mis* and *sols* into the ears of the assembled multitude. It would be a mighty good idea if the "conquering hero" were compelled to present his credentials and have them passed upon by a duly constituted committee before the band starts tooting about him, anyhow.



It were idle, fellows, for me to dwell too long upon this matter of human modesty and self-effacement, I presume, for you must all have seen how important it is that the fruit be cultivated in many a back yard where there is an over-crop of the other sort of "projuce." I have never presumed that the Eagle eye, famed as it is in the annals of song and story, is really any more penetrating than is the eye of many of you bully fellows and good girls who loaf around in the shade of the piazza on Sunday and pay the Eagle the compliment of reading any of the unguarded remarks that he may have happened to let fall from a pinion dipped in writing fluid on any given occasion.

The Eagle doesn't assume to see any more than the rest of you, but he seems to have more time to say some of the things you all are thinking than the rest of you, and hence these maunderings and vapid vapping from a cast-iron figure of an almighty proud bird who has "a orgin" in which to print 'em.

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But after all, fellows, this is a digression. What I set out to say was that there is no crop more profitable to cultivate than that of being modest in almost everything, and fairly quiet about tooting the individual bazoo. The bazoo has its uses, to be sure, but it ought to be blown upon sparingly as to breath, and meekly as to the tone produced. Rude and raucous blasts upon the ordinary bazoo of commerce are nearly as offensive as a church bell slamming away for twenty minutes at a stretch on a Sunday morning just when the neighbors in that part of town become possessed of a unanimous desire to take another nap.

Being as I seem to be about all in for this session, it would probably be just as well to say *au revoir*, and let it go at that.

—[November 1, 1903.]

THE VIRTUE OF PATIENCE.

It has long been in the mind of the Eagle Bird to say that were he a preacher, instead of being a cast-iron, once-gilded emblem of the republic sitting up here in the fog and dust like a duck on a rock, he would take frequent occasion to preach a sermon on the inestimable value of patience as a thing to be generously watered and zealously cultivated by human beings, as well as the rest of us. As I sit here with nothing much to do but watch the comings and goings and carryings-on of you fellows down there in the surging crowd, I cannot fail to note it is the patient man or woman who gets along with the least friction and arrives at his or her destination the least unruffled.

It is the impatient person who makes a spectacle of himself in a gilded café when the waiter is somewhat dilatory about bringing in the soup, and it is the same individual, or his brother, who gets sore in a street car when the rate of speed is less than twenty-seven miles per hour by standard time. Now, I want to tell you fellows that nothing worth while is accomplished in this world of yours unless patience is mixed in large proportions with energy, intelligence and hard work. The fellow who starts out to dig a ditch eight miles long and some seven feet ten inches in depth has to exercise a vast amount of patience or he would never reach the end of the gash in the *broad bosom* of Mother Earth. If he starts out to throw dirt

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like a mechanical ditch-digger he will run out of wind ere he has proceeded as much as nine rods on his way across the landscape.

If a man starts out to build two thousand miles of railroad across mountains, through cañons filled with boulders, and to swing steel bridges across gulches so deep and so precipitous as to sides as to make the resident engineer's hair curl every time he sets up a transit on the edge of the gorge, with one leg of the tripod pointing straight up hill, he will have to have patience in steamerload lots before he gets the grading completed, the ties strung out, the rails laid, the Pullman cars filled with passengers and porters passing to and fro over the line. But it is while waiting for dividends that he has to draw on his stock of patience to the limit. It seems as if it is impossible to build a railroad, or any other big thing, and commence hauling in ample dividends the day after he has gone down to the captain's office and secured his stock certificate.



But it is not alone in business enterprises that patience is an almighty good thing to have around. If you have ever undertaken to wean a calf by sticking its nose into a pail of milk, and holding it there until the critter has blown the greater part of the charge up your sleeve, you must have learned that you must be patient or the calf will be ruined in the bringing up. It is also quite the same in breaking up a sitting hen. Take a dark brown hen who has made up her mind to sit on something round, hard, square or three-cornered, and the fellow who goes at the job without having in stock the patience of Job and the persistence of a gang of fleas in the height of their busy season might as well get out of the barn and go back to the house whence he started out on his mission.

I have known a hen who wanted to sit to break up families and ruin the man on the farm, so far as his hopes of a happy hereafter is concerned. But if that same man had tackled that hen with surpassing patience he would now be a shining light in the church and state.

Why, I presume it takes lots of patience to even run a national bank. If you all knew just exactly how much, you would doubtless quit that hankering (?) longing to become bankers and sit in an office turning down people who want to borrow money all the livelong day; because it is tax-paying time. And then there is the fellow who wants to borrow the

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money—if he hasn't the patience of angels and cherubim and things he is likely to say things so salty when he comes sneaking out of the august presence that a large and juicy ocean would seem like a fresh-water lake in comparison.

Now, fellows, there is another place, as it has always seemed to me, where patience were more necessary than any other thing, unless it be the ever-saving grace of good horse sense. If you have ever undertaken to manage a large class of American youngsters of all the varied shades of hair, eyes and complexion, in a schoolhouse, you need not be told that unless you have in your make-up an artesian well of high-grade patience you'd better never have been born. Sixty-five alive, alert, mischievous and ingenious Yankee boys can come nearer trying out a patience deposit than anything else with a good strong draught and plenty of suction. It has been my fortune to witness the ordinary school teacher going through his, or her, daily stunt with young America on many occasions, and it has been my conclusion that he, or she, received, in salary, something less than 230 per cent. of what was actually earned.



It has always seemed to me, too, that the homes which all you good people live in would be a heap sight happier if there were a trifle more patience distributed around the family fireside. It hurts me painfully to hear ma and the children snapping each other up about such trifling things as what hat Mary shall wear to the picnic, or whether Willie shall change his shirt this week or the week after next. If ma isn't patient with that pair of youngsters she is going to live to regret it. I doubt if any one, man or woman, ever gave a kidlet a good sound thrashing that didn't regret it when that same youngster got sick and finally went to sleep out yonder under a green mound at Rosedale. The antithesis of patience is regret. If the Eagle Bird had the making over of this permanent abiding place of all you folks, one of the very first things he would cut out would be regret. And in place of it he would stock up with as much patience as the warehouse would hold. Yes, sir, fellows, it pays to be patient. It pays not only the patience dispenser, but the entire multitude surrounding the premises. It is the conductor who has infinite patience who gets over his run on a trolley car without getting himself disliked by the dear old lady who asks him some sixteen distinct times if he hasn't

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come to her street yet, and where he gives out transfers for the West Ninth-street line. It is the patient boy in the office who gets to be promoted to the position of general manager of the entire works. It is the patient schoolmaster who gets his salary raised. It is the patient employé in store and shop and factory and mill who succeeds in making himself solid with the management. Whenever there is a fellow around the place who flies off the handle and gets cranky whenever trouble begins to move on the works you may safely gamble whatever you may feel like staking on the proposition that he is going to be the fellow who gets the first lay-off when the laying-off time commences.



Therefore does the Eagle Bird say that if he were a preacher dispensing the Word, and uttering thought for others to chew on during the week following, he would certainly dwell at least once every six months upon the question of cultivating a crop of patience—a crop, by the way, that has never glutted the market, and which is never likely to, as things look to me from this coign of vantage.

For, after all, it is patience that accomplishes, and not the fly-up-the-creek. It is patience that builds the monster battle-ships for the Eagle Bird's glorious navy. It is patience that digs ship canals and surmounts obstacles in the doing of it that appal the timid and dishearten the impatient. It is patience that sets the wheels whirring in the mills and starts the locomotive to snorting in glee along the shining lines of steel. It is patience that sweetens life and broadens the outlook of hope. It is patience that crawls through the underbrush and surmounts the boulders where there is any great material work to be done by the sons of men. It is patience that meets obstacles and overcomes them. It is patience that establishes faith in man in the bosom of his fellow-man. It is patience that grinds the grain, that builds the mill, that cultivates the fields, that runs the reaper. But for patience no harvest would ever be garnered, no golden field would ever billow in the sunshine of a summer's day. It is patience that sets the foundation stone of the skyscraper, that draws the plans, that weaves the web of steel above the busy thoroughfare where the city's life goes by. It is patience that made America great, and it is patience, combined with nerve, industry and daring, that is

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building here so near the western sea a city that is a jewel upon the beautiful bosom of our native land. It is patience that makes for happiness in the heart, and in the hearts of those by whose side you travel day after day through the forced marches of this busy and strenuous life. It is patience that exalts the soul and makes man but little lower than the angels.

—[November 29, 1903.]

BE HAPPY IN THE FACE OF DIFFICULTIES.

I grant you that it isn't so all-fired easy to go about with a smile on the lip and a twinkle in the eye when Fortune is bearing down hard and the weather is all wrong, but really, when one comes to consider the question in all its sinuosities, there is no great credit in being gay and happy when the birds are singing in the bushes, barley is selling for \$1.50 and the crop is so big that it balks the railroads to get it to market. The man who keeps on smiling when the cattle are dying on the arid ranges and the pasture lands are red with rust is the true philosopher. For to be cheated out of a smile is but little short of a calamity in this world, that is so wet with tears.



And therefore does the Eagle Bird beseech you all to make the best of the difficulties that beset the wisest of operators in the world's broad field of battle. Be a little kind and everlastingly patient. Be considerate of others' mistakes, and hopeful that the other fellow will be just a little blind to yours. When trouble comes, whether it be of your own making, or a trouble that just simply "arrives," make as light of it as possible, and see that the sunshine of the spirit is not beclouded by the blackest storm-cloud that ever blotted out the light of stars.

For the pathways of life cross each other at varying angles, and they twist and turn interminably, with the straightaway portions thereof mighty few and far between. If, today, my masters, you are so lucky as to be going along easy on a highway that seems to be without a hill or a stretch of sand to check the speed of your happiness, be almighty thankful and sip the nectar while you may, for it is ten to one that there is a draught of wormwood waiting to be served you at some turn of the road.

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And by and by it will rain again, the fields will be gay with verdure, the herds will be fat, and the good old, luscious output is bound to be flowing out of the horn of plenty, no matter how dry it is on this day and date. You who have been hungering for sunshine have had more than your share, but the equilibrium will be restored in the sweet by and by and we'll all be happy yet. And if it should happen that we aren't all happy at the same time, let us be thankful for such blessings as come along in individual doses, and be as sorry for the other fellow when his day of grief arrives as we were for ourselves when the great doctor directed that it was time to wake up and take our medicine.

—[January 17, 1904.]

MAGNIFYING TROUBLE.

Say, fellows, don't you sometimes wish that all the telegraph wires in the country would collapse all at once for a year, or such a matter, in order that you might be spared reading the details of trouble that burden them day in and day out? By gracious, I do!

Night after night I sit up here next to the new pile of granite that has been reared alongside this perch, and see the flimsy coming to old man Washburn's desk filled with stories of robbery, murder, assault, suicide, death on the rail, death in the home, death in the mill, death on the desert, burglaries, hold-ups, riots, family rows, beatings and butcheries of all sorts, embezzlements, the escapading of people who ought to know better, sorrows of all kinds and grades, dishonesty in ten thousand guises, unhappiness and misery in chunks and in carload lots, until a fellow begins to think that there isn't anything in the life you human creatures are living but one continual round of want, woe, failure, distress, hunger, cold, misery and despair. And I sometimes feel that it were better to be a mere bird and never have had any trouble than to be the swellest human being that ever traveled around in a special car with such a load of worry on his mind that he might better be driving an ox team on the desert, if it is happiness he is looking for.



Now, in this matter of trouble the Eagle Bird sometimes queries with himself whether it isn't this everlasting reading about



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sorrow and misery and deviltry, of as many varieties as there are varieties of you human beings, that is making trouble for all hands. If I had money to bet I would be free to wager forty cents against a shotgun that if you fellows didn't have to carry around so much knowledge of the troubles and griefs of others you would have fewer troubles and griefs of your own. The wires carry their burden of melancholy details from one end of the continent to the other, and dump them into the hearts and minds of you who read. Is it, therefore, any wonder that so many of you go about with care written in deep lines upon your faces, and that sad, sad look in the eyes which the Eagle notes as so many of you pass along amid a flood of sunshine that ought to make you the happiest people in all the world?

What particular sense is there in your knowing that John Doe killed Richard Roe in Butte, Mont.; that an automobile ran into a tree in France and killed some Americans; that a train crushed and mangled a hundred human creatures in a wreck; that one John Smith escaped to Mexico from Bucyrus, O., with \$46,000,000 of the firm's money; that a woman was stabbed to death on the street in San Francisco; that an embezzler was apprehended when he walked down the gang plank on the pier in New York; that a bridge gave way at Davenport or elsewhere with a loss of eighty souls; that a bank president in Oskaloosa committed suicide because he was short in his cash to a large and growing sum? All that array of troublous details hasn't done one good thing to any of you, but if it hasn't done you harm then the Eagle misses his guess.



Did you ever stop to think how little of the good things that are constantly going on in the world you hear of, in comparison with the intelligence so generally disseminated of the evil and demoralizing things? The good that men do is buried in silence, but their deeds of evil are blazoned to the world. The deeper the sorrow, the more ghastly the horror; the more pitiful the human failure, the more dreadful the suicide; the more fiendish the murder, then the more fully are you who read informed as to all the facts and fancies in the premises. Do you mean to tell me that all these direful and dreadful details of direful and dreadful doings among the children of men don't sear another scar upon your already wounded hearts; that they

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haven't added to your burden of sorrow; that they haven't put another barb in the hurt you feel to the bottom of your soul? With all my heart I believe they do, for when one human creature is wounded, and hurt, and plunged into sorrow, those of you who have knowledge of the wounding, the hurting and the sorrowing must needs have something of the sufferer's burden of woe added to your own.

But it isn't the wires and the press associations that are to blame for the fact that your ears are filled with stories of grief and your very souls glutted with human agony. You demand all the festering details of the horrors that on horror's head accumulate. The journal that failed to print full particulars of every crime and accident that causes bereavement and suffering unspeakable wouldn't have enough readers in six weeks to hold a township convention. If you didn't want the press associations to tell you all about the train wreck on the P. X. and Q. road, and demanded, instead, that you should be jollied up with something of good that happened some place, the p. a. would be doing the needful, you may be sure.



Say, fellows, this would be a charming old world if you all, as it seems to me, could learn less of what is doing to make trouble for somebody and more of the details of incidents that uplift and enlighten. But for the sunshine that God so generously pours out of His deep of blue sky yonder it doesn't seem to me as if there would be enough beaming out of human hearts to warm a canary bird under a burning glass.

But did you ever notice how unfailing that sunshine is; how constantly and loyally blue the sky is that bends above us all; how steadily green the foliage is on the trees of summertime; how loyally and faithfully the roses distill their fragrance on the air; how sweet the winds are that sweep across the sea; how tirelessly and brilliantly the everlasting stars glitter in the midnight sky; how patiently the mountains lift their peaks against the horizon; how unchanged Nature is in all her aspects, excepting that she grows the more beautiful as the tree grows in size, as the flowers increase in the garden patches, as man cultivates the soil and sends the waters of the streams flowing across the fruitful acres of God's domain?

To my eye, fellows, everything is all right excepting humanity, which is, in too many instances, but not all the time, all

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wrong. You seem to be cultivating about everything in this country excepting to try to grow a better crop of human souls—a better because a happier and more hopeful crop.

And it strikes me the trouble output which is absorbed every morning and evening by every intelligent man, woman and most of the children of Christendom is what is making much of the grief and burdening that sometimes appear to be the lot of every one of you, sooner or later.

Did you ever notice how the fellow who comes among you with a smile and a bit of sunshine in his eyes lightens up the place and leaves you the better for his coming? Did you ever see a beautiful child with the joy of youth shining in its face that didn't make you feel better, if only for the moment? Did you ever hear the song of a bird in the bushes that it didn't soothe and comfort the spirit? Did you ever hear the laugh of a lovely woman that it didn't do you far more good than it would had you seen her in tears? Sure are you, if you will but pause to think, as I am, that there is nothing that is blithesome and sunny and sweet and fair in all this world that doesn't give a filip to happiness, and it is equally true that never was there a story of sorrow or crime or trouble that didn't add to the load already lying upon the heart and spirit of the listener.



Don't ask me how to change all this, for I don't know, unless it can be arranged that you all shall refuse to read the sad news of the world, and insist upon being kept in a sunny frame of mind if it breaks the wires down and balls up the printing presses.

But I do know this much, that there is a heap sight more trouble in that world of yours than there ought to be; and I am perfectly sure that there is much of it that can be escaped. To be sure, the knowledge that trouble has been visited upon someone is a notice that succor is needed, but what possible good it can do any of you to read all the particulars of an atrocious murder, or to be told in the most definite manner the details of a suicide, hasn't been explained to this particular Bird o' Freedom.

I have heard somewhere of the "new thought." Without knowing just what the new thought is, I am convinced that there is too much of the old kind of thought that is filled with unnecessary particulars about things that the thinker never



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ought to have had any knowledge of. If there is any sort of teaching, no matter how new it is, that will make you all look up to the shining heavens and into the depths of the star-filled night with hope, and faith, and patience, it cannot be other than a mighty good sort of teaching.

The world's burden of trouble appears to be growing faster than the population. It is time for the pruner to cut off the thorny branches that lacerate those who pass that way. Everything in the world, excepting you human creatures, is reasonably happy and contented—the cat upon the hearth; the cattle in the meadows; the dog with its crust or bone; the sheep on the ranges, and the birds that swing on the reeds and sing to the accompaniment of the rippling streams. You, my human friends, readers and countrymen, ought to have as much good, sound sense as those animals. You ought to unload your worries and be happy by making others happy. And that, after all, is all there is to the whole proposition.

—[January 24, 1904.]

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Miscellaneous.

FORWARD!

The "anti-expansionists" are making the nation's task more difficult in the Philippines; they are causing the death of our brave soldiers; they are making America appear contemptible in the eyes of the world, but the work in hand will be carried on bravely and with resolution, despite the foes in front with guns in their hands, and those in the rear who push the pen that drips treason. This government has never at any time been in position to abandon the Philippines to Tagal rapine and slaughter, even had it the inclination to do so, and it has never had any such inclination. The victory won by heroic Admiral Dewey in Manila Bay made it compulsory upon us to stand fast and protect the noncombatants in those islands of the Far East, and the treaty of peace between the United States and Spain made the Philippine Archipelago as much a part of the United States possessions as is Massachusetts or California, and we are bound by the same duty to preserve the peace in those islands, if we have to fight for it, as we are to keep order in the streets of Washington, D. C., or in Los Angeles. The world is going forward, not backward, and in that forward movement the United States will not shrink at the bank of any stream, no matter how swift the current, nor at the edge of any jungle, no matter how thickly that jungle may swarm with Tagal semi-savages with guns in their hands. It is heartbreaking to see the labor of our brave troops at the front made doubly dangerous and difficult by the behavior of their copperhead countrymen in the rear, but those troops will go on obeying orders, fighting, following the flag and doing their every duty, the while the anathema of all good and patriotic Americans will fall upon the conscienceless traitors who are stabbing our soldiers in the back. The bugles still sound "Forward!"

—[July 1, 1899.]

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THE RIGHT IN POLITICS.

It is a somewhat extraordinary reflection, but it is nevertheless a fact, that a great many men, when they get into politics, begin to become devious in their methods; to become cowardly; to become fence-straddlers—all things to all men—no matter how honest, square, upright and “white” they were prior thereto as private citizens. Why this is so has never been explained; but those who have followed the course of individuals with intelligence will bear us out in the assertion that the average politician is not only systematically deceptive and devious, but not infrequently a liar in whom the truth is not, and, to all appearances, never was.

There is no known reason why a man should not be in politics and at the same time be honest, straightforward and as square as a die. Politics is the science of government, and in this great republic it is the people who constitute the government; therefore it is not only right, but commendable, for men to take an active interest in public affairs, looking to the selection of the best men for office, the advancement of just causes that it is the province of the state to exploit, and the honest administration of the laws as they stand, as well as the enacting of new laws made necessary by new conditions that are constantly arising in a growing country.

The good citizen, too, often does not take a hand in political affairs because of the very deviousness of the men who do; but it is the good citizen, the patriot, the honest man that is always needed in politics, and there never seems to be enough of him to go around. It is the other class that gets in and rolls the logs, and pulls the wires, and does the combining act generally; but, also, they are sooner or later found out by the people and relegated to the obscurity where they belong.

A man in politics should first of all be straightforward, brave and resolute of purpose, just as should all honest men. He should not profess one thing and do another; he should not be a trimmer, and he should not be a coward. If he thinks a cause is right, or the candidacy of some particular man for some particular office is right, proper and expedient, there is no earthly reason why he should shilly-shally about it, and so flop and fiddle around that he finally forgets just who he is for or where he is “at.” His position in

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his own party should be as clearly defined as his attitude toward opposing parties. He should have the courage and the candor to come out into the open, run up his colors within his party's lines, and stand by them. He should not attempt to "play politics" in opposing camps at the same time, or undertake to leap like a jumping-jack from one camp into another before he has stopped to change his coat or wash out his mouth. He should not try the "slick act" on his fellows, and then laugh under his breath over his temporary success in getting the better of those whom he has cunningly deceived.

Men in politics should have a purpose, and by that purpose they should stand or fall, for truth and right and justice are not for a day, but for all time; and the man of right purpose is usually a man of these qualities. The trimmer and time-server is the bane of political existence in America — the man who shifts about from this side to that side as he sees, or thinks he sees, one or the other side gaining or losing. The place-hunter or the political charlatan is always a trimmer — a Hessian, indeed, who fights in the army that pays him the larger wage. This is the politician who is known to be "out for the stuff," and he has no more patriotism or loyalty in his make-up than a mud hen has ostrich feathers.

Let us be done with this class of politicians and political time-servers. Let us have men "doing politics" who are not striving to "do" their fellow-men, but who shall be the exponents of honesty in public affairs, in favor of the selection of able, pure and upright men for office, and when such men have been prevailed upon to enter a fight, will stand by them with the courage of lions and the tenacity of bulldogs.

A campaign for great offices, both of the State and of the nation, is close at hand. The Republican party, if we can keep the factions from breaking loose, as they have in the past, should win in the next State fight, and elect a governor and a legislature with the utmost ease. But even this cannot be accomplished unless the party puts forth good men. The time has gone by when a party can keep its forces in line even though a yellow dog be in the running. The American citizen of today is an independent, intelligent and undrivable individual who will stampede from his party when he is once convinced that it has deliberately forsaken right principles and begun running after

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strange gods. We saw this in the last campaign, as an illustration, ~~when~~ the Democrats bolted by the thousands and tens of thousands ~~because those~~ who were running the machine took up the heresy of free silver and the wild-eyed principles of Populism. The Republican in California is ~~of~~ just such mettle in this day as the honest Democrat was in 1896. He ~~must~~ have the right men and the right cause to vote for, or he will ~~bolt~~. It therefore behooves the men who take upon themselves the management of affairs to see to it that the Republican voter does not have a yellow dog tried on him. Let us have good men — men selected for their standing and capacity, and not nonentities who shall be as clay in the hands of a Warwickian potter — and then let the good men of the party get out and elect them and send the bummers to the rear.

Much of the political deadwood in California has been cleared off. The field is open to good, clean politics — politics for the good of the State and of the country, and not in the interest of factions. If no mistakes are made we shall, in 1898, sweep the State from the Oregon line to Mexico, but it can only be accomplished by right methods, by square dealing and by fair fighting.

The Times will do its share with vigor and determination toward securing to the State a Republican governor and a Republican senator at Washington, with no purpose to subserve other than the advancement of the great party of Lincoln and Grant and Blaine, and the good of the glorious State in which this newspaper has its home.

—[October 24, 1897.]

THE PIE QUESTION.

A new danger confronts the country in the form of a slump in the quality of pie furnished to our statesmen at Washington. To what extent we are indebted to pie for our manifold blessings it is difficult to determine offhand, but that the influence of right good pie on legislation, morals and politics is great let no iconoclastic varlet presume to question. Eminent authority has declared that bread is the staff of life, but not so in the United States — the Yankee banks on pie, but the pie must be juicy,

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toothsome, flaky as to crust, thick as to vertical dimensions and cut in sharp-pointed pieces in order to fill the American citizen adequately and comfortably. If upon the heels of grafting in the Postoffice Department at Washington, in the New York and other trades unions, in Grand Rapids, St. Louis and all along shore, there shall come a continuous demoralization in the quality of American pie, then it will be idle to attempt to disguise the fact that this country is getting in an almighty bad way. For, doubtless, as goes the pie of Washington, so goes the pie of the remainder of the nation. At this critical moment, and thus early in the developments at the national capital, The Times speaks up in meeting and demands a Congressional investigation of the pie question. Let us have a committee on pie, with power to send for persons, papers and ingredients, to the end that all the facts shall be brought out and the incompetent and guilty pie-builders who are debauching our representatives made to pay the penalty. The men who make the laws of the nation must be safeguarded from heartburn and rendered immune from dyspepsia caused by soggy pie, no matter what the cost. Competent pie founders must be had if it bankrupts the Treasury Department. The people wait in anxiety for the commencement proceedings that shall dissect this pie question from crust to crust—let the Congress see to it that they do not wait and clamor in vain!

THAT ROUND ROBIN.

The newspaper men in the Philippine Islands who have uttered a formal complaint against the methods pursued by Major-General Otis with reference to the dissemination of news from Manila have at least supplied the Atkinsonian kickers with ammunition if they have accomplished no other purpose, and already the Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart of anti-expansion and anti-everything else that is "agin" the government are barking in chorus at the heels of the President and Major-General Otis, who are patiently pursuing their several ways along the line of duty, and as they will, in all human probability, continue to proceed until the end has been reached—that end will be the subjugation of the Tagalog rebels and the complete restoration of peace in the tropical islands of the Far East which are now an integral part of America's possessions.

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It is quite as easy for newspaper men at the front to criticise and find fault with the proceedings there as it is for their superiors who hold down editorial chairs and conduct great military campaigns from comfortable sanctums and in the breeze blown from electric fans.

It is a lamentable fact that no general ever conducted a campaign anywhere without the critic and the fault-finder making themselves heard in a raucous tone of voice. When Ulysses S. Grant was pounding the heart out of the enemy in the Wilderness in front of Richmond he was called a "bloody butcher" by these same kickers and fault-finders; they declared that Abraham Lincoln was a fool and an ape when he was carrying the weight of the Civil War upon his great shoulders and the sorrows of the people in his tender heart; they said at the beginning of Grant's career that he was a drunkard; they asserted over and over again in the dark and bloody days of the '60's that General William Tecumseh Sherman was crazy; they upbraided gallant Phil Sheridan for his raids in the Shenandoah Valley; they found fault with Hallock, and Hooker, and Burnside, and Meade, and Rosecrans, and Stoneman, and Garfield, and "Pap" Thomas, and Steele, and all the other great commanders who fought the battles of the Union and saved the United States from eternal disaster in that mighty war between the States; they carped at Miles and Crook when the Apaches were being run to earth across the burning deserts and through the rocky cañons of Arizona; they sat in judgment upon Shafter, who accomplished such a wonderful feat in compelling the capitulation of the Spanish forces at Santiago, and, therefore, it is not to be expected that Major-General Otis, who is working perhaps harder than any man in America, should escape fire from the throwers of brickbats and paper wads.

It is perfectly safe to say that whatever has been done by the commander in the Philippines has arisen from the most pure and patriotic motives, and it is safe to say further that that officer knows more about the real conditions of things, the military necessities of the case, and that he is better bulwarked by discretion than all the newspaper men in the islands, even though they be the wisest civilians that ever touched off a cablegram or set their signature to a round robin.



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Major-General Otis is the man who is carrying the load of responsibility at Manila, and not the newspaper correspondents. Success or failure there means more to him than to all the newspaper writers in Christendom, and the American people may rest assured that he is bearing that burden with surpassing patience, with splendid loyalty and patriotism, and with the ability that comes from long years of military training. If he has encountered unforeseen obstacles he will surmount them all in good time, and even if he has not brought the rebels under subjection in the course of a twenty-week campaign we respectfully submit that there have been longer campaigns even when the commanders thereof were not 7000 miles from their base of supplies!

The constant nagging at and fault-finding with our military commander are contemptible and disgraceful. Such conduct belittles Americans and shames their patriotism, and it ought to stop. We should back up the men at the front and not add to their burdens or embarrassments, for no man, civil or military, is infallible, and while it is not conceded that mistakes have been made in the Philippines, we should not forget that nobody was ever born into the world who got through life without making mistakes. In the good Lord's name, let us back up our men on the line of battle and quit this incessant firing in the rear!

AFTER THE BALL.

The national ball is over. The lights are out, the music has ceased, and silence reigns in the chamber. The legislative body, which came in like a furious lion, has gone out like a lamb to frisk in new fields and pastures green. The elephant has lain down for a summer siesta, the tiger has retired to the jungle and peace reigns along the Potomac. The lamb and the lion have lain down together, and the former is inside the latter. The vocal pyrotechnics have ascended heavenward, the mines have all been exploded, and the corpse of the anti-imperialist is ready for the undertaker. The bitter strife over canned corned beef and bottled corn extract has ceased. Bad beef in Cuba and *poor whisky* in Washington have become innocuous. Charity

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covereth a multitude of sins. Saul (Miles) has slain his thousands, and David (Shafter) his ten thousands. Peace to their ashes!

Yes, the ball is over. The piper and the actor have retired. They have gone into summer quarters. But they will come back by and by when the birds course southward, with new plays and revamped scenes. The Aguinaldo bugaboo will be charged with more gas. The sands of Manila will be strewn with more dead Filipinos. The car of Juggernaut will be oiled up. Nations will lock horns in woeful war about the entrance to Manila Bay. The mighty standing army, fresh from the slaughter of Spain's backyard population, will return with bloodthirsty eyes. Congress will be hung, the President shot, the Cabinet cart-tailed, the judiciary electrocuted. Vesuvius will rear up again. Sheol will slop over.

War is a carnage of blood and iron. Silence is golden. The combat is over, the agony subsided. Sighs of relief are heard; the country draws a long, deep, revitalizing breath. The statesman and the mountebank have crossed the gangplank arm in arm. The resurrectionists have gone back to their hothouses to revitalize old corpses, to propagate horned monsters. The rural members will place antiquated eggs in the incubator; the statesmen will retire to recuperate and study anew the problems of the day. Even the unsocked Jerry, the iridescent nightmare of the gopher-pitted plains of Kansas, has folded his tent, like the sheik of old, and silently stolen away into the mists of oblivion.

"And the lion shall eat straw like an ox."

The music has ceased, yet the country is safe. The dons no longer bind Uncle Sam with Lilliputian threads. Boston is snatched like a brand from the burning; the price of beans is stable; demand brisk. Cuba is sprouting up. Gomez has gone to farming. Porto Rico smokes the pipe of peace. Yankee George still holds the fort at Manila. Otis, like his illustrious ancestor of Boston, is teaching the principles of liberty (with a cat-o'-nine-tails) in the Orient. The chariot of progress still rumbles westward on its immutable course. The storm has passed, the clouds are breaking. It is dawn. The mighty man from Canton still guides with firm and steady hand the ship of state. The new republic is at hand.



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THE NIGHT IS PASSING.

It is always interesting to watch the slow dawn of a new day. The purple shadows of the passing night melt slowly and silently slip out to give place to the brightening dawn. When the sun has climbed the rosy slopes of the east and lights with his golden beams the mountain tops, we feel that the daily miracle of a new birth is accomplished and that another day has opened upon the world.

It is with something of the same feelings that we watch the dawn of a new political day, feeling that with its morning comes the inspiration of new duties, the necessity for fresh achievements, for greater patriotism and broader purposes. The American people are a patriotic people, and they have infinite faith in the possibilities of America's future. We are beginning to feel that we may look the whole world in the face and boldly challenge it to surpass us in all that really pertains to national greatness and the possibility of progress. We are each year accepting more fully and heartily the theory that when God built this New World and environed it by mighty oceans He intended it for the home of freemen, where all those conditions should exist which are necessary for the highest development of the race.

The American people have for the past three years or more been indulging pretty freely in political experiments. We have discovered what mere theories are worth which are impossible of practical application. We have passed through the dull, long night of languishing industries, when the thousand forces of labor were stilled, when competition was strangled and industry was famished and despairing. From ocean to ocean we have seen the workshop deserted and found the clutch of Idleness upon the arms of the workingman. Never before in our history has there been such a vast army of unemployed seeking work and finding it not. The conditions which have threatened us have been appalling in their danger and filled with possible evil results that might be lasting. We have been misgoverned to an extent heretofore unknown in this republic, and which has made possible the direst disaster. But now we feel that the night is passing and that the dawn of a new political day is near. We watch the passing of the night and wait with high hopes for the coming day. The lessons of experience have been well learned,

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and we have gathered wisdom therefrom. With McKinley in the White House there will be no repetition of the lack of wisdom which so blindly demanded a "change" four years ago next November. The American people will go up to the polls with thinking ballots in the hands of the great majority, and the result will be such as every patriot desires, the triumph of protection, of sound money and industrial progress. The poor man will again take hope, and Labor throw off its chains, and everywhere shall we see the evidence of returning strength.

Already the thrill of fresh hope is felt throughout the land. The workingman goes more cheerfully to his tasks, for his eyes have not failed to perceive the approaching dawn. The sovereign citizen everywhere talks more hopefully of the triumph of American principles and the permanency and progress of constitutional government, and the whole land is awake to the hope that the morning is near.

—[July 1, 1896.

THE MOON WORSHIPERS.

The moon worshipers are gathering for their great ghost dance, which begins next week. Already several hundred of them are on the Chicago reservation, and they are letting loose hilarious howls now and then that check the speed of cable cars and cause the plastering to fall from the ceilings of buildings that scrape the sky which bends over Cook county, Illinois.

You may ask, why moon worshipers? Well, you know that dear old ballad about "Roll On, Silv'ry Moon?" The moon being that sort of an orb—ergo, moon worshipers, and there you are.

The fiery, untamed, sixteen-to-one-sters are mainly in evidence so far, and no farther in particular, about the lobby of the Palmer House, which is garlanded, festooned and plastered with pictures of "Silver Dick" Bland of Pike country, Missouri, and Horace Boies, who has ventured out of his cyclone cave in Iowa, just as he did four years ago last month, to imitate a man running for the Democratic Presidential nomination.

Here in the rotunda of Mr. Palmer's tavern I found the selfsame crowd of howling partisans who, in 1892, made this part of Chicago seem more like Rome in its howliest days than

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any other earthly spot. When the train got in from California tonight, these vapid yaps were pushing and hauling and crowding and cheering in the same old idiotic style as of yore. First there was a Boies yell, and then a whoop for Bland, none of them having any semblance to, or bearing in the remotest degree upon, the chances of either of these men to secure the nomination. In fact, so far as present appearances go, there is little hope for either of them.

The town is full of people from Missouri who are booming Bland in a haphazard and noisy way, but there is nothing to it all except the old custom of claiming things. They point to Bland as the original oldest inhabitant in the free-silver business, and base their claims for his preferment upon that fact. But the other fact that Bland is from Missouri is a matter difficult to climb. Some of the Missouri papers seem to think it is in Bland's favor because he approves of the free and unlimited coinage of babies, he being the father of ten children, but the convention is not likely to choose Mr. Bland, even though he be thus voluminously childlike.

It is plain to see what straits the Democracy of the country has come to when we learn that the unspeakable Altgeld, who has, to the surprise of the rest of the country, been renominated for Governor of this State, is really the apparent leader of the party in the present crisis. That it is a momentous crisis for the unterrified no unbiased person will deny. On every hand one hears what Altgeld thinks, what he says and what he is going to do. If the Democracy is going to load itself up with Altgeldism, along with free silver, it will have a jag to carry sure enough. That the free-silver end of the party is in the saddle here is as plain as a pikestaff. It is not only in the saddle, but it is inclined to ride with sharp spurs and Spanish bit, although there is a mighty strong and respectable gold element in town, and more on the way from New York to arrive tomorrow afternoon, including the pink and flower of Democracy. They will get scant hearing from the men with silver wheels in their heads who worship the moon, for the silver people count up a two-thirds majority already, and they propose to dominate this convention with a large D.

The town is full of Teller talk, but such a thing as his nomination by this convention seems impossible. And yet the party

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who could nominate Horace Greeley is liable to do most anything. There is a strong and persistent effort being made for the Colorado bolter, and there are many old-fashioned Democrats in the ranks of his boomers; but, as I have said, his nomination appears out of the question. There is an army of favorite sons who yearn for preferment — even who thought they had highly-ornate and efficient booms all worked up — but they are falling like Bill Nye's autumn leaves. Claude Matthews, the statesman from Indiana, once had a boom, but it has had a pin stuck into it, and now it looks like a bicycle tire with a fresh puncture. Governor Stone of Missouri "had 'opes also," but the hurrah for Bland has knocked his chances galley west, and goodness knows they were always mighty slim. And there are a host of others whom it were idle to name.

The man who is drawing the biggest crowds just now is Ben Tillman of South Carolina, who sports a scarf-pin made in imitation of a pitchfork impaling a trio of gold bugs, and who uses language that needs disinfecting. He is a *poseur* of the most aggravated type. He rants and roars in his speeches, public and private; wears garments that contain more wrinkles than inches, and looks worse than he talks, which, on the surface, would appear like an exaggeration. The delegates from the "rural deestripts" are worshipping at the Tillman shrine in droves, and he pants with joy thereat.

It is not improbable that Senator David B. Hill may be chosen as the temporary chairman, but the silver screechers will oppose him with might and main. They claim, with a considerable show of reason, that as they are largely in the majority, no man, unless he be for silver, and sixteen-to-one at that, shall be put on guard either on the picket line or in front of the officers' quarters.

It will probably surprise the country to learn that the thing most held against Boies of Iowa here is the fact that he approved the President's call for troops to put down the great Debs insurrection in this city. As this is probably the most commendable thing he ever did in the whole course of his natural life, one may get an idea what the state of the Democratic mind is in Chicago in this year of grace, and how safely that party is likely to guide the ship of state for the four years succeeding those Grover Cleveland has left so barren and cloverless.

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To sum up, there is no head or tail or bowels to this fight yet, so far as candidates are concerned. As Ned Hamilton of the Examiner so breezily expressed it, when I met him this evening, "One can as easily determine tonight who will be the nominee as he could guess what cards would fall face up from a pack tossed at random in the air." A dark horse is the most likely of all things. General Schofield, for instance; Senator Vest of Missouri, or some other whose name has not been mentioned at all.

The Far West is as yet but sparsely represented. So far as I can learn, the only one of the California delegation on the ground is Major Burke of Los Angeles. The main body, headed by Senator White, is due Sunday morning. The Bland people are claiming the solid delegation, and our boys will be surprised to hear it. But it is easy to claim things. It appears that the Coliseum where the convention is to be held is not in Chicago, properly speaking, but is located away down in Cook county, in the neighborhood of Jackson Park. It is going to be fun going back and forth on the cars, with twenty thousand other people, and more than half of them wild and crazy on the silver question. And then they tell us that there will be a scrap of such proportions that the proceedings are likely to be extended into the second week.

—[Chicago Dispatch, July 4, 1896.]

NOMINATION OF BRYAN.

These dispatches intimated two days ago that it would be well for the country to keep its eye on Bryan, "The Silver Kid of the Platte." The result of the day's balloting shows the wisdom of the warning. In the language of the children's games, "Mr. Bryan is it."

It has been an exciting and wearing day. The gamut has been run down and up and up and down along the strings that stir the emotions of men until the senses are fagged out and the physical nature of those who have been through it all is nearly ready to collapse. It has been a day of incidents, and the man who could adequately paint a picture of them all would need the bizarre genius of Hogarth, the hands of Briareus and more eyes than Argus.

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Whatever one may think of the proceedings at this convention in the light of wisdom, patriotism and sound political doctrine, he cannot deny that it has been a very Golconda of spectacular scenes and emotional fireworks. The puny scenes put upon the stage were dwarfed by today's overmastering sensations, and the spectators' nerves were keyed up early and kept in a state of tension that threatened the snapping point.

At 10 o'clock but a few thousand people had scattered themselves about the arena of the ballots, and scarce a hundred delegates were ranged under the bullrush guidons that marked the location of the States that constitute our Union and give meaning to the stellar symbols on our flag. It lacked but five minutes to 11 o'clock when Chairman White demanded that the aisles be cleared of loiterers and that the house come to order. Harrity of Pennsylvania says something from the floor that smothers itself in the confusion.

Two or three terse seconding speeches are made from the floor, and Miller of Oregon presents the name of Pennoyer. The chair orders a call of the roll. It is a proceeding made tedious by challenges and dramatic with incident. For instance, when South Carolina casts 17 votes for Tillman a hiss is spit into the atmosphere which it would do your heart good to hear.

When California is reached there is a wide scattering of the votes, as I predicted some days ago. From our end of the State Burke votes for Bryan, the nominee's first vote for President of the United States. Darmody and Trippett vote for Matthews, and White for Blackburn.

When Wisconsin is called, the gallant old warhorse of the Democracy, General Bragg, who heads the delegation, insists under the unit rule that the State desires to cast no vote. Dockery challenges the interpretation of the unit rule, climbs to the stand, swells out his chest and votes with a roar for Bryan of Nebraska. General Bragg offers the resolution passed by the Wisconsin State convention, and stands fast, shaking his hand at the speaker and declaring that the minority of the delegation shall not disgrace the State of Wisconsin by voting with so scurvy a crowd as this. But the chair rules that the unit rule cannot be stretched to cover the non-voting proposition, and Dockery and his silver colleagues are allowed to vote.

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Colorado, which had been passed, is now called and casts its eight votes for Teller. An uproar of hisses greets the announcement.

Amid great confusion, caused by the buzzing delegates and an impatient gallery, the vote is announced and the second ballot begins. The Southern Californians vote as before. Colorado again votes for Teller amid hisses. Here the Bryan boom begins to take form. South Carolina, which had given the one-eyed creature from that State with the pitchfork tongue seventeen of her votes before, now casts eighteen for Bryan, and he made enough gains elsewhere to show that he was the coming man, and that "Silver Dick" was a back number. As the vote is being completed the band plays, and as soon as it ceases the galleries begin to shout "Bryan!"

California corrects her vote, making it read fourteen for Bryan and four scattering. At the announcement of the total Bryan vote there is a tremendous uproar which blocks the proceedings. Marston of Louisiana is mounted on a chair and shouting to the chairman. The crowd, in recollection of his onslaught on the water pitcher on the first day, commences to yell "Water!" at him. He takes the stand to move the abrogation of the two-thirds rule, but the chair, in order to preserve at least one Democratic precedent intact, decides that the matter can only be handled by the Committee on Rules.

When the third ballot is under way and Colorado throws her votes to Bryan, thus disposing of the last rag of the Teller Senatorial syndicate and its job to force the Colorado bolter upon the Democracy, a tornado breaks out and rages for a minute like a mountain storm about Pike's Peak.

As soon as the vote is announced the galleries begin to swarm with cries of "Bryan! Bryan! Bryan!" All about, the cry sweeps here and there like ghost voices, for the speaker is never seen. And as the fourth ballot begins, confusion runs riot and disorder obtains.

Alabama throws her votes to Bryan—another slice of the landslide—and the Bland boomers grow ghastly. California again scatters, but the "Silver Kid" picks up votes all along the line, until 280 stand to his credit. At the announcement of these figures, showing a gain of sixty-one from the previous ballot, the house is set reeling and rocking with applause. Handker-

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chiefs, flags and improvised banners are set swaying all over the vast area, and the air shrills with voices and crackles with the impact of hands.

Again the banner shifts to the standard of Nebraska. Kentucky, Georgia and Nevada rally on the State where flows the Platte. Still louder swells the gale of sound, still wilder flutter the flags.

Two lissome girls, one in white and one in pink, walk toward the main floor to the west and south, and, standing just where a broad belt of sunshine falls across them, sway and swing a ten-foot copy of "Old Glory," bearing a picture of Bryan, but this boom needs no Minnie Murrays—it is here of its own accord, and the two are lost in the general volume of movement.

And still roar on the shouts and cheers, and still sway the scarfs of color. There are a thousand incidents, and but one pair of eyes to see and but one hand to record them for you. In all the world I know of no excitement that equals such as this—even though one be as stolid as a statue and as disinterested as a hitching-post. This sort of thing is bound to shake him. It clutches him about the heart. It tightens the muscles in the throat. Every nerve quivers. The eyes fill, and, unable to stand it any longer, the impassive looker-on joins in the wild hurrah and makes the mad din still madder.

Again the parade of the banners about the aisles with Nebraska in the van. California is in line, with the gallant Burke bearing the white-lettered guidon. Oregon's standard is there, surmounted by a tall hat. Florida joins the hysterical procession. Illinois goes next, its banner being pushed forward on the run to overtake the band wagon, as was the Altgeld vote later on. The band strikes up "Yankee Doodle" and shifts to "The Battle Cry of Freedom." Just as there is a prospect of a lull the Ohio standard moves up, and a roar is again let loose that shakes the arches of iron. Now is everybody keyed up to the limit. Every eye is keen to see what new sensation will blaze in front of it. Every ear is strained to drag out of the seething riot of disorder the last morsel of emotion.

The fourth ballot is announced and the fifth commences. Alabama continues in the Bryan column. Arkansas stands fast with "Silver Dick." Indiana bravely stays with Matthews. Kentucky's chairman leaps onto a chair and announces that she casts

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her vote "for the world's greatest orator, William J. Bryan." Then hell breaks loose again, and the sound conflagration flares in broad sweeps of lingual flame.

While the vote of the previous ballot was being computed the Illinois delegation had retired to a committee-room to the left of the stage, as seen from the floor, and all during the call of the States even an unwilling listener could hear the shouts of the "Suckers" as they wrestled and struggled to break loose from the Altgeldian unit lock. When Illinois is called the State is passed, as the conference is yet on. In the midst of the call for Louisiana the Illinois delegation is seen filing onto the floor. Altgeld is livid. A whisper runs about that the State is going to plump for Bryan. New York still sits mute. When the Indian Territory is passed, the reading clerk calls "Illinois." "Buck" Henrichsen mounts a chair and shouts, "Forty-eight votes for Bryan."

Whoop — Wow — Yow — Yep — Hurray! A tumult surges into the air as hot as a nest of hornets. It's a cheer that dwarfs every previous yell of this conglomerate aggregation of lusty yellers.

Struggling somewhere out of the tumult comes a cry for Ohio to change. The chairman of that delegation is in the aisle, waving his hands to the chairman on the stage. The State changes to Bryan. Cries of "Get into the band wagon!" are heard as Arkansas delegates are seen with heads together in hasty and nervous consultation. A dozen delegates are on the floor clamoring for recognition, the while the steady yell going on from the galleries.

Governor Stone of Missouri comes down to the stage. There is pathos in his voice as he speaks of the "grand old commoner of Missouri," and withdraws the name of Bland from the contest, and casts the vote of the delegation for Bryan. Iowa pulls down "Uncle Horace." Jones of Arkansas changes to Bryan.

Turpie withdraws Matthews and moves to make the nomination unanimous, and the rabble in the lobby has thereupon consummated another nomination for the Presidency of the United States. For it was the glittering and gaudy speech of Bryan, delivered in a sparkling and gaudy way, that set the galleries of

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this convention afire and kept them burning until they burned up the delegates with the enthusiasm of the mob.

After the nomination was announced a grand march of the States was taken up again around the aisles. But New York and New Jersey and Massachusetts were not in that parade. New York has had no hand in today's proceedings, but the sound-money seventy-two sat with scorn upon their faces and watched the hysterical moon worshipers rip themselves up the back.

There was a hot little scene in the very front row where Massachusetts' banner stood. The convention had adjourned. The ghost dance of the standards was going on in a circle through the aisles. A big pug came up and undertook to add the State of Plymouth Rock to the procession. A stocky chap from Massachusetts said to him: "The majority of the Massachusetts delegation does not wish the banner moved." The pug insisted, and called for reinforcements. They came with a rush, but the man from Massachusetts stood fast, and the banner did not join the crazy parade. The last I saw of the guidon it was on its way across Michigan avenue, in front of the Auditorium Hotel, in the hands of the man from Massachusetts.

To the right of the speaker's stand today sat a lady in company with a few friends. It was Mrs. W. J. Bryan. That she was noticeably nervous you may believe. When the demonstration of the banners began she watched them with lips a-quiver and eyes that sparkled. As the banner of Illinois leaped into the stream that was running around the hall, a tear stood on her cheek, and it was only by a brave effort that she concealed an almost overmastering emotion. I do not care what you say about the other fellow, but hurrah for Mrs. Bryan!

McLean appears to be slated for the Vice-Presidency, but there are others. However, no one here seems to care much what his name is.

The report reaches me tonight that the triumphant western Democracy will at once remove the National Committee's headquarters from New York to Chicago, and thus continue to further the transferring of the seat of empire spoken of by one of the orators a day or two ago. The town is all a-shout for Bryan, and the silver men think they have raised — on their watch. I think so, too.

—[Chicago Dispatch, July 10, 1896.]

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THE MINNEAPOLIS CONVENTION.

At 11 o'clock this morning the sky still had leaden streaks across it, the aftermath of yesterday's rain that pattered on the leaves of the maples all over the avenues, and made the banners and flags look as limp as a wet bathing suit. The delegates were lazy in getting into their seats, and the audience played a good second in this dilatory fashion. Everybody evidently knew the session was to be one devoid of much interest, so every fellow loafed into his place as though he didn't care very much about school, but would rather it wouldn't keep.

There was so much stir all over the great auditorium that the statesmen who appear to be so great when seen from afar off, but who are not very much greater than the rest of us when we can draw up close and put our hands on them, almost got lost in the shuffle, and were scarcely given a hand-clap as they wandered down the busy aisles. The band tried to get some music into the house's attention, but the chattering of thousands made a greater babble than did the bronze-throated horns.

George W. Childs and a party of ladies have just come in and taken a seat at my elbow. The great newspaper philanthropist was recognized as he came down the aisle, which started the hand-clapping.

De Young comes up to the steps leading to the press corral and stands talking to the great man of the Quaker City as dapper Chairman Fassett brings down his wooden tack-hammer and demands order, that a tall minister may pray for everybody that needs it, and when he has concluded his invocation the monster audience sinks into a sitting posture with a rustle that sounds like a moonlight surf on the beach at far-off Santa Monica.

Somebody is talking in a low monotone, which makes the delegates mad and the press gang ditto. It turns out to be a man from Nebraska presenting the chairman with a gavel.

There is the usual amount of tedious detail, but when the clerk reads from the report on permanent organization that McKinley is to be chairman the biggest whoop of applause turns loose that has yet been heard, but it is scarcely a whisper in comparison with the roar which makes the shields around the gallery walls rattle when the Ohio protectionist comes down to the stage and assumes authority. The chairman is a great man, and when the cheer went up for him and continued to rise and fall for

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twenty minutes, while he stood passive, waiting for the cyclone to go by, there was not a man in the audience but was saying to himself: "Perhaps there stands the next President of the United States."

The points made by the great apostle of protection were greeted by cheers and applause, and when he had concluded somebody yelled, "Three cheers for McKinley!" which were turned loose with such vigor as to nearly shatter the blue, star-dotted roof of glass above the heads of the men who do the voting.

Somebody then caught sight of Fred Douglass and began calling for him. Thousands joined in the reception of his name. Black as to face and white as to hair, the great Anglo-African orator comes down to the stage front and bows his thanks.

Then comes the regular business, which develops one good thing at least in the adoption of a rule that will prohibit a stampede, but it is all dry and tedious to those who have to stand and look on, and it is only when the roll is called that the States may announce their members of the National Committee that the proceedings contain interest enough to waken a hand-clap. The names of Clarkson of Iowa, Manley of Maine and a few others get a round of them, but as the Credentials Committee is still struggling to bind up the wounds in the solid South, and some other sections, nothing is left to do but to adjourn until tomorrow.

Knight of California is on the Platform Committee and has a plank squinting toward Americanism that he hopes to get through. It prohibits foreign laborers from landing in America, and demands that no foreigner be naturalized unless he was a citizen in good standing in his own country and can read and write his native language. It may mean fight, but the pugnacious San Franciscan will push its adoption on the floor of the convention, if necessary.

The California delegation has a charm in it that cannot be budged. From nine to twelve are for Blaine, but the balance are declared to be for "Old Frigidity of Indiana," and that settles it. Tom Reed was over this afternoon, laboring; the York Blaineites have been arguing, and the Harrison contingent seems solid, and so California is to have no hand in this picnic. Reed made a nice little sociable talk about California, but never said a word

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about Blaine when on his feet, but when he went back to tap the reservoirs of California water in the back room I think he said words to some of the people, but it never turned a hair that anybody knows of.

The Blaine demonstration tonight was a tremendous one. The great clubs from Fort Wayne, Chicago, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and other cities were out with tri-colored plumes, gaudy umbrellas, fog-horn voices and brass bands, painting the great city of the northwest a beautiful red. It began about 6 o'clock, and for four hours this city has "marched through Georgia" until its legs ache. As the clubs came in from the parade some of them surged into the West Hotel rotunda, meeting the Harrison clubs that had been parading, where was witnessed a scene of excitement that was almost frightening. Around the big 3000 square feet of space the excited men marched to the music of the drums, and then began a battle for the portraits of Blaine borne aloft as banners. The great crowd surged and heaved like an angry mob. A few blows were struck, but some stalwart policemen soon calmed things down.

The alternates from California went into executive session tonight, elected Voorhees as chairman and Matthews as secretary, and then passed the following declaration of independence:

"Resolved, that we, the alternates of the California delegation, believing that we represent the wishes of our respective sections, are unanimously for James G. Blaine as the nominee of the Minneapolis convention, and regret that we have not the power to cast the vote of California for him."

I am going to send you some figures: Blaine, 469; Harrison, 417; Alger, 39, on first ballot. These are made by good men, who say they know what they are talking about. I do not vouch for them and would not gamble a hairpin that they are right, but they are being telegraphed to New York tonight.

The Blaine men generally are not claiming much, but seem full of confidence. The Harrison people claim the earth, sun, moon, stars and a part of the undiscovered planets. They are issuing literature and shoving cards of statistics at patient delegates, but I can't believe they are going to win. Out of the blue distance points the nose of a dark horse. Keep your eye on him.

George Knight will second Blaine's nomination; Foraker will nominate him. Depew and Dick Thompson will do the business



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for Little Ben, but you may be sure that none of them will gamble against the proposition that a man not placed in nomination may win the Derby. The hour for voting is perhaps two days away, but the lines are now so tight that they are nearly to the breaking point. Every delegation in the northern States is divided except Maine. The delegates argue and then glare at each other. Out of all this can come nothing but disaster unless a stop is soon reached. Hence, I say, keep your eye on the dusky gelding whose nose points out of the blue distance.

—[Chicago Dispatch, June 9, 1902.]

NOT A DESPOTISM.

The United States is a republic. It is not a despotism. The supreme power rests with the people, and the will of the people, in the ultimate analysis, controls all the affairs of government. The will of the people makes and unmakes statutory and organic laws, which are merely the instruments by which the supreme authority—the will of the people—is expressed and made practically effective. The government of the United States could not set up a despotic form of government if it wanted to do so—which it does not. The limitations of the Constitution would prevent such a thing, in any event; and if the limitations of the Constitution were not sufficient to prevent the setting up of a despotic form of government in any of the territory belonging to or controlled by the United States, the supreme power of the land—the will of the people—would put an emphatic veto upon any such proposition, and would change the Constitution in any and all respects that might be necessary to the enforcement of its paramount authority. The principles of freedom are thoroughly embedded, not only in our statutory and our fundamental laws, but they are ingrained in the hearts of the American people, and are a part of our national existence, as well as a part of the daily life of every individual citizen of this great, free republic.

These things being true, how absurd and pusillanimous and utterly untenable are the fears so pathetically expressed by the opponents of the administration, to the effect that we are about to embark upon a wild career of "imperialism," and to set up a despotism in the Philippines. As we have shown, in the very nature of things, the government of the United States could not

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set up a despotism anywhere, either at home or abroad. Our traditions are absolutely and diametrically at variance with everything in the form of government that savors of the despotic. There is neither desire nor intention on the part of any person connected with the administration, from the President down to the janitor of the smallest public building in the remotest corner of the nation, to take from the inhabitants of the Philippines, or to withhold from them, any rights, privileges or immunities that are legitimately their due, or which they may enjoy with safety to themselves or with benefit to the commonweal.

We have had too much of this talk about "despotism," "oppression," etc. It is unworthy of American citizenship; for every intelligent American knows well enough that it is mere meaningless gabble, put forth by the political opponents of the administration in the hope of making political capital. Every decent American knows that we are in the Philippines to benefit the Filipinos, not to do them injury. Bryan knows, and every person who echoes his foolish efforts to pick flaws in the Republican policy knows, that the Filipinos will enjoy under American sovereignty a far greater degree of real liberty than they would ever have under any so-called "independent" government which they could provide for themselves if they were given a free hand to make the experiment. Let us hear no more, therefore, of this demagogic cant about "despotism."

ONLY THIS AND NOTHING MORE.

For what we have lost we can but mourn; for what we have escaped we can but give thanks. Over lost opportunities we can but shed a tear; over evils averted we can rejoice and take courage. The past, with its errors, its shortcomings, and its evils, is behind us. It comes not again. The future opens before us bright and glorious. The very elements are propitious; the air is pregnant with victory. California still lives! Its shield is bright in the morning light; it glows in the soft rays of a gorgeous sunset. The banquet is still spread before the nations of the earth. The malodorous harpies have been clubbed away by the united efforts of patriots. The Furies have passed on in their avenging course. The honor of the State still reposes in the temple of victory.

"We are escaped as a bird from the hand of the fowler."

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Let pæans ascend heavenward! Pile incense upon the altar! Crape adorns the front door of the Statehouse. The shutters are drawn. Yet the undertaker with his prey has passed on. "Gone, but not forgotten." Heap up the ashes! Extinguish the hate! *Requiescat in pace!*

And yet—and yet, what of the resurrection? Will the earth hold the putrid remains, will it reduce them to ashes—or will it yawn and give up its dead? The outlook is gloomy, and grievous thoughts arise. Shall the grave be robbed of victory?

"In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little 'ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did speak and gibber in the Roman streets."

The funeral is over, the undertaker has been paid, the sound of the muffled drums has ceased—but still, is it over? Let us pray.

The massacre at Sacramento will long live in public memory. The events which daily insulted the intelligence of the people of the State, which cast opprobrium upon the living and the dead, which tarnished the fair name of the State before the sympathetic eyes of the world, have passed into history. The actors in that drama have withdrawn from the footlights, yet the public verdict is not announced. A new trial must be held. New evidence has been discovered. Justice will triumph, though long delayed.

The men who have betrayed their trust, who have befouled the seats in the highest legislative body of the State, will be called to the bar to answer proceedings for contempt. Those who are innocent will pass out, but those who are branded with the mark of the beast will bear it through time and eternity. The fullest measure of the people's wrath, and seven vials yet securely corked, will be ruthlessly broken over the head of the author and chief actor in the malodorous drama of Sacramento. For him the people of the State "will feed fat an ancient grudge." Let him beware! Let his wolfish followers get under shelter! A storm is brewing. The weather signals are floating in the breeze all along the coast.

To the rapacity, the greed, the cheek of one man, the people of California owe their shame today. To the clever machinations, the cunning tricks, the foul schemes of this man, the people

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are indebted for the infamous farce at Sacramento, and for the abortive efforts to give expression to the commands of the electors registered at the polls last November.

At this time, when the nation stands at the brink of an abyss, when the fate of its foreign policy trembles in the balance, when its honor lies upon the altar — at this time, when the interests of the State demand affirmative action, when its ports are open, when its warehouses are bursting, when its ships ride the waves, when the gleams of a golden opportunity touch its highest peaks and illumine its valleys, when the vote and influence of the State are so sadly needed in the council chambers of the nation — the course of events is blocked, the car of progress is side-tracked by the cunning efforts, the perfidy of a political bashi-bazouk, and a band of incorrigible apostates. And the people must lower their heads and blush in bitter shame!

For the events of the past few months, for the failure to aid the great patriot who clings to the rudder of the ship of state despite the fury of the elements, the assaults of foes without and traitors within, the State of California is indebted to a political marplot, an uninspired Jonah, who has ruthlessly attempted to barter away the people's birthright for a mess of pottage. For this failure to express — in an hour of imperative need — the patriotic and loyal virtues which have adorned the name of California in the past the people can but mourn, yet take courage. The honor of the State may yet be redeemed.

The drama at Sacramento is over. The lights are out, the actors have gone — some with honor, some with indifferent praise, and many with the execrations of an outraged audience ringing in their ears. But there is one who merits the fullest measure of public condemnation, one who has been a successful Guy Fawkes of the Legislature, one whose political mine has wrecked many hopes — yet, he, too, lies buried in the débris, let us hope, forever. His name is Daniel M. Burns. May the corpse never be exhumed!

“Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!”



And Other Poems and Prose.

MEMORIAL DAY.

The period of our mighty struggle in which the life of the nation trembled in the dread balance of war is swiftly receding into the shadowy background of the past. A new generation has come upon the stage of action, and already the war of the rebellion is history. The young men and the young women of today have no personal recollection of tramping armies; of the vacant seats at the fireside; of the long lists of dead and wounded that brought sorrow and desolation to so many hearts; of the pulpits draped in black after the battles in which brave men so well known in their midst had fallen; of wives who were made widows and little children made fatherless. They do not remember the prayers that went up from every church altar that we, as a people, might be true to the right, to the eternal principles of liberty and human freedom. Never before was such an army gathered. There was no calling which was not represented, and no profession, no social rank in life, no department of labor or learning but sent forth men to become brave soldiers for freedom. In a day the nation was transformed from a peaceful and industrious people into a nation of soldiers.

And one feature of the great struggle was that our armies were largely made up of young men, those whose life was mostly before them. It is the young men of that day who largely fill the graves which all over the land the American people assemble to decorate upon Memorial day. It was the young manhood of America, the strength and sinew and brain of the country, that lifted its arm for the perpetuation of our free government and in the defense of the nation's life.

The sacrifice made it is impossible for us to estimate. To what glory and greatness, to what prominence in civil affairs some of those young lives might have attained we cannot tell; but all this they set aside, all the promise of the future, that the free institutions of our country might be perpetuated and that liberty should not perish from the earth. Nowhere in the world's history can be found a grander display of patriotism or a more royal spirit of self-sacrifice than that evinced by our Union soldiers in the late war of the rebellion. Patriotism is one of the cardinal virtues. No people can be great without it. It was the glory of ancient Rome. It was that which gave strength and splendor to Jewish power. It was that which made heroes at

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Thermopylæ, and it is that which has made free America today so great among the nations. Let us seek ever to perpetuate this spirit of patriotism, to teach our children and our children's children the sacredness of the trust bequeathed them in a "government of the people and for the people and by the people," and to reverence the memory of the hundreds of thousands of patriot soldiers whose graves cover the land.

"Four hundred thousand men,
The brave, the good, the true,
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
On battle plain, in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you!

"Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave,
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you!"

Bear this in mind and uncover your heads today in reverence for this great, grand army, whose graves may be found from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and who

"Lie dead for me and you,
Good friend, for me and you!"

—[May 30, 1897.

MEMORIAL DAY AFTERTHOUGHTS.

Again the rare old boys who fought for the flag have marched to the music of the drums, and under the ensign they lifted over many a parapet red with the blood of their fellows, in memory of those who died that men might be free; that a nation might be disenthralled; that the ensign might be cleansed of the stain upon its beautiful colors—the stain of human slavery.

Every year the ranks grow thinner, and every year the locks of the marching men are seen to be whiter, but the cause for which they fought and suffered in the travail of battle and upon the wind and rain-swept fields is young—the everlasting cause of human liberty. The glorious host that yet remains to go out upon each recurring thirtieth of May to bedeck with spring's fragrant blossoms the lowly resting places of their comrades, while it may

And Other Poems and Prose.

be becoming ensmallled by the gnawing of the years, is still a leaven of loyalty and patriotism in the body politic of America. Its parades are an inspiration, for about these men there is set the atmosphere of achievement, and when they march the glory of the nation is pictured in a fashion that exalts and fires the human emotions.

The flowers that were yesterday strewn above the quiet sleepers that lie under the turf all over this broad republic will be withered ere these lines are in type, yet the memory of these men's deeds will live as long as truth lives, and the glory of their achievements and the records of their valor are a priceless heritage, not only to the land for which they fell, but for the human race of every name and every clime. And in these days new gaps are being made in the sod of our country, and under the stars and the dew we are laying away a younger army of the sons of the republic—a new army that is fighting, not our own battles, but the battles of an oppressed people, that cruelty and persecution shall perish from the earth, and that men shall be given the right of liberty as God gave it to them in the beginning. In this holy and ennobling war we shall lose many treasures, but the cause is the most magnificent ever undertaken by any nation since the establishment of government in the earth, and the new graves that are to be garlanded in the years to come are the nation's jewels, every one of them priceless and blessed and holy. Let us press forward, then, along the pathway blazed through the tangles of trouble by our valiant sons, thankful for their prowess and loyalty, determined to emulate them in effort, resolved that the movement shall always be for the betterment of man, the enfranchising of the world.

—[May 31, 1898.]

THE WOE OF WAR.

What a sorrowful thing is war, and in this age of civilization and advancement what a reflection it is upon the wisdom of humanity. After centuries of bloodshed it does seem as if the nations of the earth ought to have developed some other method of settling disputes and differences than by appeal to the sword, the battleship and the Mauser rifle. There ought to be a better use for men than to stand them up to be shot at, and there ought to be a better use for the treasures of the world than to

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sink them in the sea under the fire of mighty guns. In humanity's everyday walks, when two individuals strip off their coats in the public street and prepare to do battle with each other, the bystander or the policeman steps between the combatants and commands the peace; but in the larger concerns of international affairs the bystander nations look on at the contest without a movement to separate those at war, and there are no international police within call and having the power to act. The federation of humanity still seems to be a long way off. The spirit of Old Adam has neither been eradicated from the world nor diluted by time. And today the harvest of death is being gathered on more than one blood-soaked land, and the danger confronts the world that there may yet be an embroilment of nations at present neutral which shall bring on a conflict that will result in a very cyclone of death and destruction. And the pity of it all is heartbreaking to the human creature who loves his kind and who would that men might dwell in peace, with hearts for sympathy and not souls for hate.

THERE IS HONOR IN DUTY DONE.

An "anti-imperialist" newspaper, the Leader-Democrat of Springfield, Mo., in speaking of the situation in the Philippines, says: "There is no great honor in killing the half-naked 'niggers' that have opposed the advance of our trained western marksmen," etc., etc. There is honor in the doing of every duty in this world, and the men who are hard at work in the Philippine Islands, endeavoring to quell an insurrection and restore our new possessions to a condition of peace, are doing the plain letter of their duty, and those who fall in the resultant contest are as much entitled to honor as though they were shot down by troops of the most civilized nation in the world. Our soldiers in the Far East are going forward with courage, determination, and in the spirit of patriotism to uphold the honor of the flag, to let the light of civilization and liberty into the dark places, and to bring peace to a part of our own country now torn with savage warfare, and this they are doing with honor to themselves, to their great country, and to their countrymen. Soldiers and patriots can do no more, and despite the howl of copperheads our men will do no less. To rail at the administration and against our men at arms for doing their several duties is to rail at fate!



And Other Poems and Prose.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

Thirty-five years ago today Gen. Robert E. Lee offered his sword to Gen. Grant at Appomattox, and the 8000 men remaining of the once proud Confederate Army of Virginia laid down the arms they had taken up to maintain the principle of the right of the secession of the States from the National Union.

A distance of thirty-five years affords a perspective which relieves the picture of that event and its surroundings of the harsher features that projected themselves upon the view when closer at hand. The exultation over the victory on the one hand and the pain of defeat on the other have faded on the canvas, and we see in their stead the final meeting of two great heroisms in the inevitable result that one should prevail over the other, both of which, still living, recognize that that which prevailed was right, and both of which support with unquestioned loyalty and devotion the flag which the victors had gone out to defend.

"Happy is the nation that has no history" was the perverted fancy of a poet. Nations that have no history are nations without achievements, and without principles worth possessing. They, as some one has said, must also have no neighbors, and be without ideas, passions or character—without any of the elements that dignify humanity. Nations of the virile kind must have histories, and histories that record storm and fire and peril, and they must be judged as happy or unhappy according as the qualities of the people are revealed in the heroes whom such tests of character place in the foreground. So with men. Measured in this way, tried by the test of the storm and fire and peril, not only of the Civil War, but of all the wars in which it has engaged, this nation has proved itself equal in every great quality to any nation known to fame; and the two men—Grant and Lee—who stand out in the foreground of the picture we review today are heroes whom any nation on earth would exult to be able to include in its history. War is a terrible, an awful thing—it is indeed "hell"—and our Civil War was one of the most awful kind, but it was not without its compensations. Among these are the heroes that it developed, and the lessons of courage and devotion to principle which they exemplified.

—[April 9, 1900.

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FORWARD IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Our troops in the Philippines continue their swift campaign against the enemy, pushing him before them at every point, invading his towns, capturing his arms and ammunition, and carrying the flag of the republic from one advanced point to another in the heart of Luzon. The Filipinos are swept before our advancing columns as dust before a housewife's broom. There is no shadow of turning; no falling back; we are sustaining no reverses, and in comparison with the ground covered and the results achieved our losses are surprisingly small. Our magnificent soldiers continue their surpassing record for intrepidity and bravery, and every man of them continues to do a man's work with zeal, enthusiasm and that fine spirit of loyalty and daring which is characteristic of the American fighting man, whether he be on land or on sea; whether he be mounted or on foot; whether he be serving big guns or small arms. He is everywhere and at all times embellishing himself with imperishable glory and filling his countrymen with pride in his splendid service to the cause of his country. We may be assured that the active and aggressive campaign now on in our distant possessions in the Far East will be continued in the same valorous way until peace is restored in those possessions, and until American authority is proven to be as supreme in that land of insurrection as wherever else the flag of glory ripples in the sun. In the face of the sacrifices, fatigue and suffering that our loyal men are undergoing at the front, how despicable is the course of the handful of fault-finders at home who would belittle the achievements of our forces, and who would have them retreat in the face of a semi-savage tribe which has no capacity for self-government, and no other ambition than to enslave and enthrall the major portion of the inhabitants in those distant islands. We shall still go forward with bravery in defense of the flag, and with no other purpose in view than to give to the people in our new possessions lasting peace, good government and the opportunity for the individual to work out his own salvation in his own way, undaunted by the fear of a dictator and sure of all his rights and privileges under those principles of free government which have made this the greatest, strongest and the most blessed land in all the wide domain of human governments that have been established since the morning stars first sang together.

And Other Poems and Prose.

THE INEVITABLE.

The American people are not a warlike people in the sense of seeking strife and the excitement of the battle field. We do not love them. There is no music to our ears in the thunder of the belching cannon and the roar of the hurtling shot and shell; no charm in the piles of slain or the blood-stained sod. The price of victory when two great armies meet is that of awful slaughter, of maimed and crippled humanity, of desolate homes and broken hearts. We know what war is. Our country was born in the smoke of battle, and its lullaby was the roar of artillery and the moans of dying patriots. But from this awful abyss of sacrifice American freedom was born, and the right of man to be a man was first fully recognized. The tyrannous thrones of the Old World trembled, and downtrodden humanity everywhere looked with new hope unto the future. We became a great, prosperous and happy people, devoted to industrial pursuits, to the development of culture and the arts and sciences. From the Atlantic shores to the sunset borders of this far Pacific sea we became one people, living under one flag. We girdled the continent with lines of steel and sent the iron horse thundering along its hills and plains. In the Civil War we learned again what liberty was worth, and all that the old flag embodied, and today our country is hallowed by more than three hundred thousand graves of patriot freemen who died that liberty should not perish from the earth. Today seventy millions of people stand behind the old flag, and of these an army of ten millions could be put into the field for its defense. We are a united people, knowing no north, no south, no east and no west, but one great, common country. We are not seeking war with Spain or any other power, but we are not going to take a single step backward. This New World we declare shall no longer see tyranny planting its heel upon a people that has long battled valiantly for independence. Americans will no longer stand idly by and see brave men and helpless women and children starved to the death because they would be free. We do not love war, but if Cuban independence means war for the United States, then let it come. There is not a loyal American who is able to fight but will stand ready at his country's call to shoulder his musket and step bravely out to fight his country's foes and the enemies of freedom. We are ready to respond to the call of humanity, and to help a prostrate people to attain

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a national life and independence. We have made haste to this end slowly, but none the less determinedly, and today the whole land is thrilling with an impulse to succor Cuba, and to demand that bloodshed in that fair isle shall cease.

We cannot doubt what the end will be. Spain must loose her hold upon Cuba, and America must see to it that Cuban independence is achieved, without war if Spain accepts the inevitable, but, if not, with war, stern and unrelenting war, until the desired end is accomplished—a war for humanity, peace and human freedom.

—[April 2, 1898.

THE MEN WHO SAILED AWAY.

Another valiant host of American freemen has sailed from the port of San Francisco for a foreign shore, there to plant above an oppressed people that beautiful banner which symbolizes freedom, with all that glorious word implies. There go with these gallant boys in blue the prayers and tears and hopes and fears of 75,000,000 of their countrymen, millions of whom are ready to rally to their support, if needs be, when the trumpets sound "to arms."

On the majestic and stately ships that sailed on Wednesday through the Golden Gate went the flower of our youth; not on a mission of conquest, but to carry to the oppressed subjects of a cruel monarchy the blessed boon that is their birthright, but which has been withheld by "the divine right of kings," which is not a right, but a monstrous wrong. Of the thousands who sailed away, and who, as these lines are written, are tossing upon the mighty deep, fired with hope and enthusiasm for the flag and the cause, hundreds may never again set eyes upon the shores of their native land, but valor counts no cost, and loyalty and patriotism haggle not at terms. These men, born to the blessing of liberty, and nurtured in a land where every man has a chance, are going out into the distant places, there to see to it that other men shall be given a chance to work out their destiny under the blessings of God and under the aegis of the beautiful Stripes and Stars.

Never did crusaders move upon a more momentous mission, nor one that meant more to humanity and civilization than does the expedition now on the breast of the blue, sailing on and on

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and on over the trackless waste, to support America's latest hero.

And one reads it in the stars that God is with them—that where they land mankind shall be uplifted and exalted, and that they shall not come back to the country of their birth until order takes the place of disorder, kindness takes the place of cruelty, and until the shining light of liberty shall burgeon its rays across the land now steeped in the darkness of ignorance and medievalism.

Great, wonderful, majestic is the cause for which our men sail into the west until the prows of the mighty ships shall be pointed east, and glory goes with them. Let us never forget the valor these men are showing and the sacrifices they are making, but let us support them with brave and encouraging words and kindly deeds, to the eternal credit of this puissant republic and to the everlasting embellishment of the name American.

— [June 17, 1898.]

A GLORIOUS ANNIVERSARY.

Yesterday was Flag day—the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the adoption of that emblem in which sets “the stars of glory there.”

In the century and a quarter since the flag of stripes, with a field of blue begemmed with stars, first began to flaunt its colors in the sky and burgeon above the waves of old ocean, what a record has been made by the wonderful nation of liberty that has its being in the galaxy of nations beneath the folds of that ensign!

It is a banner that has never been finally defeated in a contest; it has never been trailed in the dust; it has never been struck to an enemy to the dismay of the people whose emblem it is; it has grown in glory every day since first it was set flying with but thirteen stars thereon.

The men born beneath that flag of beauty, symmetry and meaning have carried it through the fire of awful battle to sure victory, and, though enshrouded in smoke and torn by shot and shell, “our flag was still there.”

It has waved defiance above parapets swept by minie balls; it has gone down into the waves flying from the masts of our sunken men-of-war; it has been borne at the heads of flying col-

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umns and supported by gleaming bayonets held in the hands of sons of the republic to whom their country's colors were dearer than life, or home, or loved ones; it has served as a shroud for its defenders, and their blood has stained it on a thousand gory fields; it has for more than a century been the one banner toward which the enthralled of other lands have looked with the eyes of hope; it beckons across the waves to those who would be free, and as its domain expands, the glory and puissance of the republic it represents expand in equal measure.

Glorious flag of stars! emblem of hope, and love, and loyalty, and valor, Americans greet you again and yet again, and vow anew that it shall not be taken down until America is ready to take it down, whether it be flying in the islands of the southern seas or upon the icy slopes of the frigid north!

"Old Glory" — not old in years, but old in the achievements that have been won beneath it; not old as the ages of the nations are told — Americans pledge anew "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor" to uphold the thing it stands for; to forward the policies of liberty; to uplift the fallen; to help the weak; to enlighten the benighted; to rescue the enslaved and afflicted, and to keep the glories already achieved unsullied and unstained!

Forward the colors!

All hail, the republic!

God bless our native land!

AT CHICKAMAUGA.

It is well that the men who wore the blue and those who wore the gray should meet and fraternize on the fateful field of Chickamauga. The world is glad to see the white standard of peace and good will raised upon the scene where not so many years ago were found the crimson stains of carnage. There is a sentiment to which all brave and tender hearts respond approvingly in these friendly meetings and greetings between men once arrayed against each other in deadly strife.

After a third of a century of peace the passions and antagonisms of the Civil War should be no more than a reminiscence, though the contest itself, with all its patriotic effort, its noble sacrifices and its sublime endurance, should remain forever a

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glorious recollection in every true American heart; for it was the war that saved us a nation and preserved liberty. The causes which brought about that terrible but unavoidable struggle have long since passed into history, and have been erased from the category of living issues. Most of the men, likewise, who were chiefly instrumental in precipitating the great conflict have passed from the field of earthly action. The old order has changed, giving place to the new. Another generation of men is on the scene. New issues are at the front; new interests have developed; new thoughts and impulses and purposes engross men's minds. While it is well to dwell upon a past that is glorious, though full of tragedy, it is folly to keep alive the embers of an impotent hostility.

The North and the South are coherent parts of a common country. The flag of freedom floats above us all. A common impulse of patriotism should move and direct all citizens, whether they reside in the north or in the south, in the east or in the west. Love of country is an inseparable adjunct of the highest and best citizenship. Patriotism is the corner-stone of successful government and national greatness.

The lessons of the war, written in the blood of our bravest sons, must not be forgotten. They will not and cannot be forgotten, for they are a part of the nation's history. These lessons were learned on both sides at bitter cost, "on the rough edge of battle," amid the clash of arms and the deluge of blood. It is as necessary that they should be remembered and heeded in the North as in the South. If these lessons are rightly understood the remembrance of them will bring no bitterness, for every loyal heart approves them and rejoices in them.

Therefore, let the blue and the gray join hands, as they are doing today on the old battle field of Chickamauga, in the bonds of fraternity and peace. Let all the evils of the war be passed over in silence, and only the good be recalled. The exchange of fraternal greetings on Georgia's great battle field in 1895 is an augury of good. In its practical aspect it is full of promise. In its sentimental aspect it is full of beauty.

But there is one truth which must not be obscured nor belittled by any glamor of sentiment. This is a truth which every patriot must acknowledge if he would have his patriotism pass the test of endurance. It is the truth that treason was and is

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odious, and that the cause of the Union was right — “eternally right” — in the mighty battles which were waged for its preservation, and that the enemies of the Union were “eternally wrong.” If any man disputes this truth his loyalty and patriotism are thereby placed under suspicion, and his claim to present-day patriotism is shallow and insincere. When this truth is as freely acknowledged in one part of the country as in another, then will we have entered indeed upon an era of true fraternity and undisputed loyalty. The war was something more than a senseless conflict between two vast mobs. It was a Titanic struggle for a great and a vital principle of government.

“God save the American republic!”

—[September 20, 1895.]

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

They were on parade yesterday — the heroes of that great war between the States — those who fought in the lines of gray and those who battled in the ranks of blue — under the same bright banner, elbow to elbow, shoulder to shoulder, keeping step to the same music; the old lads who “went up against each other” in deadly combat thirty-five years ago were out in the sunshine of yesterday, not only to do honor to America’s first great President, but to give ocular demonstration to the fact that the war of the rebellion is over and forgotten, so far as concerns the lingering of a spark of animosity or the slightest tang of bitterness.

No country in all the world ever before saw so splendid, heart-stirring, exalting and uplifting a spectacle as this — a people once the bitterest foes — foes who looked across the sights of guns seen dimly through the smoke of battle, those guns aimed at each other’s eyes — now marching together in the spirit of comradeship, patriotism, loyalty and devotion to the flag, and all united for the common cause of America against the world. The sight is glorious, it is sublime, it is Godlike. And palsied be the tongue that shall ever let loose dissension again in this goodly land, and paralyzed be the arm that shall ever again attempt to haul down the American flag or lift a saber to strike a blow at a fellow-countryman in civil strife!

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The war is over between the States forever and forever;
there are starry banners billowing all over the land, and in an
eternal sleep there rests

“Under the one the blue,
Under the other the gray.”

—[February 23, 1889.]

A MEMORABLE ANNIVERSARY.

Thirty-five years ago today this nation, bowed in the shadows of an awful grief, wept over those who fell in the bloody two days' fight at Gettysburg. In those dark hours of 1863 we lifted up appealing hands to the Most High God and called heaven to witness the libation poured upon the altars of Liberty for the regeneration of the world.

Again this nation bows above her gallant dead, fallen before the grim walls of Santiago in a conflict the like of which was never before seen by man—a fight in which self had no place, and principle alone was the guiding impulse. Again we call upon heaven to witness the justice of our cause, and that we have paid the ransom of the oppressed and downtrodden.

Sanctified by the prayers of the dying, the graves of the wounded, the tears of the widows and orphans, we have again made these July days sacred anniversaries; have set them apart as the hours of Liberty's travail and the hours of Time's new birth.

As thirty-five years ago our flag on the heights of Gettysburg, tattered and torn by shot and shell, still flung the word “unconquerable” to its foes, wherever it waves, on the land or over the waters of the world, it still proclaims that this nation is not to be daunted by difficulties, and that success is its ultimate destiny.

Already the victims of war claim a nation's gratitude and its grief. Not the heroes of the famous wars of old Greece excelled the noble courage and devoted constancy of those soldiers of the republic who have suffered wounds and death in a foreign land, vicarious offerings to the spirit of Americanism, which claims that the earth and its fullness are the heritage of freemen.

History will relate how our resistless battalions struck down the last strongholds of tyranny upon this continent; for victory

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must be the last word of the story of this war upon Cuban soil. The nation's voice for war was not given without a full knowledge of the meaning of that mandate. We knew that the brave must die, that widows must weep for those whose graves would be made under foreign skies, and that defeat and disaster would redden the laurels of our ultimate victory. Our strength is not alone in the arms that hurl the bullet, but in the spirit of the men we have sent forth to fight our battles, and no matter how bitter the contest, a united nation will spend its last drop of blood and its last dollar of treasure, if needful, in a cause to which it has pledged its honor.

We breed men in America. Our noblest eulogy over our dead, whether the wild Rough Rider, or the soldier by his side who as a citizen had plucked civic laurels and literary fame, or the grizzled veterans of the old wars, is, "He was a true American." The courage of our soldiers is no blind brute instinct, but intelligent conviction of thinking minds. The American soldier is no mere fighting machine, but he is a patriotic personality. He fights, not alone with his weapons, but with all the energy of a strong, free soul.

History may forget the names of those who fought at Santiago; but it will never forget how, when the gallant Twenty-first Infantry pressed on to the thick of the battle, they sped their bullets at the foe singing the glad anthem of freedom, "The Star Spangled Banner." It will not forget how, as many of these brave men fell to rise no more, the death rattle mingled with the strains of the national anthem. History will tell, too, how gallant, grizzled, old Joe Wheeler was carried on a litter at the head of his command cheering his men to valiant action.

These and many other heart-thrilling happenings of these stirring times history will relate; but thousands of courageous deeds will sink unnoted into oblivion. Men who smile at wounds when the enthusiasm of battle buoys them up will set their pale lips and stifle the gnaw of agony, that no semblance of complaint at the decree of fate may be attributed to them.

As we count life by noble emotions, and not merely by sordid minutes, we are living intensely on this anniversary, so memorable in our history. Out of the heart of this tempest which has swept brave men down to death, a blessing will come proportionate to the sacrifice. We will await with patience the fruition of

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the suffering of our heroes, knowing it to be the extension and perpetuation of those liberties that have made us what we are, a prosperous and happy people, capable of understanding and of performing our duties to our fellow-men.

—[July 4, 1898.

WHAT WAR MEANS.

As the prospect of war comes nearer and nearer, day by day, the normal-minded man is sobered, for he sees the gallant lads of our navy and army falling in the red hell of combat; he sees the mighty cruisers going down to destruction with the old flag flying; he sees the tears of women, and his ears are wounded with their cries of sorrow; he sees the maimed lying in the hospitals battling for life; he sees the surgeons stripped for work, with their bared arms reeking with the blood of our beloved boys; he sees shells tearing gaps through edifices that wealth has builded; he sees the earnings of the nation burned up in powder smoke, sunk in the sea, shattered into ruins on the land; he sees death stalking along the crimson decks of our men-of-war in ten thousand awful guises; he hears the moans of the dying, the hiss of bullets, the shriek of shells, the roar of artillery, and he sees the flames blowing from the muzzles of great guns, streaming from sky-piercing rockets, and bursting from the bowels of our ships of commerce — these are the visions the thoughtful man sees as the lines of battle form and the squadrons deploy, and these are the sounds that fright his ear in imagination, for they are the concomitants of war. Let no one look upon war as a holiday diversion, as a thing to be sought with eagerness, or to be entered into without deliberation, for at best it is an awful, a deplorable; a horrible thing. In its train follow the vultures of ruin, a procession of those who mourn and will not be comforted, and the scars it leaves time never obliterates. But if it comes, in the interest of humanity, national honor and integrity, and the cause of eternal justice, let us, as men and brothers, enter into it soberly and prayerfully, and may God give to our banner the luster of victory, and to our nation the commendation of all the sons of men!

—[March 25, 1898.

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"LET US HAVE PEACE."

So spake the greatest soldier of the last half of the fast-waning century, and his words are borne on the midsummer breezes to every home throughout the length and breadth of the land. And Peace has come, not like a mourner bowed in shame, to bewail lost honor and blighted ambition, but with the conqueror's step of triumph to prove her the first-born daughter of Victory.

We are glad, and join in a mighty people's shout of jubilation, because it has come at a moment so timely and opportune. It has come just when the deadly yellow fever was beginning to invade the ranks of our gallant boys that wear the blue; and it gives them the prospect of a speedy return to home and fatherland.

The territorial acquisition embodied in this treaty of peace is the least valuable of its fruits. The nobler thought is the glory that rises in apotheosis above the sulphurous canopy of Santiago and the gray dawn which overhung Manila Bay on May day's morn—the signal triumph which so fitly voices the lines of the old Massachusetts bard, who wrote:

"'Tis harder still when men unlearn
The lessons taught so long,
That, once their slumb'ring passions burn,
The peaceful are the strong."

In our pursuit of mighty discoveries in the arts of peace, our strength as a fighting nation had slumbered as a giant sleeps after a hard race. And yet, with no previous heralding of boasted prowess, we sent forth at a few weeks' warning a navy that discounted the deeds of Benbow and Drake and paralleled the prestige of a Nelson. Her calm reluctance to enter into a war until all other methods had failed, and "an appeal to arms and the God of Hosts," which was the only remedy within reach, is the brightest laurel in America's fadeless crown.

America has no ready-made heroes, yet always finds them in her hour of need. Her Deweys, Schleys, Hobsons and Sampsons spring forth from the midst of obscurity today as did her Hull, Bainbridge, Decatur and Farragut in the years that have flown. The fighting blood of '76 has not yet run out, nor have

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the fires died away from the altars of a republic's earlier devotion. Our republic has expanded its territory since the days of Lexington, Saratoga and Valley Forge, until its star-wrought ensign has dipped its fringes in the sunset sea, but the blood of "Mad Anthony" Wayne and Israel Putnam still surges in the veins of their descendants as they shoulder their rifles and sing pæans of glory and love to the men of yore.

And the central figure of all this ecstatic triumph is the calm and unruffled man in the White House, the quartermaster-sergeant of Antietam, whose sagacity and patriotism have led him step by step upward to the Chief Magistracy of the republic. Never in haste, but always cheerful and willing to strike when the opportune moment has arrived, he stands quietly awaiting the thanks of a great and grateful people. If this war had been dimmed by a single act of cruelty, either on sea or land, there might be a doubt and a hesitation in the shouts of praise that go up to the Man of Canton in this supreme hour. But no such acts sully our escutcheon or smirch our flag. We have gained a great and decisive series of victories, and have lost nothing in national honor or prestige among the kindred peoples of earth. Therefore, as is to him most justly due, let us raise our voices in thanks to our calm and deservedly honored President for the victory that has come to us without parallel in its small loss of life. The American people are always honest and generally right, and they made no mistake when they elected to the Presidency the good and great man who, after this war is ended, now stands like some sunburnt farmer beside his field of well-ripened grain and thanks God for the harvest.

—[August 7, 1898.]

THE RENAISSANCE OF PATRIOTISM.

Cruel and dreadful as is war, we see in the tremendous outburst of enthusiasm in this, our beloved country, some of the compensations. When a nation is long at peace the commercial spirit usurps the place of the spirit of patriotism, and men appear to become sordid, selfish and indifferent to the weal or woe of the nation so long as the individual shall wax fat in worldly things. Sometimes the zealous American fears that his countrymen are losing their old spirit of valor, and that we have become

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in fact, as some of our neighbors call us in name, a community of money-grabbers, or patriots for revenue only. But this note of war that has rung out over the land from the trumpets that sound the advance has dispelled all such fears, and today we see the nation standing elbow to elbow — the old-time foemen of the blue and the gray; the artisan at the lathe and the banker at the till; the man at the plow and the man with the yardstick; the youth at his books and the merchant in the counting-room, ready and willing to respond to whatever call his country shall make upon him for the sacrifice of life or means.

Here at home the roses climb upon the trellises and the morning-glories greet the sun with the gladness of their color; under the shadow of the porches of millions of homes the hammocks are swaying and wooing the American citizen to lie down with the favorite novel or newspaper and take the comfort that home affords; there, on the lawn, his babies are frolicking in the sunshine, and within the rooms, filled with the odors of honeysuckle and violets wafted through open windows, the sweet wife swings in the cozy chair and the canaries trill and warble in the spirit of joyousness; but out yonder an alien foe is spitting upon our flag; he is imprisoning our citizens; he is killing our men at arms; he is threatening to ravage our coasts and bombard our cities; and though all these things that men live for — wife and little ones and wealth and comfort — tug at his heartstrings, when he sees the flag assaulted, when he hears our nation insulted and reviled, when he sees his gallant countrymen going into the red hell of battle for the honor of their native land and the integrity of its ensign, wife and little ones, home and the pleasures that surround these blessed things are put behind him, and he hears no call, however seductive and insistent, but the one that rings from the throat of the bugle of war, or that throbs in the long roll of the stirring drum.

As a French journalist of acumen and sagacity has said: "In America no one is a soldier, which means that in case of a conflict everyone is." This we proved in the awful four years of war between brothers, between fathers and sons, and between friends, that ended at Appomattox. Out of the fury of the fights of that dreadful contest America developed from its civilian army the best soldiers the world has ever seen, and today one of these civilians of 1861 is at the head of the land

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forces of the United States, and another is commander-in-chief of all our forces on both land and sea. And we need not doubt that there will come up from the rank and file of the new army now in process of formation heroes of such splendid valor as will add new glories to the American name.

Therefore, as said at the outset, this war that is now upon us has its compensations; the spirit of loyalty and patriotism has been stirred and vivified into a splendid existence such as has never before been manifest in the history of the nation; and together, soberly, prayerfully and majestically, the great American people are rallying upon the colors with a zeal and insistence that makes glad the heart of every being who acknowledges allegiance to the great republic.

And the cry is, "On to Cuba!"—not on a mission of conquest, not wholly on a mission of revenge for the unholy slaughter of our gallant lads in Havana's malodorous harbor, but to establish for all nations of the world a new precedent—the everlasting lesson that a sovereign nation must treat its subjects humanely, and as becomes Christians in a Christian age, or suffer the wrath of the righteous. We go to take succor to the suffering; to raise the fallen and bind up the wounds of the maimed; to set the stars of glory above an outraged people; to free from tyranny and oppression and rapine our dusky brethren of the human race, and to establish the everlasting right of men to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Behind these purposes is the magnificent and matchless patriotism of a free people that burns with a ruddy flame in every valley and on every hilltop in the broad land that lies between two restless seas—a patriotism that stands ready to suffer with Spartan fortitude any defeat that may come, and to accept victory as evidence that God reigns and that all is well!

—[May 1, 1898.]

HISTORY IS MAKING.

There are strong indications that something stirring is going on at the easterly end of the island of Cuba, in the West Indies. Gentlemen bearing the names of Sampson and Schley, the big S's of this puissant republic, are prominent in the acts and things being accomplished—these are the men on the water.



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On the land side of a gunnery debate a gentleman by the name of Shafter is also believed to be creditably involved; and backing up these valiant men of the nation there is a matchless force which goes to the composition of the rank and file of our army and navy—gunners, marines, cannoneers, cavalry, men at arms on foot, engineers, subalterns of all grades and officers of the line, moving steadily forward with the resistless force of an avalanche, and bearing at the head of the majestic columns and at the mastheads of the fleets the most gloriously-beautiful and most gloriously-heroic banner that ever fluttered against the azure heavens.

These great movements mean the making of history, and the making is progressing with a speed that even those who stand at the great loom of events and watch the accomplishment little appreciate. It means the disenthralment of a subdued and disheartened population. It means the breaking of chains on the fetters of the enslaved subjects of a cruel monarchy. It means the restoration to homes of those driven therefrom in sorrow and anguish. It means the boon of liberty granted to men and women who have never known the blessedness of freedom. It means the word "finis" written on the roster of those who have been scourged as by fire and starved in a land that God has made rich with possibilities. It means the end of cruelty and oppression and outrage to the innocent and unarmed. It means the loosening of gyves from the wrists of those who are prisoners only because they supplicate for the rights of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"—these are the meanings that one sees in the flashing of the comet-tails that sweep the seas from the searchlights of our battleships, and that he hears in the thunderings of the monster guns that speak as with the tongues of inspiration.

God, in his glory and majesty, is marching on!

—[June 8, 1898.

FUNSTON AND THE KNOCKERS.

The knockers are jumping onto Funston with all of their overgrown feet, in Congress and in sundry and divers newspaper offices of our great and glorious country, but all the same, ladies and gentlemen, the little man from Kansas is the one man who won more base hits in the Philippines than all the

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other players put together, and as for home runs, he has several to his credit that sparkle with particular brilliancy.

For it was the little man from the Jayhawker State who, with an intrepid spirit and a daring that was heroic, swam a river under a galling fire on more than one occasion; and it was this same pocket edition of a brigadier who followed Aguinaldo into the fastnesses of the Luzon forest and brought him a captive into Manila at a time when the dusky Filipino was seemingly as elusive as a ghost and as slippery as a politician.

But such is the gratitude of republics. The man who bares his bosom to the bullets of the foe, and wins victories when others are asleep, is ever a target for the knocker and the back-capper. It was so in the sad and bloody old days of the Civil War, and it will probably continue to be so while human nature is filled with envy, malice and all-around pure cussedness.

And yet, fellow-listeners to the yawp of the Congressman with a hammer and the editor with a vitriol pot, the people are not being fooled any by the noise, dust and confusion that are being raised with respect to a gallant and noble young soldier, and with respect, too, to the greater question of the army's performances in our island possessions. It is the same old thing of a pig under the gate making so much noise that the casual listener is inclined to the belief that a whole drove of hogs is being put to torture. The alleged illustrious statesmen who are calling Fred Funston names will be roasting forgottenly in a warmer climate than the Needles for all eternity when the name of the fighting and swimming Kansan is blazing like a star on the pages of his country's history, and the cause of civilization will be going forward among the islands of the farther sea for centuries after all the slangwhanging Congressmen that ever made spectacles of themselves in public have become as grains of sand upon the desert.

Gen. Funston is the same brilliant soldier today that he was when he arrived in Manila from the mountain fastnesses of Northern Luzon with Aguinaldo captive to his prowess, and there will never be enough mud spurted from the filthy mouths of ribald Congressmen to besmirch that soldier's fair fame in the minds and hearts of his admiring countrymen.

—[April 27, 1902.

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THE GRUB OF OTHER DAYS.

When the old boys saw the display of grub that was stacked up in Eastlake Park yesterday for their consumption some of them must have given a thought to the grub of other days—those days when it was very frequently a long time between eats. The army bean in those times was a stand-by that never failed. It was grub that stuck close to the ribs. It was the staff of life in the brave days of old, no matter what may be the claims for bread in that direction. Bacon was a near neighbor of the army bean in those days—bacon that was sometimes rusty and intolerable for other reasons, but it was grease, and it went. It was the basis of a gravy which had a name that no old soldier will ever forget. It frequently served as the uncooked filler between two slabs of hard-tack—the army sandwich, that was at times eaten on horseback, on foot and in “kerriges.” Bacon broiled over a camp fire, permitted to drip on a hard-tack and the hard-tack then stuck on a stick and browned before the coals was slick eating in those days. And rice—is there a vet who forgets the rounds of rice that were fired at him by the Commissary Department month in and month out? There were soldiers so surfeited with rice during the war that they couldn’t bear the sight of it for ten years after they were mustered out. Coffee—that was the stuff that cheered men’s souls when all was dark and dreary and the rain was spitting the fire out over which the campaigner was trying to boil it in a tomato can. Coffee was ever the soldier’s one warm and constant friend. Desiccated vegetables—this fodder was the ancestor of the breakfast food made of parboiled hay chopped fine and served. It was the ghastly ration of those troublous times. But the really truly grub of army days was that secured on foraging expeditions—succulent hams, frames of comb honey, fat chickens, the occasional pig, peach preserves from the enemy’s larder, and such like goodies. When a soldier saw butter he threw a fit, and when he found eggs there was a gorge. It is all easy eating now, with a land wallowing in prosperity and plenty, but “when war waged its wide desolation, and threatened our land to deform,” there were melancholy gaps between meals over which let us draw the curtain.

—[August 23, 1903.]



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THE HEROES WHO STAY.

Not all the heroes in the present war are going to the front. There is a tremendous army of men wearing the garb of civilians who are performing deeds of valor in sticking to their posts of duty at home that are almost as heroic as the achievements of the men who are taking part in the stirring scenes on the line of battle.

While the American race—for that there is a distinctive American race may be conceded—is especially peace-loving and commercial in its character primarily, when the blast of war blows in his ears the native Yankee becomes possessed of military ardor that is not equaled by the man of any other nationality in the world. It is of record that more than 56,000 men have made application in the State of California alone for permission to enter the service of the country at this time in a military capacity, and doubtless the same condition of affairs exists in the other States and Territories of the Union.

One who knows the feeling of patriotism and loyalty which pervades the breasts of the resolute sons of the republic can have some conception of the heartburnings that are going on all over the land because of the restraint which prevents these brave civilians from taking part in the great contest that is now before the nation.

There are in every hamlet and city in the land, and scattered about the hills and valleys of the agricultural regions of America, tens of thousands of men who are going about their daily occupations as civilians who would cheerfully volunteer to go upon any expedition that might be suggested, so long as it meant the defense of the ensign of their country. There are Hobsons and Bagleys all about us. We rub elbows with them on the sidewalks, and jostle them at the street crossings; but the exigencies of the situation keep them at home, "mute, inglorious Miltons."

The army that has been called into the field to prosecute the war against Spain is but a bagatelle in this great country of seventy-five millions of people. The President could ask for one million, two millions or three millions of soldiers, and they would rally to the call with the same spirit and enthusiasm that have been evinced in response to the calls already issued. These millions of men are sitting at home eating their hearts out, watching their neighbors and brothers who are permitted to enlist, and

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doing it with a stoical heroism that approaches the sublime. Consequently, the assertion is not a baseless one when we say that all the heroes are not going to the front, by a good many thousands and tens of thousands.

A poet, Louis Sverre Amonson, has well voiced this idea in the following graceful lines, entitled "The Home Guard:"

The battle drums are whirling past today
To the glad flutter of the Stripes and Stars,
But my proud soul, so eager for the fray,
Can only beat against the fretting bars.

I cheer the colors and the serried lines,
The measured cadence and the clink of steel,
But deep within my aching heart repines
And the hurrah but hides the woe I feel.

How curious doth fate thus shape our ends —
Some march away with slow, reluctant tread,
While I, who chafe to join my soldier friends,
Must still remain, an idler here instead.

You tell me that duty bids — that I should yield
With heart submissive to its plain decree.
Perhaps, but yet I long for tented field,
And, like the hooded falcon, would be free.

No ballroom strain can ever sound so sweet
As the wild fanfare leading to the war;
No stately dance could give such joy complete
As the fierce grapple on a foreign shore.

What man is passive when his country needs
The sturdy arm, the patriotic soul —
Who would not follow where that banner leads
O'er land and sea — on to the final goal?

The battle drums are whirling past today,
The colors flutter in the summer air;
I watch them sadly as they pass away —
I mourn the glory that I cannot share.

—[June 24, 1898.



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FLAG DAY.

The anniversary of the republic's glorious banner falls this year upon Sunday (June 14), but, as in the case of other anniversaries, it will be celebrated upon Monday following. It was upon the date given, in the year 1777, that Congress enacted "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." By subsequent action of the Congress a star was added to the union of the flag upon the admission of each State, "such addition to take effect on the 4th day of July next succeeding such admission."

Through the American Flag Association the people of the nation are asked to make the celebration of Flag day this year as general as are the colors in the flowers that spring from the soil, and in the sky that bends above us. Their request should not be in vain; for there is no more glorious anniversary upon the American calendar than the one which commemorates the birth of the most beautiful ensign that flecks the azure above the farther seas, and which is wrapped about the corpses of our soldier dead.

To the patriot the colors of the nation speak trumpet-tongued of the valor of our manhood; the matchless magnitude of American achievement upon the bloody fields of war and along the pathways of peace. It is the flag that has been followed over the parapets and into the flame by the flower of the nation's youth and daring. It is the flag that was riddled with shot and shell above the walls of Sumter, and which gleamed through the billowing smoke upon Lookout Mountain. It is the flag that went down with the ship that Lawrence commanded. It is the flag that floated above the battling hosts of the Union at Antietam and Newberne, at Gettysburg and Malvern Hill, at Spottsylvania, Opequan and Cedar Creek, at Wilson's Creek, and upon thousands of other gory fields. It is the flag that fluttered in glory over the field where McPherson fell. It is the flag that "our boys" carried over the breastworks at Donelson. It is the flag of Perry and Paul Jones, of Decatur and Farragut, of Dewey and other famous captains of the sea whose courage and sagacity made the American navy respected upon every coast. It is the flag we are all following today along the world's highways of commerce. It is the flag of the world's hope!

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Therefore do we make appeal to the citizens of California to join in making Flag day an event. Let there be no home so humble, no staff so high, that the colors shall not fly above one and from the other. Let the banner greet the rising and salute the setting sun, and float throughout the day from every church and school and private building. Let us echo the pledge of the school children of America:

"Flag of our great republic; inspirer in battle; guardian of our homes; whose stars and stripes stand for bravery, purity, truth and union—we salute thee! We, the children of many lands, who find rest under thy folds, do pledge our lives, our hearts and our sacred honor to love and protect thee, our country and the liberty of the American people forever."

—[May 24, 1903.]

OUR OWN HERO.

California has a hero of her own. He is only a private, and a volunteer private at that, and it is safe to wager that he is a quiet man who makes no fuss about his achievements, but no gold-laced general of them all, however noble his military record, is entitled to a place on the honor roll of the nation's heroes higher than that of Private J. F. Finlay, of Company C, First California Regiment.

In the fighting at Manila the California boys have had a chance to show the sound fighting stuff of which they are made, and if any one of them has been found wanting the news of it is yet to come. Private Finlay, if he were asked about it, would probably say that he merely did his duty, but it lifts mankind to higher levels to realize just what constitutes Private Finlay's idea of duty. The dispatch says: "He took eight cartloads of ammunition through terrific fire in open fields to the Pennsylvanians." This, without any further complications, would seem quite a contract for Private Finlay of Company C, but this was not all. In the steel hail that was rending the cart-tops, a stray drop struck one of the drivers, and another his horse, which was killed instantly. Then Private Finlay's idea of duty leaned in the direction of delivering that ammunition in any case. So, being horseless, he simply harnessed himself into the cart and dragged the deadly load through the storm of bullets to the waiting men

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at the front. When he had delivered his deadly cargo safely, he went back and picked up two wounded men, carrying them to the hospital in the rear. Then he gathered together ten more carts and went back to the front to search for more fallen men, that he might convey them to a place of safety.

No words even in the English language are quite adequate to the expression of just what California thinks of Private Finlay. And the best of it is that in the American army there are thousands who have just the same notion of plain duty. This explains the unique history of the Spanish war. Hats off in all honor to Private Finlay of Company C, California, and to all who are like him. Thank God, they are many!

—[August 11, 1898.

WELCOME THE VOLUNTEERS.

The Nebraska, Pennsylvania and Utah volunteers are now on the water, homeward bound. These troops have earned the eternal gratitude of their country, and their return should be made the occasion of the most joyous welcome that the human heart can give expression to. While we have been living in comfort here at home, surrounded by those who love us and the pleasurable things that peace and national prosperity afford, these noble volunteers have been charging rifle pits alive with the enemy, and invading jungles blazing with the Mausers of the Filipinos. They have marched through the torrid heat of the tropics and breasted the turbid streams; they have swam and fought and labored "for you and me, good friend, for you and me," carrying the glorious banner of stars to victory in every skirmish and in every battle, and they come back to us with thinned ranks, leaving in that far-away part of the east some of the brightest jewels of American manhood. We cannot honor them too much—the most we can do will be far short of their deserts. Therefore, let every town through which these valorous lads pass turn out to welcome them home as becomes a greeting to those who have earned undying glory and the eternal gratitude of the land which gave them birth or which has given them citizenship. All hail the all-conquering, gallant and glorious Yankee volunteers!

—[July 4, 1899.

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THE WELCOME TO BATTERY D.

The reception given to the men of Battery D yesterday by the citizens of Los Angeles was a spontaneous outburst of patriotism and gratefulness of such magnitude as to prove an inspiration, not only to the gallant men who have been campaigning in the Far East, but to all good men and women who love their country. The tremendous throng which crowded the thoroughfares from the railway station to the Armory, voicing its welcome to the heroes with cheers and flowers and waving flags, indicates how strongly the spirit of the people is bound up with the cause in which our men at arms have been engaged. Behind those cheers and flowers and waving flags there is a sentiment of loyalty to the flag and the country which is exalting to those who believe that America in the Philippines, as well as in the West Indies, is pursuing the straightforward course of manifest destiny.

To the men who came home yesterday to return to the ways of the private citizen, the welcome they received must have been gratifying beyond expression. It is not always that good service to one's country is recognized in this hearty and inspiring manner. But it is good to know that in this case these stalwart lads of ours have been given a welcome commensurate with their services and worthy the beautiful city from which they marched away to war something more than a year ago. Southern California in general welcomes the men of Battery D back to their homes with grateful hearts and outstretched hands, and it is the desire of our citizens that the welcome of yesterday is to mean something more than a spasmodic hurrah — it is to mean that the men of this command are to be secured in positions, in so far as it may be possible, as good as, if not better than, the ones they gave up to take their places at the front.

One of the striking qualities of American character is the fact that the civilian can become the soldier, or that the soldier can return to the walks of civil life, without disturbing his mental poise, or the poise of his country, with more gracefulness and adaptability than the man of any other country in the world, and there is little doubt that the men who are returning and being mustered out of the American army in these days will as quickly adapt themselves to the ways of civilians as they have

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proven they could do to the ways of the soldiers, and that the people of this city will be as proud of the men wearing the badge of service in the Philippines, though clad in civilian dress, as they were when these same men came marching up Spring street yesterday bedecked with wreaths and roses and clad in the businesslike uniform of the artillery.

Finally, let us not fail to note this fact: that so long as the spirit of patriotism which was given exhibition yesterday is alive in the hearts of our countrymen, so long we may be sure that the republic is safe in the hands of its stalwart sons. Given the occasion, the men will be ready to defend the flag of the republic against its foes of all races and all nations, and where that banner leads there will follow men of the same type as those who returned yesterday to the kisses and the embraces of those they loved best in all the world.

—[September 24, 1899.]

THE SEVENTH'S HOME-COMING.

Washington advices bring information to the effect that the Seventh Regiment is to be mustered out of the service in the very near future, and that its members will return to their homes in Southern California within a few days — probably some time next week. This will be good news for the relatives, friends and well-wishers of the regiment, and, the government having no further need for its services, the only rational and right thing to do is to restore its members to private citizenship, and it is well that this is to be done.

Los Angeles should lose no time in arranging a royal reception for the members of the Seventh on the occasion of their home-coming. The demonstration should not be confined merely to Los Angeles, but the entire section of Southern California should join in a testimonial of esteem and affection for the brave boys who, though they were not sent to the front, have testified their loyalty and patriotism as effectually as any of the men who have given their lives to their country. The railroads should, and doubtless will, give special excursion rates to Los Angeles for the occasion, and no effort should be neglected to make the reception an unqualified success.



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One of the notable features of the reception should be a lavish display of the Stars and Stripes. Every citizen should be on hand with a flag, and the streets should be liberally decorated with the national colors. It would be well to serve a good, square meal to the boys at the Armory, but there should be no lavish expenditure of money for a parade or other needless display. Some members of the regiment will doubtless be in need of assistance, by reason of sickness, and any funds that generous citizens may feel disposed to contribute could and should be used in an unostentatious way for the relief of the needy.

By all means let the home-coming of the brave and loyal Seventh be celebrated in a fitting and enthusiastic manner. Every citizen should regard it as a patriotic duty to do his part toward making the reception a complete and unqualified success, and the streets on the occasion of the return of our gallant youngsters should be packed with the brawn and beauty of the sunny south.

The men of the Seventh return to us just as brave, gallant and loyal sons of American mothers as though they had scaled the heights at El Caney or been pelted by bullets on the trenches at Siboney. A soldier who offers himself to his country has done everything that his country can ask of him, and whether he stood guard in the fogs of San Francisco, or rallied on the colors in Cuba or Porto Rico, he is equally deserving of our love, gratitude and honor. The men of the gallant Seventh are veterans of the war with Spain, and have earned a share in the glory of the Rough Riders and the lads who fought at Manila. May we never forget the debt we owe them, and may we never cease to be proud of them as a part of that splendid army which, another time, has crowned the American name with everlasting glory.

—[September 3, 1898.]

A SOLDIER'S DEATH.

Henry George was given by a kindly providence the death that a soldier loves—in the midst of the wheeling cannon; the rush of the troops of horse; the shouts of the infantry and the sweep and roar of the great battle of politics, where the bugles are sounding “charge,” and it is cut, thrust, pierce and parry along the line that swirls. The great economist was leading



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a forlorn hope, but it is such leaders who always get into the bloodiest and blackest of the fighting. We doubt not that this commander—a strong, honest, resolute but misguided man—would have gloried in just such a death as swept him off his feet in the riotous tumult of fight and carried him with its swift current out into the quiet fields where blossom the roses of rest. It is splendid to fall where the drums are beating and the flags are flying, and the cheers of gallant comrades are the requiem that falls on the dulling ears of the slain; and thus it was that Henry George went down in the very flame and flood of battle, after having done his best. Truly it was a soldier's passing; glorious but tragic; thrillingly spectacular; appealing to the imagination, and vivid in its emphasis as to how "in the midst of life we are in death."

UPON CHARACTER BUILDING.

In the notable addresses of President Roosevelt throughout the country during his present tour he has, at nearly every point where he has met the people face to face, dwelt strongly upon the question of human character, putting it ever forward as the main thing to be striven for in the making and upbuilding of the nation. The theme is a great one, and our splendid young American President has handled it in a masterly and telling way.

There is a tendency in this country of ours toward materialism that ought to be checked instantan. We have become a nation of money-grubbers, money-makers and money-talkers. If one will look about him he will see that nothing talks much in the United States but money. The almighty dollar is in the saddle, and it is riding us to destruction with whip and spur. The President's wise and timely words ought to set us to thinking. We ought to take our eyes away from the golden calf for a while and open our ears to the songs of the birds. We ought to look sometimes at the purple mountains. We ought to think sometimes on the question whether there is "anything in it" or not.

After all, the greatest thing in the world is character. President Roosevelt himself is a living exposition of the greatness of human character. He needs neither money nor position to make him notable in the eyes of men, because he is strong and brave and as true as steel.

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The material development of a nation is proper and praiseworthy. It is well to build cities, and railways, and waterways, but it is far greater to build great men. We have now reached a point in material development where it were wise to rest for a brief season that the builders may look to other tasks—tasks that men may become almost Godlike in doing; the development of the splendid qualities in the youth of the land that make for the higher and the better life.

Our youth must be taught to think clearly, to live wisely, and to be sweet and clean and brave. And the way to teach them is by individual example—by living upright lives, by doing good, by being true, by being honest and fair and generous. They must be taught, these youngsters of ours, that money is merely an incident, and not everything. And you, and you, and you are the ones to rightly teach them by fine example, and by all the graces of an upright life!

YOUNG AMERICANS, GET TOGETHER.

The girls—ardent and spirited, perhaps, but unduly agitated—who are making such a roar about the name of the proposed “American Boy” battleship, are scarcely exhibiting a brand of patriotism that will wash in any climate, and the dissension they are arousing is unseemly, and if continued is certain to injure the cause. As the young Cincinnati patriot who suggested this movement well says, it is the American boy who will have to do the fighting on the decks of the new man-of-war; and so long as it is understood that its construction is through the joint efforts of the school children of America, without regard to sex, the mere matter of a name ought not to be haggled over. Besides, the author of the project pointed out in the outset that a place had been left open for the girls to get in with their contributions. Like a house, the ship has to be furnished, but in nautical fashion.

The girls and the boys of America are a joint stock company which cannot afford to fight about a matter of this sort. It is quite a common thing for the American girl to take the name of an American boy at some period of her life, and not infrequently she is very proud of it. For instance, if there is a Mrs. Dewey somewhere in the land she is probably not disgruntled because she is bearing the name of an American boy; and there is also a

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Mrs. Miles, and a Mrs. Shafter, and a Mrs. Sampson, who have no reason to complain at the American boys' names they have acquired in the course of human events.

We submit that the girls — God bless them! — should be too broad between the eyes to stickle about a small matter when there is such a gloriously big purpose in view, and that as loyal, generous and patriotic Americans they should not put obstacles in the way of the great achievement that Young America has started in to bring about. The American boy is all right, and so is the American girl, but they are still more eternally right when they get together, which is precisely what they ought to do in this case.

Young Americans, do not squabble, but go ahead and raise the money to build a great battleship to replace the *Maine* in our navy. There is glory enough in your act, even if the ship goes into commission bearing nothing but a number. True patriotism does not haggle over trivial details, but it gets into the line wherever there is good fighting, and follows the flag, no matter who commands.

BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER.

The British-born Americans of Los Angeles have taken steps to do something as unique as it is graceful. They will man a beautiful float in the Fourth of July parade, and will turn out in force in honor of the great and glorious anniversary of American independence.

In the light of this generous and patriotic action it will be difficult to find a native-born American citizen with a spark left in him of that spirit of animosity toward the mother country which has at times seemed to be almost a matter of instinct, as well as of education. The Yankee lad, nurtured on the idea that England is the hereditary enemy of his native land, is having that notion knocked out of him these days in lusty fashion by the strong right-hand swipe of events, and this splendid exhibition of friendship and loyalty to the Stars and Stripes by local Americans of British birth is a body blow to the old antagonistic sentiment that hits the genuine Yankee in a most tender place.

We are coming to find out, after the lapse of nearly a century and a quarter, that Englishmen have no better opinion of King George and his American policy in the revolutionary period than



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we have, and that there has always been in that great country of Britannia a feeling of affectionate regard toward her lusty daughter of the west which we have perhaps been somewhat churlish in not reciprocating. But we are getting together, and with the passage of every day the tie becomes closer. Great Britain has shown herself to us as that friend in need who is a friend indeed, and Americans will not forget it. There will doubtless be numerous bright spots in the parade which will sweep through the streets of this metropolis on the glorious Fourth, but there will, we guarantee, be none brighter than that of the position held in the brilliant column by the strong, brave fellows who, though born in the cage of the British lion, are yet every inch Americans.

—[June 19, 1898.

JUSTICE ALWAYS WINS.

That rare old man, Galusha Grow, has been talking horse-sense to Congress on the subject of strikes, and it is to be observed that he did not stray far from the principle that labor coercion cannot win, in the long run, any better than can any other variety of coercion. Men may be persuaded to do things, but when it comes to being driven into a corner and jammed against the fence the average man is quite as stubborn as the traditional mule. The right is sure to win in the end, and no cause ever came through a contest in triumph unless backed by the principles of eternal justice. This the labor agitators may possibly learn some day, but whether they do or not the fact remains, nevertheless. Time is long. Justice is patient. The truth is eternal. The man who is sure he is right can afford to wait until time vindicates him; until Justice has rendered her decree, and until the truth has been made manifest.

THE DIARY OF A WEEK.

Sunday.

Last night was when Santa Claus came. Little ones went to bed in doubt as to whether they were afoot or on horseback. It took a long time for them to get to sleep. Visions of plethoric stockings danced through their dreams. Soon as peace reigned

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Santa Claus began his happy task. Hidden packages were stealthily taken from bureau drawers. And stockings began to get fuller than next week's moon. And still fuller. Cannons were unlimbered and wheeled into them. Swords were drawn but to be scabbarded in some repository. Doll babies were put to sleep in cardinal hose, with plenty of sugar plums to keep them company. It was a happy task and a merry night.

Five o'clock a.m. — A procession of white-robed and bare-footed little ones creep out of bed, grope through the dark to hunt for hung-up stockings. One falls over little baby wagon; yells, "Oh! What's that!" 'Nother falls over another baby wagon; yells, "Oh, my! what's *that?*" Elder little one strikes a match. Grand chorus of "Oh! Oh! Oh! Ain't they lovely!" Little three-year-old pipes up: "For pity's sake, I'm dust tazy (crazy)." Match goes out. Grand bubble of subdued excitement until another is lighted. And there's no more rest for the weary that night, for papa (and mama) must be shown wonderful things, and told about them over and over and over. Sweet and happy is a little child's heart on Christmas morning.

The streets fill up with bright faces, "Merry Christmas" ringing blithely everywhere. It's a happy Sunday of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Monday.

Christmas yet. Sabbath not allowed to cheat workaday world out of its cherriest holiday. Good scheme, too. Holidays few enough now. Would be good if were garlanded a little thicker through the "dreary year." Too much work going on; glad for a chance to forget it once.

Turkey crop immense. Good dinners the rule. Good rule. Little bit unhappy for the turkey family, but human folks enjoy it. Sorry turkeys couldn't. If had my way about it would make turkey a national bird, because of its value on Thanksgiving and Christmas, instead of eagle. Roast eagle no good. Turkey different. Eagle may perch upon our banners; but turkey perches upon our tables. Hence I vote for turkey as national bird. Got more stomachs than we have banners. That's reason.

Tuesday.

Head aches. Eggnog abroad yesterday. Some people's heads big as a mule's. Feel bigger than a span of mules. Few

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people in town said they wouldn't go home till morning. And didn't. But wish they had.

Two young ladies out of possible fifteen pass school examination. Congratulate 'em; also other thirteen. Anybody deserves congratulations that escapes school examination conundrum factory alive.

Papers telling about double-headed calf. Wasn't any. Local editors simply getting over effects of Christmas. I saw same calf and only one head. Local editors ought to drink less fluid which doubles up on the imagination.

Wednesday.

School teacher gets disliked for walloping small boy. If anything like way boys were twenty years ago deserved it. At that juncture in the U. S. I never saw a boy get lammed too much. Except once. A boy was trying to head a bronco steer, but the steer differed. Preferred not to come to a head. Boy's boss was so mad that he lifted the boy with his boot. Where it hurt worst. That boy was respectfully yours. What episode sits on my recollection like the ghost of Hamlet's pa.

Worse boys "taken up" for plundering hennery (not Ward Beecher.) Got in jail. Guess they never read Mark Twain's recipe for plundering hen roosts or they wouldn't have been caught at it. I guess Mark was as notorious a chicken stealer as ever devastated the poultry ranches of the Pacific Slope.

Leading divine preaches about capital and labor. Henry George — smart man, too — says there's no such thing as capital; hence no conflict. Capital but canned and hermetically sealed labor, some time and in some shape or other. Idea pretty cute. Henry's head most level enough for a billiard table.

Thursday.

Doctor and an evening paper dislike each other. Doctor says evening paper afraid of jackass. Evening paper might have made big point by swearing it was afraid of doctor. I'm 'fraider of one doctor than two jackasses. 'Cause doctor costs more per visit. Kills oftener, too. Mule or jackass simply kicks stuffing out of you and you get over it after a while. Doctor will fill you so full of truck that you never get over it. Give me jackass every day in the week.

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Boys throw stones in slings. People mad. Want police to arrest boys. It's more fun to throw stones in slings than to suck eggs. I've done both. Hence can swear to it. The boy who puts out a man's eye with stone will be hero of the vale among other boys. Good many of us think we have good times, but boy about ten years old can get more fun out of life than any of us. If you give him a sling. Or a "bowanarrer." Or a shotgun. Or a cannon.

Friday.

Bad man last night tried to chloroform a woman. Slammed it in her eye. Then ran. Man was a poet. Maybe if he had read her some of his poetry would have put her to sleep quicker. Ordinarily would bet on poetry 'gainst chloroform any time. . . .

Saturday.

See you in '82. Ta-Ta. Happy New Year.

A RHAPSODY.

The weather is hot, but oh! what a growing time it is! One can almost hear the blades of grass as they lengthen from day to day, and the tiny bud so rapidly unfolding into the flower. February, is it? But where, inquires the newcomer, have you hung the thermometer? That tells the story of June, and the bees and the butterflies all hum the same story. February, and the mercury in the vicinity of the eighties, and the snow lying white on the mountain crests, and the days falling into the shadow of an early evening! Nature seems all topsy-turvy to us, and we can scarce believe our senses. No fires on our hearths, the soft warm breezes laden with the fragrance of a blossoming world stealing in at our open windows, and only last week, upon the farther side of the Rockies, we were in the midst of howling blizzards, mountain snow drifts and frozen streams.

We can hardly awake to the fact that we are not dreaming. Is this the same Mother Nature that was so harsh to us there, that touched us with chill and frost and howled at us with Borean blasts but a few days since, numbing our finger tips, freezing our ears and our toes, and sending us shivering into the outer world, dreading to leave the comfort of our firesides?

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Yes, it's the same, and yet not the same, for here it is Nature regenerate, smiling all the long year through with warmth and gladness; decking herself with loveliness; singing her winter songs in rippling brooks, or in the mighty anthem of the rolling river; crowning her hills with golden poppies, her gardens with lilies and roses; breathing the breath of the heliotrope; wafting the fragrance of the orange bloom; giving voice to the robin and the mocking bird; causing the lark to rise in gladness and pave a pathway of song to the deeps of the skies; setting a-flutter the butterflies' wings, and stirring the bee to its musical murmur. Hear the frogs in the glades at nightfall, and watch the caterpillar crawling lazily in the sun. The ants are busy piling up their little hills, and all the wild flowers are in the meadows laughing as if it were indeed June.

And yet it is only February, and the year is young. Ten golden months lie before us and the opening of another year — ten golden months of blossoming and fragrance, of bright, shining skies, of hushed breezes and perennial calm.

It is the land of beauty and of delight, of days and nights beneath the sun and stars, cradled in comfort, pillowed in rest, gathering strength for the future, with the splendid promise of a grand tomorrow ever before us, for this land of the sunset is the land of a grander To-Be.

THE STRIKER.

The striker is abroad in the land of the banner of the stars, and is, as usual, making a spectacle of himself, which makes the American citizen blush for his native land.

But there is sweet consolation in the thought that the marauding miscreants who slay with bombs and bullets are but rarely American born or able to speak the language of the country. Ignorant, besotted, narrow-minded and utterly un-American, they have brought to this free land all the ugliness which makes them but little better than beasts of the field, with ten times the beasts' cruelty, brutishness and inhumanity.

Not content to quit work where the wage is not to their liking, they are marching over the land, driving from mine or workshop the men who are willing to work; murdering, burning and rioting, until the country is but little short of a state of anarchy.

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Freedom to such cattle as these has no more meaning than it has to the donkeys who haul the tram cars in the mines. The Constitution of the United States, the perfection or perpetuation of American institutions, the honor of the flag, the glory of American citizenship, the thing called manhood, are as foreign to their knowledge as are the songs of Homer or the splendors of astronomy.

They grovel.

They are of the dirt, dirty.

They are not men, but animals; not American citizens in any sense, but foreign interlopers, disturbers of the peace, bomb throwers and devils in the shape of men who disgrace the name of man and belittle him and his achievements.

Granted that the mine-owners are steeped in cupidity, are rank with selfishness and are utterly barred from sympathy because of their methods and misdoings, and still you do not find one reason for sympathizing with the brutish Huns, dagos and dirt-eaters who, in the mining regions of the east, are maiming, burning and slaying without any more reason in their marauding than the Malay has when he runs amuck.

Americans! it is time to bring up the Gatling guns and to see that they are well loaded and trained low!

—[May 27, 1894.

TO THE PRESIDENT, WELCOME!

The queen city of the great southwest, Los Angeles, the twentieth-century exponent of human enterprise and American progress and prosperity, salutes the President of this mighty republic and bids him welcome to the hearts and homes of her people—not the perfunctory welcome that greets those high in station, but a welcome that is based upon sincere admiration for the man and his works, as a citizen of the republic, as a soldier of dash and daring, as a statesman vitally alive with the spirit of true Americanism.

In the minds of his countrymen, Roosevelt the intrepid, the sane, the frank, the resolute, typifies the nation in his capacity for work, in his ability to achieve, in his sturdy honesty of purpose, in all things given to his hands to do. To them he is the embodiment of the spirit of youth and sagacity which have placed the



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United States at the forefront of the nations of the world. He, the idolized and admired Roosevelt, personifies the aggressiveness, the determination and the nerve of the American people. What he thinks, he says; what he believes, he makes manifest; what he conceives ought to be done, he does; and as the American people admire bravery and daring it is little wonder that the man who comes to us today, occupying the highest official position in the world, should be greeted by a welcome as sincere as it is outspoken.

In honor of the man, as well as out of respect for his high position, this metropolis of the southwest has set the flag on high, and its colors flutter from staff and spar and facade in such profusion that the streets, and the sky above them, are aglow. His portrait adorns the dwellings of the lowly and is set in illuminated frames upon the thoroughfares where the multitudes come and go. His name is upon every lip, and admiration for his prowess and honesty is alive in the popular heart.

If this beautiful city of ours, with its splendid population of energetic men and charming women, shall serve to make the President still more proud of his country and her people, we shall not have striven in vain. If we shall be able to make manifest to him our admiration for his straight and steady course, dead ahead, along the rugged track where the statesman must walk in the fierce, white light that beats upon the throne of kings, our efforts were worth while.

In any event, here's to the President of the republic, a round of cheers from Los Angeles, the city with the Roosevelt spirit, bidding to Roosevelt the man, the grip and fervor and sincerity of a California welcome!

—[May 8, 1903.

THE HUNGRY SEA.

Another ship has gone out to sea, and the hungry monster of the deep has gorged in his own terrible, remorseless way.

From here I often watch the big ships swing out from the piers into the broad ocean, and I never see them go without the thought that there is but a plank between the beating hearts aboard and the cruel sea beneath.

I hear the bells jingle in the engine-room as the pilot signals "Go ahead;" I see the black smoke pour out of the funnels and



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the water churned into foam astern as the big hulk pushes its way among the waves, but all the time the haunting thought abides that the ones who go, the joyous hearts looking forward to happy meetings at another pier, may nevermore come to land.

Great, angry, awful sea! What a monster you are! How hungry, how cruel, how insatiable! Down into your green depths, where it is dark and cold and still! down there among the brambles of the submarine, you take the world's jewels of life and hide them forever!

Sometimes you choose to throw ashore on the sloping sands the bruised and disfigured victim of your wrath, but oftener the sea gives not up its dead, and the eyes once used to the sunshine that floods the hills are closed forever beneath your heaving waters. Oh, cold and cruel sea!

A HEN CONVENTION.

There is no greater joke abroad in the land of the dissatisfied than the spectacle of the spectacled and flat-chested sisterhood, in solemn congress assembled, reading platitudinous and prosy papers about the rearing of children. There was a whole week of it in San Francisco recently, and it was quite the funniest comedy seen in those parts since Billy Emerson used to play in "Muldoon's Picnic." The doughty majoreesses of the platform had their say, and they said it long and loud. They sawed the atmosphere with their shapeless arms and shook their bony fingers in the face of man, the monster. They told in vapid sentences and with strident yawps the hows, the whys and the whens, until the air vibrated and the earth trembled. Barren and bony, they stood on the public rostrum and just roared, and roared, and roared, and their male accomplices, the she hemales, with lanky limbs and long hair, seconded the motion.

What a lot of freaks they are — those pestiferous piners for pantaloons, whom Ambrose Bierce so happily terms "them loud." Just fancy little children being taken to those ossified bosoms and starved to death! Fancy the state of things if they were really mothers instead of the soured and scrawny sistern that they are!

But, thank goodness! they aren't. Blessed be the thought that the mothers of the world are sweet, patient, gentle, kindly

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and lovable through and through. The little chap who climbs upon his mother's knee pillows his head upon a heart that throbs with tenderness and is easily touched to pity. The eyes that look down into his swim with sympathy, and the kiss that is laid upon his young lips is warm with love.

Blessed be the dear mothers of the world, who round it into a heaven, and blessed be the thought that the fortunes of the babes are not to fall into the hands of females who yearn to be policemen, and who cry aloud because they are not permitted to pay a poll tax.

MARCONI.

Marconi! At mention of that name every man in Christendom — every man outside of Christendom, for that matter — should stand for a moment in silent salute of the veriest wizard of them all!

Marconi, who has spanned the Atlantic with a thought transmitted on the subtle nothing of a wave of either!

Marconi, who has set upon a rocky coast some bits of matter fashioned in cunning form, through which he speaks as we may fancy that the angels speak from place to place upon the heights of Paradise! Marconi, who has toiled in the night while others slept, and who, out of that labor, has wrought for himself a fame that shall last so long as human tongue has speech, or so long as all that is in the world is not the impalpable dust of nothingness!

Marconi, who has made a thing and accomplished an end while others experimented and theorized and failed!

Marconi, who has said little, promised little, boasted not at all, but who has blotted out distance between men as a rushlight is blown out in the wind!

Marconi, America stands in awe in the face of your wondrous achievement, and salutes you as the matchless spirit of all apostles of progress; the uncrowned king of the electrical domain; the latest immortal offspring of that land that has given birth to the immortals of art and song.

Italy may be proud of you, Marconi, but no more so than are we of the world of the west, which rejoices in achievement, and which hails the man who makes his way against the bristling



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bayonets of fate with the acclaim that Rome gave to the leaders of her legions in the brave days of old!

All hail, Marconi! Your star is in the sky, and there it shall blaze in glory so long as a point of light is pricked out by the glow of a planet in the illimitable space of heaven's abyss of blue!

ON THE DOING OF DUTY.

In his great speech at Boston, a few nights ago, our masterful President said many notable things that are worthy of remembrance, but in that address there was one passage on the doing of duty that is a powerful text and will bear dwelling upon. These are his words:

"It is sometimes hard to determine what is best to do, and the best thing to do is oftentimes the hardest. The prophet of evil would do nothing because he flinches at sacrifice and effort, and to do nothing is easiest and involves the least cost. On those who have things to do there rests a responsibility which is not on those who have no obligations as doers. If the doubters were in a majority there would, it is true, be no labor, no sacrifices, no anxiety nor no burden raised or carried; no contribution from our ease and purse and comfort to the welfare of others, or even the extension of our resources to the welfare of ourselves. There would be ease, but alas! there would be nothing done."

Our great President uses these expressions with reference to the momentous problem that confronts the American republic in the Far East, where our gallant men at arms are falling dead in the thickets from savage bullets, and sinking beneath the heat of a tropical sun, in their efforts to carry the blessings of enlightenment, education and human freedom to an ignorant and misguided people, but the words he uses may be applied to all the affairs of life in which men are engaged—the everlasting struggle for the right against the wrong, for the good against the bad, for the kindly against the cruel, for the pure against the unclean, for the honest against the dishonest, for the manly against the ignoble, the corrupt and the vile.

It is easy to drift. It is easy to sit in the open boat, having cast away the oars, and let the craft move along with the current regardless of the rocks and the rapids that are to be encoun-

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tered farther down stream. It is a simple proposition to accept things as they are and let them go at that; much simpler, much more comfortable, much less taxing on the nerves than to rise up and fight; but God help us if all men should conclude to "let things go at that." . . .

Especially do these remarks apply to public journals. In this age the honest newspaper speaks for the honest people of the land. It guards their interests as the father guards the home in which his little ones and their sweet and gracious mother slumber through the long watches of the night. It speaks their sentiments; it voices their protest against wrong and oppression; it is the medium through which they combat fraud, dishonesty, tyranny and all unrighteousness. The newspaper is the vidette at the outpost. It sounds the alarm when an enemy threatens, and should it sleep the citadel is in danger. The brave newspaper, the honest journal of the people, is tireless, sleepless, alert and forever active against the hosts of fraud, and when it becomes otherwise the liberty of the people is threatened with disaster, for fraud is ever active; it never rests and it never sleeps. . . .

There rests upon those who have things to do a responsibility which they cannot shirk, if they be men who know the meaning of the word duty, and to none is given a heavier load than is laid upon the shoulders of the journalists who go straight forward for the right, no matter what may be the personal consequences. "Those who have no obligations as doers" may sit in judgment, but it is the doers who must act as God gives them to see the right. Without faltering, without wavering, without turning aside, they cannot shirk the burden; and the honest toiler of the press would not if he could. And so—Forward!

—[February 22, 1899.]

RUDYARD KIPLING.

The people of all nations who have a love for literature are, in spirit, watching at the bedside of that prince of the pen, Rudyard Kipling, who lies dangerously ill in the city of New York. Mr. Kipling is easily the master literary genius of this era, and his writings, aside from the purely literary quality thereof, are steering the course of nations. He stands in a class

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alone, and there is no writer in any language whose work commands a tithe of the attention that the most trivial output from Kipling's fertile brain does. Whether it be prose or verse, there is scarcely a line that comes from the pen of this gifted man that does not show the hallmark of genius. His poetry, whether of the barracks, the reeling ship, or upon the policy of a nation, is vivid with that quality, and we have had no writer in these later days who can approach his work in its strong, contemporaneous human interest, in its vivid spirit, and in its absorbing interest to the masses who read.

Americans may have said many things in a jocular way about Rudyard Kipling, for we are an irreverent race that is inclined to crack jokes in the face of death or danger, but all the same there is a tender place in the hearts of all reading Americans for the brilliant man who came out of the Far East a few years ago with a head full of ideas and songs and stories, and a gift for putting them into the most winsome and seductive form for the edification, enlightenment and uplifting of his fellows of all creeds and conditions. At his bedside even Yankee jocularly is sobered, for he, the teller of "Plain Tales from the Hills" and the weaver of the "Jungle Stories," lies in sore distress; his busy pen is in its rack; the ink is drying in the well, and we who love him for his strong manliness and admire him for his literary grasp and genius, know what his loss would be to the world of letters. And the prayers of good Americans are going up, begging that God be good to Rudyard Kipling.

—[February 26, 1899.]

THE FORTIFICATION OF SAN DIEGO.

Where tremendous commercial interests are at stake; where a great city stands in sublime but unprotected grandeur, menaced by an enemy that is likely at any time to come sweeping in from the vast seaward spaces with its armored fleets belching tons of iron upon the heads and habitations of a people, it is meet and fitting that a scheme of defense should be planned, commenced and carried to a prompt and successful conclusion.

San Diego, with her vast maritime and other interests, is today at the mercy of a marauding foe. Not a cannon frowns above the waters in front of the town except the one small gun at

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the army barracks, which is fired proudly each evening as a notification to the populace that the sun has set. This gun would be but small defense against a fleet of British or Japanese battleships, and although up to this time it has served as a notice to the navies of the world to keep out to sea, the time has come when it should be reinforced by a complete outfit of artillery and fortifications somewhat in keeping with the bay and climate which are of such inestimable importance to the lungs, livers and lights of the American people.

It will take some considerable expenditure of money to make this great seaport thoroughly safe—to fortress it against the bombardment that is likely to be turned against it from Los Angeles or some other foreign country at any time, and lay the Coronado Hotel and the Brewster House in smoking ruins; but when great interests are at stake, when the whole western coast of a great country is wide open to attack, and a city like San Diego stands out alone and unprotected on the water front, it is measly and puerile to hesitate about a mere question of cost. Therefore that feature will be dismissed as settled, and the only thing left to consider is a plan of defense which, because of the lay of the land, can be made as impregnable as Gibraltar; as dangerous as dynamite.

Beginning at Paradise Valley, where the jabberwock has his lair and rears his young, there should be constructed a chain of forts, with disappearing guns and plenty of bomb proofs, extending up to the tamale stand which is one of the conspicuous landmarks at the foot of Q street. Estimated cost, \$184,000,000.

On the hill at the power-house there should be a line of rifle pits 485 feet long, thoroughly shoveled up to a height of eight feet, with grass grown on the slopes so that the enemy would slip up in case of a bayonet charge. Estimated cost, \$1,000,050.

At Old Town the falling adobes and mud huts should be changed into subterranean mines, thoroughly charged with smokeless powder, so that in case of a land attack the enemy could be blown up as he undertakes a flank movement on the rifle pits at the power-house. Estimated cost, \$998,010.54.

Sweeping around the north end of the bay there should be stationed a line of horseless carriages, with steam up night and day, in order to remove the non-combatants from the city with celerity in case of a fight. These could be returned loaded with

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water (the carriages, not the non-combatants,) from Warner's Ranch, thus slaking the thirst of the smoke-begrimed warriors fighting with bated breaths and drawn brows in the various forts and ambuscades along shore. Estimated cost, \$3,984,272.

At Point Loma, that most strategic episode in the entire scheme of defense, the spook seminary which is now being built could be surrounded by a series of triangulated bulwarks of granite reaching from the lighthouse clean around to a connection with the line of motor cycles. These works should be manned by at least 480 of the latest Krupp guns of the heaviest caliber, and they should be kept loaded to the muzzle with the most deadly explosives known to military science. A battery capable of throwing Chinese stinkpots right in the face of the enemy will be a necessity at this point. Manned by such eminent fighters as Admiral Gardner of the San Diego Union, with Commodore Bates on his left flank, and Editor Moses Y. Beach of the Tribune as powder-monkey to load the pots, this would prove a deadly arm which would strike terror to the hearts of the foe. Estimated cost of these works, after much figuring, \$908,327,-010.10.

In addition to these features of land defense, a swarm of war yachts should be kept patrolling up and down the bay under the command of Mayor Reed, acting as a sort of shoal-water vidette force, to notify the enemy that he is being laid for. Estimated cost, \$229.05.

This covers the immediate portion of the city proper; but so far no appropriation for the defense of the peninsula has been provided. Heavy works would scarcely be necessary here. A high board fence of Oregon pine, reaching from the most northerly point on the peninsula along in front of the Coronado Hotel, down to the garbage dumps, would shield the peninsula from the enemy's observation and serve as a wind-break to the troops inshore. If the seaward side of this fence were kalsomined, the glare would divert and destroy the aim of the gunners on the ships, and thus much of their ammunition would be wasted. Estimated cost: Fence, \$1829.75; kalsomine, \$29.

Grand and effective as is this thorough scheme of defense, San Diego has one natural ally which can be boasted about by but few seacoast cities in the world. This is the Sweetwater dam. This could be so arranged as to have a hinged door in it,

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something like those used on hencoops. At the approach of a force of marines from a hostile fleet the door could be swung up, when the long-pent-up waters would sweep down the incline to the sea and drown every last mother's son of the attacking party. Too much cannot be thought of this adjunct to the thorough scheme of fortifications which has been here outlined, and the expense would be merely nominal.

Another strong point is Tia Juana, on the Mexican border. This must be further strengthened by a *cheveaux de frise* of mesquite to protect the city from a Mexican land force or cattle-thieves that are likely to come in at any time and hit the city a hard blow in the rear. Estimated cost (Indian labor can be used, reducing the expense,) \$274.26.

The total cost of these military improvements at San Diego bay and thereabouts foots up to the sum of \$1,098,311,702.70; and while it seems large, in view of the importance of the city and its back country, which reaches clean over to San Jacinto, it is a mere bagatelle.

The Times favors an immediate appropriation of the entire amount necessary to carry out this scheme, and, without waiting for the passage of the tariff bill, calls upon Congress to come to the defense of the city of San Diego and the nation by setting aside the sum named from any old fund the government may have on hand. Of course it will be necessary to have the Secretary of War's concurrence in this gigantic proposition, and he should be "seen" in advance. No doubt our friends in San Diego may be depended upon to attend to this without any more than a mere hint from us.

The eyes of the nation are upon Congress in this emergency. There stands San Diego absolutely defenseless, with but one bare, rusty exception. The fleets of the allied powers of the world are likely to move upon it at any moment. It must be guarded from assault or we are lost. In heaven's name, men of Congress! do not lose us, but, most important of all, do not let San Diego get wiped off the map. You do not know, you cannot know, how it would be missed. We want it where it is. Protect it, defend it, fortify it, and all the people from Chula Vista to Oceanside will rise up and call you blessed!

—[January 27, 1897.

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THE QUALITY OF COURAGE.

All men of principle and of steadfastness approve the man who has the courage of his convictions. Such a man necessarily makes enemies; but even an enemy entertains a wholesome respect for the man who honestly differs from him and is not afraid to advocate and defend his views upon all proper occasions.

The men of courage, the men of positive ideas, are the men who make history. Without them there would be no progress. The world would retrograde. Civilization would turn backward. The glorious achievements of the past would be wasted, and the future would hold no promise.

It is easier to drift with the current than to oppose it. Those who go counter to accepted ideas often impose upon themselves a thankless and unpleasant task. They incur the reproaches of unjust critics, the contumely of enemies, and too often the ill will of those who are, or should be, their friends. But these things have little weight with the man who is actuated by deep and abiding convictions. He will do his duty as he sees it at all hazards, and in spite of opposition or adverse criticism, leaving to the future the vindication of his action.

If there were no resistant forces in the world, wrong would go unrebuked and error would go uncorrected. If in politics there were no opposing forces, free and just government would be impossible. And if in political parties no voice were raised against the evils that spring up within them, the evils would go unremedied, and the party in which they existed would go from bad to worse, until its downfall would come as a matter of course.

It is with newspapers as individuals. The newspaper which dares to be independent and outspoken — which has convictions and possesses the courage to put those convictions into words — is certain to incur the enmity of political partisans, the distrust of professed friends and the oburgations of narrow-minded men who are incapable of perceiving more than one side to any question. But if an honest newspaper may not protest against evils within the party to which it professes allegiance, how and with what grace can it protest against evils in the party which it opposes?

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As a simple matter of fact, the honest newspaper, like the honest man, will protest against injustice and wrong wherever it finds them—whether it be within the ranks of its own party, or within the ranks of the opposing party. The thoroughness with which the honest newspaper performs its duty is the measure not only of its courage, but of its conscientiousness. The duty which it performs may be, and usually is, an unpleasant one. But this fact should make no difference, and will make no difference, to the newspaper that is actuated by a sincere desire and determination to do its whole duty to the public, to its party, and to itself. It will not be deterred by threats, by adverse criticism, by vituperation, or by the appeals of professed friends. It will do its duty unflinchingly, leaving the consequences to the future—that future which has shown the right of more than one sturdy battle, that has been won through the efforts of what at the outset appeared to be a forlorn hope. Truth is eternal. The right always wins in the long run; and so, courage—and the cry is “Forward!”

THE XYLOPE.

The above term does not signify, as a superficial reader might at first glance suppose, a new species of animal. Neither does it signify a new kind of musical instrument, as others might possibly infer from the general appearance and structure of the word. Nor yet is it descriptive of a new-fangled weapon of defense and offense.

In order to understand just what the Xylope is, or is to be (for he, she or it has not yet arrived), we must have recourse to science—and to French science at that. A learned scientific sharp of Paris has declared that the time is coming when human beings “will have X-ray eyes,” and will be “enabled to see almost any number of vibrations of light.” He does not claim that all persons will be so gifted (or afflicted, as the case may be), but says that the faculty will be confined to a few. He christens these sensitives Xylopes, in advance of their coming.

This French doctor calmly goes on to tell some of the things the Xylope will see which are hidden from ordinary mortals. Clothing will be as transparent to him as glass, for instance, and “lovely woman will appear as skeletons, covered with a gelatinous

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sort of matter." This is simply horrible. It may be set down as a certainty that there will be no very precipitate rush on the part of anybody to become a Xylope, under the circumstances. Imagine a Xylope attempting to make love to a skeleton and a gelatinous mass! "A rag and a bone and a hank of hair" would be a dream of loveliness in comparison; for even the rag and the hair would vanish (or, rather, would resolve themselves into a gelatinous combination, reminiscent only of the jelly-fish), and nothing worth mentioning would be left, save the bone. This might have some attraction for a hungry dog, but the unfortunate Xylope would be very likely to seek seclusion in a deep, dark cave.

With all due respect to the erudite Parisian scientist, it does not seem probable that the race of Xylopes is likely to increase very fast. The nervous strain would be too great. To the Xylope the world would be peopled with skeletons—and "a gelatinous sort of matter." The streets of populous cities would become the ghastly promenade of rattling bones. The human form divine would be transformed into a horrid ossification. The smile of beauty would be metamorphosed into an awful grin, and the world would become a vast charnel-house of animated skeletons. Human nerves would be too weak to stand the strain.

Science has doubtless many surprises in store, but let us hope that the evolution of the Xylope is not one of those surprises. The world has worried along for some thousands of years, and can get along very well without him. He is not calculated to "fill a long-felt want."

—[October 2, 1897.]

HOPE FOR THE HAIRLESS.

A recent arrival from Alaska states, as a sober fact, that the climate of the frigid northwest will restore hair to the baldest head that ever sat in the front row of a leg show. If this be so, the hairless men of this nation owe a debt to the memory of Secretary Seward that they will never be able to pay. Of course, we will concede that Alaska as a Russian possession might grow hair the same as does that Territory under the Stars and Stripes, but who is there among the baldheaded who would not feel chagrined at having to go to Russia in order to get his hair back?

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The fact that the extreme frigidity of the atmosphere of Alaska is conducive to the growth of luxuriant locks is not being made enough of by our government and the transportation companies. As compared with the lust for gold, the lust for hair on the part of those who haven't any worth speaking about is as dollars to doughnuts, and if the transportation lines desire to boom their business, and if our government desires to increase its revenues by foreign travel, a combined effort should be made to let the wide world know that in Alaska we have a land where hair will sprout on the smoothest pate without the use of drugs, chemicals, friction, hair restorer, coal oil, vaseline or any of the other remedies which the hairless have been leaning upon for lo! these many years as upon a broken reed.

The fact should be brought out strongly that the hairless sufferer who yearns for hair may not only go to Alaska and acquire a gold mine worth 'steen million dollars, but that he may also acquire a hirsute crop that will woo the breezes of the prairies as do the whiskers of Peffer. Therefore let the bald-headed Snipe of the Valley lift his eyes to the land where the aurora borealis paints pictures in the sky; where frozen toes and fingers line the frosty trails; where the eating of dog meat goes on apace; where the price of flour and canned goods is out of sight and where drinks of whisky are sawed off in chunks—here the unhappy hairless human creature may restore to himself a new head of hair, and if he does lose a few feet and hands in the operation, what matters it? What are feet and hands, or even arms, compared with a head of hair to a hairless man?

—[September 21, 1899.

THE MATCHLESS AMERICAN.

In the calendar of days there is none dearer to the American heart than this—the 12th day of February—the day upon which there was born into this great world of travail and care that immortal spirit, Abraham Lincoln.

Ninety years ago today that splendid character first saw the light in the humblest of humble homes in Kentucky, and fifty-six years later he died a martyr to his country, the greatest of uncrowned kings.

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The writer who takes up the pen to set down upon paper his thoughts on the character and achievements of this matchless American finds that there is little that has been left unsaid regarding him, and is more inclined to sit in the glow of that great name, lost in admiration, than to attempt the formation of new phrases that shall serve as a tribute to a statesman's valor, strength, nobility, sagacity and surpassing patience.

Of all the men that America has produced since the landing of the Pilgrims on "a stern and rock-bound coast," Lincoln stands forth more clearly than any other as the typical genius of this republic. Born in the very ashes of poverty, through his innate nobility of soul he achieved the purple of greatness, and the lapse of years but adds to the grandeur of his character as his countrymen gaze backward through the mists of time and speculate upon the good and loving things he did for his country and for his fellow-men. About his name there rises the incense of noble deeds—surrounding that name there rests a halo that flames with the luster of immortality!

As one finds, in considering most great spirits of the human family, Abraham Lincoln was a dual character. At one moment he was the boon companion with a quip upon his lips; at the next he was the one overtowering genius of a great national crisis; the burden-bearing President; the gentle father; the patient comrade and friend of the common people, of whom he said "God must be very fond because He made so many of them." Through the cavern which he saw with his sad and deep-set eyes there shone the soul of a comedian and the sublime central figure of one of the world's greatest tragedies. Though he was a master at jest, yet behind the merry phrase and merrier story there sat in the solitude of a great task the imperious spirit of the statesman to whom was committed the freedom of mankind, for when Lincoln struck the gyves from the bondmen of America he dealt a blow the echo of which is ringing today in the beautiful East Indies and in the tropical islands where our men at arms are setting up the flag of stars and paving the way for the school mistress and the highest type of civilization that has ever blessed the world.

When one considers the birth and the achievements of the immortal Lincoln he begins to reach an appreciation of the



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fact that it is neither birth, breeding, station nor education that makes the man—it is the man himself. Although gaunt of figure, ungainly in action and deficient in the graces upon which so much is counted among men and women of the world of manners and form, Lincoln in his innate grace and nobility of character was the greatest of his contemporaries, and America has yet to have knowledge of his peer. The nobility of soul is not a knighthood to be conferred by a monarch—it must come from the great Creator Himself, and if Lincoln were not so endowed then we may not hope to see such an one in the life of any man.

And so, as the years drift by, the years that bring new cares and new responsibilities to the congregations of men that we call nations, it is like a benediction to the spirit to know that such a man as Lincoln once walked among us, joyed with us in happy days and wept with us in tender sympathy in our sufferings. His great heart was a never-failing fount of sympathy for the people of every day. He was one who looked across the glittering epaulettes of the officer into the eyes of the common soldier, where he always found the man who understood him, and while there were critics in high places who sat in judgment upon his comings and goings as the President of the republic, the "common people" about the fireside and in the trenches at the front rested their faith in his manhood and sagacity to the uttermost, and were never disappointed.

And at the last, in the full glory of success and at the apex of victory, the assassin let loose the bolt of death, and the noble Lincoln was but a memory. What tears and sorrows there were in the land when the tidings of his fall flashed afar none of those who were his contemporaries will ever forget. The people had learned to love him with an abiding affection, and to lean upon him as one in whom there was a strength surpassing the potentiality of a mere man. He had become to them a guide, philosopher and friend—the idealized character who stood as the very bone and sinew, the living heart, the stalwart personality of the institutions of American freedom—and when he died upon that April night it was as though chaos were upon the land, and as though through the darkness of midnight there swept terrors that were numberless. The land in which the bands of peace were playing the lilting airs of victory was hung in black, and the notes of the dirge swelled from organ

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loft and sobbed through the aisles that were lined with the weeping multitudes. Men accosted each other with eyes that were wet with tears, and uttered speech that was the echo of a sob. The sun that shone upon the burnished bayonets of the boys in whom Lincoln trusted to fight the nation's battles was overcast by the shadow in the hearts of those who had won peace for their country, and all the world seemed filled with wailing and with woe.

Surely, then, it were no common man who could so impress himself upon his fellows, and as surely Lincoln was not a common man. He was the matchless American; the loving friend; the patient commander; the loyal statesman; the one central figure of a terrible and trying era in whom the world rejoices, and upon whom time, as it goes by, sets further store for his distinction—not as a President, not as a statesman, but as a man!

—[February 12, 1899.]

MY CHAPLET OF DAISIES.

Under the deep shadow of misfortune which broods over the nation it is hard for one to think, much less write, of any other subject than that which lies close to every heart, and in the presence of the funeral emblems which drape our homes, and under the spell of melancholy which is within us and about us, levity seems like sacrilege. When a great man dies, the world loses a jewel; when a good man dies, we seem to have lost something that can never be replaced; when a brave man dies—cut down in harness with a cheer upon his lips—we admire his valor and mourn his loss; but when a man dies who was more than all these—who was great and good and brave; who was a scholar, a soldier, a patriot, a statesman, and who as either was the peer of any, the affliction is more than poor human nature can bear resignedly. But when we add to this the damnable manner of his taking off, when we think of the wretch—whom to name would be a disgrace—the blood boils, and the coolest headed needs aid to help him bear it.

So much is being written at this hour by the ablest pens upon the all-absorbing theme of the dead and martyred President that even an attempt toward a tribute from an humbler one appears like effrontery, but none the less my love for the noble

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life that has flickered out is warm and honest, and though my chaplet may be only one of modest daisies, there will none be placed upon brave Garfield's bier that will carry with it more sincere admiration and respect that comes from the heart than this. For this man was one of us. He had toiled along the same hard paths that we—that is, the most of us Americans not born since fortunes have become so plentiful—have trodden and are toiling in today. He sprang from the people, and step by step fought his way up from the groveling earth to the heights of the shining stars! There was no "influence" at his back to shoulder him into place—no coterie of moneyed friends was there to buy praises for him from the press, or to silence the tongue of envy; but from the beginning, as a barefooted, orphaned country boy, he fought his brave battle alone, knowing no influence but right, and buying no praises but with merit. What an example for the American boy of today, and of all time—how history will brighten as his name shines out upon the roster of our heroes, and how much the republic owes him for his grand example!

Among the few treasures which the writer of this has garnered during a brief and comparatively obscure literary career—a career which can hardly be called such because the things written are thrown off at night, in the interim between ever-busy days—there is none which I so prize and cherish as a half sheet of note paper upon which Garfield's honored hand had rested as he wrote what I shall quote below. The history of this letter is a simple one. During the campaign of '80, as the country was in the midst of the great canvass, I wrote some songs which met the fancy of my fellow-Republicans, and which were sung throughout the country. When two or three of them had come from the press I inclosed them to General Garfield with my compliments. In response he wrote this letter, which will be noticed bears date precisely eleven months before he was wounded.

MENTOR, O., August 2, 1880.

MR. L. E. MOSHER,

DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 23d ultimo inclosing "Ballads" came duly to hand. They will be valuable contributions to the campaign. With thanks, I am very truly yours,

J. A. GARFIELD.

And Other Poems and Prose.

While this little note is commonplace and unimportant, to me it is something to cherish as beyond price, and neatly framed it leans upon my table as I pen these lines, wearing its drapery of sorrow. And in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington upon his pulseless heart lies the hand that penned it—dead. The bright, brave eyes have lost their luster, and the stalwart frame is cold; Garfield is dead.

Dead, at the zenith of fame;

Dead, in the ripeness of years;

Dead, with the crown of a glorious name;

Dead, with a nation in tears.

—[Stockton Mail, September 22, 1881.]

A GREAT EDITOR.

A brilliant light has gone out in the world of American journalism, for the New York Sun has lost its great editor, and the country has lost a brave, resolute, masterful and honest man.

Charles A. Dana was the last of the old guard of famous New York editors—men who helped make the history of the republic, who wrought for the glory and the enlightenment of the land they loved. Greeley, Weed, Bennett the elder, Raymond, and now the courageous Dana are all gone, and all that is left of them are records of heroic achievement and great newspapers as monuments to their ability as leaders and masters of the craft of journalism.

Mr. Dana proved that he had ability of a high order for work outside the editorial sanctum, but it was as a newspaper man that he gained his highest fame, and it is as a newspaper man that he will be remembered longest by his countrymen, and that his name will live in his country's history.

Charles A. Dana was not only a journalist, but a student; but it is a question if a man can become really great as a journalist without being a hard student, for the profession demands tireless reading, research and toil that weary the brain and exhaust the physical system. He who would lead in the work of making great newspapers must not stop to rest; he must not let any subject grow away from him, and he must keep

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abreast of the times in everything from potatoes to politics, and from literature to the science of soap-making. Such a man was the great Dana, who has just lain down to rest in his beautiful home at Glen Cove. But he was more than this; he was a born fighter who was wont to slay and spare not. Journalists of this sort do not find life a bed of roses, and they create widespread animosities and raise up an army of enemies that has its outposts in every hamlet in the wide land. But if they feel that they are doing right they can well afford to go serenely on their way, battling with the frauds that invade the land; exposing the weak and the shuffling; tearing masks from the faces of fakirs and pretenders; striking hard blows that good may come of it, and standing up to the work through evil report and through good report, depending upon time for their vindication, and resting secure upon the approval of conscience, whether time vindicates or not.

Mr. Dana was essentially that kind of an editor. If there was a head in sight that deserved to be hit, he hit it, and not with a feather, either. Sometimes his blows may have glanced and fallen upon a head that did not deserve all it got, but these cases were rare, for he was a man of superior judgment and keen discrimination, not only with respect to men, but as to measures, and when he concluded to go after a scheme or a schemer it was something that needed to be done. And what picturesqueness there was in Mr. Dana's doing of it! There was never any mincing of words or evasiveness of movement in his attacks on the evils that confronted his country or the city of his home. With a vocabulary that was big and breezy he took after devious creatures and their unholy enterprises, and when he had finished with them there remained nothing to do but to sweep up the remains.

Such men as these are as rare as they are valuable to the country; their genius enriches, and while individuals who may have fallen under the lash will not agree that a loss has been sustained, the fact remains that in the death of a man like Charles A. Dana the country sustains a disaster of as momentous magnitude as an army does on the field of battle when it loses its commander. For Dana was a general in the army of peace that is battling the allied hosts of anarchy, fraud, pretense and general cussedness. Day after day his sword was ringing against the brazen helmet of falsehood and fraud; day



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after day his voice, through his great newspaper, was heard giving words of command and shouting tidings of cheer to the disheartened and discouraged; day after day he was in pursuit of a flying foe made up of bushwhackers, mountebanks and bummers of all grades and conditions, and it was a pursuit that never ended, for there was always a new crop springing up where one had been thrashed the day before.

But the mighty have fallen. He whose lance glistened in the sun lies low after a valiant and noble fight. Out of the smoke and darkness of daily battle the good soldier goes, we may not doubt, into a land where soft breezes murmur across Elysian fields where rest is sweet, and where there are neither tears nor grief nor suffering, but a blessed comfort that comes only after a life of duty done with a man's whole heart and soul.

Today the Sun that "shines for all" is dimmed of its luster, but let us fondly hope that its great leader and conductor is now basking in the brilliant light that streams about the throne of the Most High, and that all is well.

—[October 19, 1897.]

ON VOTING.

Girls, are you really going to vote?

Is it possible that you lovely things who are the salt of the earth propose to take all of the savor out of yourselves by getting out at the primaries and peddling tickets to the hobos?

Don't you really think it is more fitting for you to raise men to do the voting, the log rolling and the rough work of life for you?

Don't you think it is a sweeter, a holier, a nobler duty to take the little fellows on your knees and tell them what great men were Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln; to tell them of the great battles that were fought for the Union, of the sacrifices of their fathers, their uncles or their grandfathers; to tell them that the way for them to make this nation good and great, as it ought to be, is for them to be good men, and when they grow up to vote right?

Don't you think when you ask to vote that you're usurping more than your share in the control of things? For, God bless you, sweet women! you already run the country through the boys you have raised, and through the husbands, who are your vassals.

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Give the men a show. Let them lug the water and hew the wood. Let them do the marching, the fighting and the voting, but you just quietly sit behind the arras and pull the strings, as you have done ever since Adam was made a monkey of by the original mother in a summer suit.

TAKE OFF THOSE TROUSERS!

Mrs. Clara Bewick Colby, before the Woman's National Council at Omaha, makes the broad assertion that trousers, by rights, belong to women, and that brute man has stripped them from her with all the savagery of a highwayman. If Clara is correct in this statement there is no excuse for the constant campaign carried on by some members of the gentler sex to restore to themselves the bifurcated garment which they oftentimes wear with more or less grace.

If it be a fact that woman invented trousers while the men were out fighting battles, as Clara says, but failed to take out a patent on them, or even a caveat, then we submit that they should be surrendered and restored to their proper location on the limbs of loveliness, and man should get into skirts where he belongs, the brute. This taking snap judgment on poor woman, who was not astute enough to go to the Patent Office and secure the leg dressings against the filching male person, has nothing to defend it, and by all the laws of right and justice this great wrong should be amended by a manly concession to woman of what belongs to her.

What man wants to go around wearing garments that are another's, unless he be a hobo? What brute of a male has the audacity to go on parading himself up and down the highways and byways of the earth encased in toggerly in which he has no shadow of equity?

We again submit that this is all wrong—a sin before high heaven—for the male sex to keep on wearing woman's clothes in this outrageously high-handed manner. Of course, some hair-splitting brute of a male may plead that the statute of limitations runs against woman's claims to the garment that he has attempted to monopolize to his own use so long, and so many times with but slight success, but we maintain that as against the principles of eternal justice the statute of limitations never runs. A debt

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is a debt no matter if it be outlawed, and a pair of trousers that belong to woman are hers, if they are hers, no matter how much a man paid for them, or who his tailor is.

Of course, it is going to seem a bit queer for us to put on skirts which will transform us into guys, but we will get used to them in time, no doubt, and probably come after awhile into the practice of whooping them up with steel tilters, decorating them with fluffy flounces and strips of velveteen cut on the bias, and garnishing them with bugle trimming costing \$18 or \$20 a pound or a peck, however that commodity may be measured or sold.

But all this is neither here nor there. If these nether garments of ours belong to the other sex, let us strip ourselves like men and "give them presents back," and look pleasant while we are doing the deed, as becomes a brave and honorable race of human beings. We should not want anything that does not belong to us, and if Clara can produce documents showing that these trousers are hers by divine right of discovery, she can have ours if we have to go doddering about the wide world as bare as a deciduous tree in the dead of winter. Dear Clara, come and get our pants!

—[October 30, 1898.

THE AMERICAN MOTHER.

The grand, old-fashioned American mother, the mother of brave and loyal sons and daughters, was exemplified strikingly in Nancy Allison McKinley, the mother of the nation's masterful President—the mother who passed into the silent beyond last Sunday morning.

When this country of ours was peopled throughout its length and breadth by strong, sturdy and loyal women of this type, America was at her best. Where they had their abiding place there were comfort and sweetness and good cheer; the sense of purity encompassed them roundabout, and the stalwart good sense, the rare and kindly charity, the sterling womanliness that they exhibited were so marked as to appear a national characteristic of those brave souls who came into the heart of this rich continent and founded homes, helped built cities, reared strong

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and noble men, and laid deep the foundations of the greatness of America by living lives of virtue, prudence, honesty and uprightness.

God bless the grand old American mother, whose presence in the world has ever been a blessing and a benediction; whose loyalty sustained the nation in its hour of peril; whose hand soothes the brow of pain, and who by fine example and splendid courage has endowed the life of her children with recollections sweeter than the most soulful music, and whose going hence leaves a memory that to them is better than riches and greater than any earthly glory. To have a mother like Nancy McKinley is greater and more blessed than to be President, and the son of such a mother is richer than kings.

—[December 14, 1897.]

THE SUBLIME GORGE.

Standing on the piñon-fringed rim of the great gorge of gorges, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, the spectator is at first impressed, and if he be more than usually impressionable, appalled, by the wonderful ensemble—the cyclopean panorama of peak, turret, palisade, escarpment, pinnacle and open quadrangle. As his eye becomes somewhat used to focusing itself upon the vastness of the scene he begins at once the almost unconscious task of segregation; of picking out from its abutting neighbor each special feature which goes to make up the marvelous picture that is too wide for human vision, too far beyond the power of words to describe, to be adequately limned. The dream pictures one sees in the roaring flames of a sea-coal fire are here repeated in wondrous multiplication and in unspeakable magnitude.

Away across the color-filled gap and against the farther side of the gorge he may see specimens of every type of building known to the world's architects from the time of Michaelangelo to the man who planned the new postoffice at Confederate Cross Roads.

For miles, at a point to the left center of the picture, there stands in stateliness a row of brownstone buildings as perfect in every detail as the hand-made structures that line Broad street in the City of Brotherly Love. There is the white sidewalk in

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front, the flight of steps leading up to the front doors, the windows, the apex of the roof. Each house is separate and distinct, but all precisely alike, seemingly, and as completely the dwellings of men as those that line Figueroa street, or the breeze-swept slopes of Bonnie Brae.

Where this row of buildings ends, the great wall breaks into a spasm of incongruity. The rectangular effect gives place to great piles of drift rock, shelving slopes of granite and sandstone, shuffled and intermixed, beetling heights and shadow-filled depths.

Then the Supreme Architect again takes up His chisel and mallet. Here He builds a great church. To the eye of the looker-on it seems a rather small affair, but when one knows how deceptive is distance in this limpid air and lofty altitude of nearly eight thousand feet above sea level, he need not be told that it may be a thousand feet from the apparent street in front to the apex of the spire.

But, whatever the magnitude of the seeming structure, there is not a detail in it that is not carried out with such precision as to make it seem a real temple of worship. There is the broad flight of steps leading up to a column-guarded vestibule, great oriel windows, the belfry, from which rings out no bell in the pellucid air, and then there springs against the great background of sandstone a spire as graceful and exquisite in detail as pierces the atmosphere above any church building in Christendom.

To the right of this impressive feature there leans against the gigantic wall of rock another church smaller in size, but equally as striking and distinct in its perfection.

It was just at sunset when the writer first saw the great cañon, and, except when there are storms sweeping through its marvelous defiles, there is probably no hour in which its effects are more wondrous or impressive.

The sunshine kisses the higher points until they blush. It bathes peak and promontory with gold. It softens the craggy headlands and wraps about their gnarled and garish features a drapery of haze that is unspeakably beautiful.

At our feet, in the foreground, there springs a granite-topped mountain nearly three thousand feet high, its top almost on a level with the eye. As the sun drops down behind it the shadows of this mountain reach out and caress the more diminutive peaks and hills. There are great bands of color swathing the scene in

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an elysium dream of purple, blue, aqua-marine, opal and amethyst. In the depths where the swift river runs, so far away from us that not a murmur of the water reaches the ears of the enraptured watchers on the cañon's rim, there are black shadows which show that night has reached a portion of the nether world while yet the sublime heights are shimmering in glory.

As the great orb sinks lower the scene changes and other spectacles are disclosed.

Away to the right center there is massed against the high wall a medley of Egyptian, Chinese and Japanese temples. They are topped out with towers and turrets, swathed in gossamer, and so etherealized by the effects of sun and atmosphere that they seem like the things one remembers of a dream.

How shall one describe them—these pagodas which do not exist?—these wondrous phantasms of Nature's most marvelous panorama? Who shall put into written speech their ineffable beauty, their splendor of detail, their matchless perfection?

The eye sees visions in dreams that words are not equal to; of such are these visions of beauty—these glorious effects wrought by the elements and Time for the mystification and undoing of him who dares attempt to tell of them.

I have called them pagodas which do not exist, and yet they are there; you may go and pick them out and people them with gnomes and satyrs; you may fancy anything your imagination pleases about them, or you may see nothing but a jagged pile of rocks heaped up, thrown down, tumbled about in intricate confusion. It all depends.

The poet tells of one who saw—

“A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose 'twas to him,
And it was nothing more.”

That sort of a prosaic fellow would never see the Grand Cañon at all. He would go there and discover only a great space broken up by mountains, gulches, gorges, ravines, ledges of sandstone, palisades of granite—in fact, simply a long hole in the ground with some rocks in it.

But that sort of a fellow might as well stay away from the Grand Cañon, for he can look into a well and see a hole in the ground, and he can go out to the Arroyo Seco and see rocks.

And yet it is doubtful if even the most everyday man on *earth* can have this great scene jumped upon him as it is always

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jumped upon the spectator, and not get shook up a little bit, at least.

It is related that on one occasion a guide took a party of old Arizona miners into the cañon, and that as soon as they saw it they sat down and began to cry like children. This may be a true story or only an Arizona fairy tale; but when one has been the marvelous spectacle he will believe any stories that may be told him about its effects on human emotions. For the emotions of men are an unknown thing. The ordinary man has been traveling along in a rut all his life, but when he gets to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado he has struck a new sensation, and it is entirely probable that he may get a shaking up that will surprise even himself.

It is frequently the most matter-of-fact man in a party who is the most overcome, and whose eyes brim over quickest when the gorge is reached; but this much may be said for it, at least: It has never yet failed to completely silence the most irrepressible chatterbox that ever saw it, on first view.

Unfortunately, it has not always been able to keep him still.

But there is considerable digression about this, and this is one effect the Grand Cañon has upon people. It starts them talking of the age of the world; of the puny measure of man; of the end of time; of the beginning of eternity. On the brink of this spectacular wonder of the world speculation runs riot and the theorist gallops hot-foot.

He begins figuring on the number of millions of years that the Grand Cañon was in forming. He speculates as to the probability of its having once been the great Amazon River of North America, or whether here is where the world cracked open thirty or forty millions of years ago, and the great sea, which once was here, as is shown by the shells he picks up on the rim where he stands, was drained off into what is now the ocean as we know it.

But whatever his speculations, his dreams, his theories, there still loom up before his entranced and enthralled vision the architectural spectacles which have already been feebly hinted at.

In the middle right of the gorge, and beyond the river, which has dwindled in this year of our Lord to but a tiny thread in comparison with the vast distance from rim to rim, he sees a great government building—a structure which might house the world's census takers, its patent models, its combined congresses, its

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aggregated libraries. The great pile is surmounted by a central chimney, its base being of red brick and its top marble. This chimney looks, across the vapory distance, to be about as high as the ordinary smoke outlet on a two-story dwelling, but that it is a hundred feet or more in height is entirely probable.

Here, too, are great mansions built high and secure upon rock-walled spaces; more temples of the Greek, the Roman, the Egyptian; more modern churches; more villas; more turret-crowned castles; gigantic esplanades upon which might be maneuvered the armies of the world's most powerful nation; beetling cliffs that tower up to the blue horizon and bathe their feet in the murky river; great dumps of disintegrated rock like waste from mammoth mines; piles of material stacked up ready to build a hundred Londons; great palisades that in comparison make the palisades of the Hudson as but a baby's finger-mark on the wall. All these one sees and notes as the shadows lengthen from the mountain which sits enwalled in the cañon below him.

He notes, too, again and again, the light effects, which are dreams of color and beauty. The refulgent glow of the bold headlands shades off into green, mauve and sapphire. There is a long, slanting streak of light pouring up the cañon, but broken by the mountain already mentioned. At the point where the sun's rays are thus checked the haze is a pale pink; farther to the right it is blue, and deeper down in the gorge it becomes aqua-marine. The splendor of the sunset is awesome and sublime. The hush of death and desolation is over the great chasm. The unspeakable solitude, vastness and grandeur of the scene, the spirit of loveliness and of farness, still the speech of man and mute every animate thing.

The twilight falls quickly in this latitude, and one must hasten if he takes in in one evening all the wonders of the spectacle. As he watches the far-away temples they become phantom-like in the fading light. The spires, turrets and pinnacles fade away like ghosts. The shadows grow deeper and denser, until night with her stars shuts out the matchless scene.

The glories of the sunset are reproduced at sunrise, but the pictures are reversed. The shadows of evening are changed to spaces shot with golden glory. There are banks of blue where at evening there was the shimmer of the sunlight. The headlands build bridges of shadow across yawning chasms, over which the sprites may march, and the great shafts of light lean to the west instead of to the east, as they did yesterday.

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It is Monday morning, June 4, 1894. Our guide has planned for today a descent to the great plateau, three thousand feet below the cañon's rim.

Only the invalid of the party and the ex-Confederate with the broken collarbone remain with the chef and the teamsters to keep house.

The trail is like most mountain trails, only a little bit more so. We are told that burros have carried women down it in safety, but it seems incredible, unless the burro dragged an anchor for ballast. The soil yields under the foot, and to the man who is unused to exercise the task of going down makes the knees quiver and the heart thump. On the way down he sheds a coat at one pile of rocks, a vest at another, and hankers to shuck himself nude of flesh and slide down in his bones.

One bit of the trail leads along a great limestone ledge, and is easy going. As we swing around this ledge we face our camp, which, with its tent of snow and its bevy of camp-seekers, towers above us a thousand feet or more. The party strikes up the chorus of "Daisy Bell," and the sound is wafted up to the listeners of the rim-top with marvelous distinctness. We give a concerted yell, and the echoes leap among the rocks in an apparent endless duplication. The camp-keepers shout down to us, and the sound comes as clear and resonant as the melody of silver bells. How sweet the air is! What exuberance, purity, freshness there is in it!

From the limestone ledge the trail takes a sudden leap vertically toward the plateau. It is a slide, a crawl, a scramble. Down and yet down, over sloping rocks on which there is scarce a bit of foothold, we toil amid murmurs of disgust and frequent pulls at the tea-filled canteens. Firewater is taboo. Good, plain North American water or cold tea is the only thing drinkable permitted on this jaunt, and it is a most wise provision.

The party had preceded the guide by a half hour or so, the trail being perfectly safe and distinct; and when the level was reached a council of war was held, the substance of it being that the kickers of the party wanted to go down to the river, a full day's journey for the round trip from where the session was held.

When the guide arrived he was promptly jumped upon, and he thereupon made reply that if anybody wanted to go to the river after he had finished showing things for the day, he would go back to camp for grub and blankets.

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Let it be recorded that after the day's experience of some twenty miles, more or less, over rocks and shifty trails, nobody wanted to hear the word river, let alone go to see it.

This plateau is a point of view for some of the most wonderful details of the cañon. Its easterly extremity is called the Grand Scenic Divide. From its summit one may look down sheer three thousand feet or more and see the roily river larruping the rocks and whooping along on its way to the Gulf of California at the rate of from ten to sixty miles an hour. But, though we have descended nearly three thousand feet, our view of the river is through a gap in the great wall that one may cover from sight with three fingers of the hand.

To the right towers Hotel Point, three and a half thousand feet above us. At its base stand great, symmetrical pillars shaped like Cleopatra's Needle in Central Park, New York, but six hundred feet high. The divide swings around a quarter circle and shows that it is a gigantic ledge of red sandstone, as symmetrically built up as though done by a master mason, and away up on its weird side there is revealed to the spectator a monster monogram, "G.A.R."

From this point one may look miles and miles up the great gorge to the eastward and see repeated the wondrous effects that he saw from the cañon's rim. Titanic quadrangles carved out of solid sandstone, in which might stand the army of the United States without a man touching either wall; stupendous amphitheaters that would hold the combined audiences of the world; monster ledges of rock seamed with ore in markings like the workings of a great mine; building upon building and beyond building; palisade upon palisade; temple, mansion, turret, square, pagoda, tower, peak, crag and headland, leading on and on and yet on until the eye tires and the spirit faints.

Our guide is an Arizonian, and, as a consequence, perhaps, of his environment, is inclined to draw the long bow. He told us it was twenty minutes' walk to the crest of the Scenic Divide, but it took over an hour of toilsome scrambling over a land without even a ghost of a trail to get there.

And yet when we saw the majestic panorama that was spread out above us, below us and before us, no man had the heart to call him a liar.

Had we gone there with bleeding feet no one would have *thought* of caviling, for the Grand Cañon hushes human com-

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plaining; its majesty is so overpowering that one forgets to hurt or to tire. He feels himself such an atom that he lacks the superb nerve to complain at anything.

It is now nearly midday. The sun stands over the great gorge and pours into it his concentrated rays of glory. He lights the enshadowed nooks and sweeps the purple from the slope and headland. The distance is full of haze, but about us lie the brilliancy of sunshine and the swimming airs that sparkle with sweetness and purity.

Our guide promises luncheon at Mystic Spring, and says it is a half mile beyond yonder point; but it proves to be three miles or more.

The effect of the Grand Cañon on an Arizonian's judgment of distance.

Yet we are getting used to this.

The Mystic Spring is not much of a spring as to quantity, but its quality is deliciousness itself. The luncheon-loaded burro was already at the rendezvous before us, and he proved at this particular juncture to be the most popular man in the party.

Underneath a gigantic rock, forming a grotto that was cool and restful, the weary sightseers sprawled and ate, and ate and sprawled. The glories of the things seen were recounted, and the further views leading out to the west were gazed upon. Here in this waste of desolation and solitude, far from the madding crowd, viands take on added piquancy, a potted fowl has four wings, and a *pate de foi gras* hits the midriff with a musical thud.

Amid these matchless splendors sawed out by the tooth of Time let us stay and dream, and gaze, and speculate, and theorize. Let us see new glories disclosed by the shifting lights of the afternoon as other glories become smothered and subdued in the shadows. Let us people these depths and distances with shapes to match them. Let us dream of the mighty monsters that once roamed and roared in these gorges. Let us lie here amid the sunshine and lulling breeze and let the world go by.

—[June, 1894.

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ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

[Delivered at the Citrus Fair in Riverside.]

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: I had feared that the attendance this evening would be seriously decreased because of a statement made by your paper last Saturday that I would read a poem on this occasion; for I am aware that alleged poets are, in the language of the streets, "a holy terror" to many estimable people, and that even the best poetry is not relished by the masses—that poets, and especially those of the long-haired variety like myself, are a thorn in the flesh of workaday people who grow barley or oranges for a livelihood; for they feel that no man has a right to fritter away his days in a lotus dream of rhyme when there are so many broad acres of outdoors waiting the visit of the plowshare and the belt of the trusty hoe. Hence, for that and other reasons, as I have previously informed your esteemed committee, I have written no poem for this evening. To tell you the truth, I don't profess to be much of a poet on general principles, and no man ever yet insulted me by saying that I cannot write poetry, for I heartily agree with him. Yet, less than a year ago, I did consent to write some verses upon the occasion of the dedication of this hall, but, remembering that the good people of Riverside had let me off without a riot, and from the fact that many of them are my esteemed and honored friends, I decided not to try their patience further.

But on behalf of the fruit growers of Riverside and San Bernardino county I have been put forward tonight to extend a welcome to the visitors to this Second Annual Citrus Fair. I suppose that I have been selected for this duty because of my supreme ignorance on the question of citrus, or any other kind of, fruit growing, your committee fearing, perhaps, that, did I know more of what I ought to talk about, I might cover all the ground and leave nothing further to be said. If that has been their aim I can assure you that they have made a center shot. Of course, when I go past a fruit stand I know an orange when I see it, for I once lived in a country where they grew osage oranges around all the farms, and I further know how to descend into the luscious depths of a golden sphere and to draw from it nectar fit for a goddess; but whether or otherwise the China lemon is best budded on the Rhode Island Greening, whether the russet orange is a better variety than the Mediterranean sour, whether the navel orange has the form of a gunboat or

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is rigged like some of the men-of-war which patrol our proud river, are points quite beyond me. The further question of irrigation—high pressure and low pressure—and whether land should be plowed bias or cut with gores across the front breadths and piped with cardinal geraniums, are things that I do not consider my intellect muscular enough to wrestle with, but I see about me men who can fairly hurl facts at you on all these points, and to them are to be left the more practical and serious questions of the hour.

But on behalf of the people of this county, and more especially the people of Riverside, I extend a cordial welcome to our visitors, and take this moment to say that about them lie fruits plucked from the very topmost branch of the tree of success. To pre-empt a breadth of desert and transform it into a garden where the rose vies with the lime and the orange in making the air billow with fragrance has been no picnic. To drive from his favorite lair or drown in his farthest haunts the wily gopher and the burrowing squirrel; to boost from the very land of his origin the venomous tarantula and the hydra-legged centipede, and build an Odd Fellows' Hall on the spot where they were wont to sting people, has been no play spell. To tap yon rushing river and turn its water across the miles and miles of arid plain has cost money, weariness and blisters on the hands of Toil too numerous to mention without a catalogue. To build flumes across yawning chasms or over dark ravines; to worry the dreary plain until not only two but possibly three blades of grass grew where none grew before; to wrench from the very ashes of desolation bountiful harvests and gleaming stretches of fruited trees has been no paper victory; they have been wrested with the sabers of Toil from myriad enemies—the enemy of drouth, which has burned the fields and the vines and the leaves of the tender trees; the enemy of detraction, which is ever ready to blow a cold breath in the face of merit, and the enemy of hard times, whose gaunt hosts have hung upon the land like a pestilence, that have trampled on the richest harvests, and whose shadow is hardly yet beyond the horizon.

To the success won from such fierce odds we welcome you. We welcome you to a climate which, when not otherwise engaged curing raisins, can cure consumption and other pulmonary complaints in the same breath; a climate which forces the bronchitis to hide its diminished head, and where the asthma has no more show than an ounce of phosphorus in the largest match factory

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on the Pacific Coast; where the eternal hills through all the balmy year filter through the air the pungent odor of the sighing pines; where the days are garlanded with the melody of songsters that seek no fairer clime because there is none fairer!

We welcome you most especially to this exhibit because it shows in pictures of gold — pictures of substance that you may hold in your hands or put to your lips with pleasure and benefit to your anatomy; or, if you cannot get your hands on them, will make your mouths water anyway — pictures which tell most unmistakably what brawn and brain may accomplish, even 'mid the dreariest prospect. It seems hardly credible that less than ten years ago all about us stretched a land

“Brown as the blasted Dead Sea fruit,
As bound to barrenness and dearth;
Behold yon patch of rusty earth
Whereon no turf has taken root,
No summer shadows flit and pass” —

That so few years could change such barrenness into the prolific beauty that we see this moment:

“Here where the orange blooms along the way,
Making a bridal of the fruited year;
Here where rose blossoms drift from May to May,
And spend their odorous richness far and near;
Here where the harvest's always rich and full,
Because man's labor breaks the need of rain;
Here where he sweetly sleeps amid the lull
That comes from rustling of the golden grain” —

That this bit of thorny garden among which gleam blossoms as white as the snow upon the mountain tops — that this Hesperian Vale of Cashmere was only that short time ago so bleak, so barren and so desolate. Yet what we welcome you to today is but a premonition of the future harvests. The garden grows wide and wider; a new orchard is planted today where but yesterday a lizard skurried across the rusty land, and today a rose tree sheds its perfume where but yesterday the tar weed flaunted its raggedness in the air! From the chilly regions beyond the mountains of gold come a people seeking a fairer sky, to find it here, and them we welcome as we welcome you.

Out of the richness of the land the harvest speaketh, telling that this people is making the world better because they are

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making it lovelier — for loveliness is a prime virtue — and to it all through me they extend to you that good old Saxon greeting of welcome which means a hospitality broad as the skies, and as warm as one of our own matchless sunlit days! With all modesty — and I take the liberty now of speaking more for myself than those I represent — we hope the example of this people may be a good one to those of other sections; that our glorious State, rich in all that man can ask — in the gold which glistens in its streams and seams its mountain ledges; in the air which drifts down from its snow-clad heights, or which rolls in from the sea fragrant with spices of the far-off isles; in the soil, which, touched by the hand of toil, blossoms into the heartiest harvests — may reach up for greater fruits than these. Fruits of the blessing of peace; homes upon every flower-dotted breadth of foothill, and plenty in every valley, with a humanity rich in the grace of learning and rich in the grace of love:

“ And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.”

—[February 24, 1880.

SCIENCE ON THE HALF SHELL.

It seems to have become the handsome thing to post the public about the juxtaposition and stuff of the planets, and as this department is intended to be strictly useful one can drop in here and get his little old star pabulum as cheap as anywhere in town. I have on tap at this writing a few choice glimmerers who get up and glim as follows: Mars is Uranusing in the south half of the northwest quarter of the east eighth of the southwest half of the nimbus of the perihelion. Aurora Illinois Boreris is three points south of southwest and a little northeast by south-east by westerly south of Luna, that pale and breathless planet which looms in the — in the south by north. The new comet is flopping its tail into the Big Dipper about 3 a.m. and getting its said tail wetter than sop, I expect, and if the said comet should upset the said Dipper and spill the said contents of said Dipper over the nebulae of the said comet and cause the said comet of the first part to get a cold in its elongation, then the said Dipper,

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the said party of the second part, will get the said party of the first part, as I have said, and that's what she said. A few other minor constellations are left over to be shown up by some of those other papers that think they are so dreadfully fly on stars.



These newspapers that are dreadfully chipper on astronomy cave when it comes to cloudbursts. Now, I was almost raised on waterspouts and Arizona washouts, and there is no use talking. When I have any information in my system it has to ooze, so here goes. You see, a cloud starts up away down about Bakersfield and goes loafing along up the valley, and kind of blows up like a balloon for a day or two, and when it's fuller than a candidate for sheriff it bumps up against a mountain and bursts open and gets everything wet. Now you see how simple a cloudburst is when you get it thoroughly explained to you!

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Blackberry Jam. — Hunt up a large, healthy blackberry and jam it up against a hitching post on the plaza till it can't rest.



Indian Pudding. — Catch a full-blooded Indian, Apache preferred, and feed him for twenty minutes to a steam sausage machine. Baste with pompadour dressing and boil over a cool fire; serve hot with chili sauce.



Scalloped Oysters. — Take large oysters and a pair of sheep scissors, scallop the edges of the bivalves and jam them so full of grated crackers that their feet will ache. Sit them in the sun two or three days to warm up and then serve cold, just to astonish them.



Apple Roll. — Take a big mellow apple and roll it down the side of a mountain till it is thoroughly tired, then feed it to a yellow dog with sore feet.



Sponge Cake. — Take a sponge as large as you can buy for 10 cents and soak it in a solution of Florida water and French mustard — I declare I forget the rest of this.

And Other Poems and Prose.

Paragraphs.

Fortune favors the man who dares — to bluff !

✱ ✱ ✱

Genius never waits for an opportunity ; it makes it.

✱ ✱ ✱

A breaking heart often lies but across the threshold of a smile.

✱ ✱ ✱

The Chicago postoffice has a ghost. It is probably a mail ghost.

✱ ✱ ✱

Ice is one of the few things that is always what it is cracked up to be.

✱ ✱ ✱

It is a fact not overly queer, that mere cash will purchase cashmere.

✱ ✱ ✱

In the emancipated woman's Bible did Mrs. Moses write the ten commandments?

✱ ✱ ✱

If some of the new cavalrymen fail to remember the mane they are likely to fall off.

✱ ✱ ✱

Kissing is said to be a sure cure for the hysterics. Now watch the dear girls throw fits.

✱ ✱ ✱

The rainy season is upon us, and you who have hay to shed had better prepare to shed it now.

✱ ✱ ✱

Paty du Clam, the French warrior, is filling the tureen and also a long-felt want. He is in jail.

✱ ✱ ✱

Bog-Ah-Mah-Ge-Shig is a name that, if set up zigzag fashion, would make an excellent fence.

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A Hudson Bay traveler has discovered a fish that builds a nest. My, but that fish must be a bird!



The names of some of those Pillager Indians would make excellent tails to attach to a fleet of kites.



The work of licking the Wilson bill into shape made its author sick. Well, it was enough to make anybody.



In case of war, of course the new woman will insist upon her right to stand up and be shot at just like a man.



Put a little sentiment and plenty of love into your Christmas presents if you want them to land right side up with care.



"Peace on earth, good will to men," is all right, but the other fellow must furnish his share of both—and he mustn't scrouge.



A St. Louis paper wants to know "what is so restful as a day in June?" We give it up, unless it be two days in July or August.



There is one saving grace about those artificial eggs that we read about. They cannot hatch out spring chickens of the vintage of 1879.



Lynn, Mass., has an anti-short-skirts-for-teachers movement. Most of the "movement" is inside the skirts, and the skirts are not on the antis, either.



Why is a persistent lover like the cover of a book? Because the lover is bound to get her, and book covers are bound together, too. Easy as finding it.



Chauncey Depew says the birds are building nests in the cannon's mouth. Well, birdies, if you will take a fool's advice, you would better scoot.

And Other Poems and Prose.

A Michigan girl has had her speech restored by a kiss.
Speechless young women should paste this in their bonnets and
make ready to snuggle.



Will the coming woman wear whiskers? *Fin de siecle*
debating societies should take up this vital question and settle it
at as early a day as possible.



The Cristobal Colon is so badly wrecked that we fear our
folks are not going to be able to patch up enough of her to make
a comma, our boys are so impulsive!



A scientific investigator who is studying the language of
cats expresses the opinion that they swear. It needed no sci-
entific investigator to tell us this.



According to a scientist, the world, in twenty centuries, will
not be inhabited. And there's one good feature about it — the
strike business will be ended, too.



The question has been raised, "What constitutes the model
husband?" The answer is simple. The model wife will make
most any old kind of a husband a model.



A big piano factory in New York has just burned down.
Of course, when the company gets keyed up to the right pitch
they will have a new factory on the string.



"One swallow does not make a Summer," but I have seen a
trout make a Spring, and a tipsy fellow make a Fall, all the same!
You can't expect to have every blamed thing you want.



Who knows but what some other school girl in braids and
short dresses is laying her deadly plans this very minute to entrap
Willie Breckinridge. Won't somebody please look after Willie
a little?



The statue of John Harvard has again been decorated with
red paint by some ribald students. If the boys want John's
figure done in red why not let it so remain? It is a good, warm
color, anyway.

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A Chicago paper publishes the startling statement that Admiral Dewey hasn't given his "itinerancy." This ought to be looked into before the admiral leaves Hongkong. Perhaps he doesn't know he has the complaint.



The Women's Congress, in session at Hamburg, Germany, where the lace comes from, has gone on record in disesteem of the corset and jewelry. To be sure, no vote was taken on the subject, but it was broached.



A Boston physician says that "if the average business man will only take a long tramp into the woods before breakfast every morning he will enjoy better health." All right, Doc, bring on your woods and we'll try 'em.



A scientist has discovered that sour canned corn is caused by six forms of bacteria, five bacilli and one micrococcus, or almost enough animalculæ to hold a Reichsrath session right in the can and make it bulge out at the ends.



Patriotism is one of the grandest things on earth, but it ought not to be cheapened with spasms of vealy hysteria. It will be time enough for the college boys to burn the flag of Spain when they have captured one in honorable fight.



A Swedish scientist asserts that "within 20,000 years the North Pole will be in Chicago." Which goes to show that that pole is the unluckiest thing in the world. If it knows what is good for it, though, it will stay where it is now.



Sorrow may come to all the children of men, and yet we might as well wish each other "Happy New Year" and keep right on smiling and being as sunny as we can. The sunny side of the clouds will roll around into view all in due time.



Mary Anderson-Navarro is said to be more beautiful than ever; a sure sign that she has a good husband. Women who preserve their beauty in the wedded state give convincing evidence that the lord of the house knows how to treat a wife.

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An American girl has won a big musical prize in Berlin, which goes to show, as usual, that when the bright, breezy, bonny and beautiful American girl goes after anything she gets it, whether it be man, beast, prize or decoration. The world is her oyster — God love her.



Good-by, old 1891! May the turf rest lightly over the spot where we laid you at midnight, and may all the griefs and tears we planted with you turn out seeds of happiness, to grow beautiful flowers of love and peace and pleasure for everybody in all this big, wide world!



When Cullum's little boom fell down,
As presently befell,
He rushed right home to Illinois
And said —

[No, we won't say it, because it's naughty what he said.]



Chauncey Depew says: "There is no doubt that had Manila been a Spanish victory there would have been an illumination of France." Now, girls, if you buy any more Parisian bonnets after hearing this you cannot slide down our cellar door, or, if you do, we warn you that there will be a nail in it.



THAT SUN SPOT.

No wonder most everything's shaky,
And the banks are mixed up in a "run;"
Why, even a comet's got cranky
And busted a hole in the sun!



Bully for Anna Gould! She is going to have the smashingest thing in the way of a coronet ever turned out from a bauble shop. It is to be steel riveted, copper bottomed, and warranted not to cut in the eye or ravel at the seams. But what a pity she hasn't that million-dollar diamond of the Pope's to plant in it.



The Chicago Chronicle tells of a case in that city where a nervous old man, who was suffering from prostration, died from hearing the noise of the salutes on the Fourth of July. The

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same thing came very near happening on that same day, 120 years ago, to an elderly gentleman residing in or near London — which his name it was John Bull, as Sairey Gamp would say.



An ordinance against the “end-seat” hog in street cars has been introduced in Toledo, O. The next thing we expect to hear from Toledo is that when the man at the end of the seat who has been compelled to shove along wants to get out at the next corner, and is, therefore, forced to walk over the other fifteen people on the seat, he will be taken out back of town and shot.



Hang high the Christmas holly,
And eke the mistletoe,
Hurrah! let's all be jolly,
And dull care overthrow!
Look out, sweet maid, you're 'neath the bough,
You lovely thing, he's got you now —
Take that, and that — ho! ho!



If war comes, our citizens of foreign birth will be found at the front where the fighting is the hottest — let no one question that fact. The German-American, the Irish-American, the Franco-American and all the other compound citizens become simply Americans when the war drums rattle and the big guns bellow, and the rhythm of their marching has a direful menace in it to the foeman of the flag of stars.



. . . Back yonder, where cyclones cyc and blizzards blizz, there are improvement societies that make it their business to get trees growing along the city streets, and it gives me a pain in the lambdoidal diaphragm to see the way this proud and prosperous paradise of the semi-tropics sits in the sun, apparently too lazy to plant a few trees. The tenderfeet are making remarks about this, and you folks down there where I have my war-eagle eye onto you would do well to take steps to silence their hubbub. The Eagle yearns for shade.



We Americans are slow when it comes to doing the picturesque, for certainly no Yankee would ever have thought of appearing at an afternoon tea followed by a tame calf covered

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with a blanket of gilded vellum. It takes Mrs. Crispi, wife of the former Italian Premier, to evolve that sort of an idea, and we must, to be fair, acknowledge that it is simply great — so great, indeed, that the muse feels like taking a whack at it; so here goes:

Mrs. Crispi had a little calf
With a vellum blanket on it,
And everywhere the lady went
The calf also meandered.
It followed her to tea one aft,
Adorned with ribbons gay,
And every one who saw it said:
"For goodness sake, Mary Crispi, what on earth
are you going to do with that calf?"



It is useless to tell people to locate Mr. Borelly's comet by its juxtaposition to the Polestar when the half of them couldn't find the latter with the Yerkes telescope, and wouldn't recognize the celestial stand-by if they swept the glass across it. The only way for the star-gazing multitude to find anything in the starry skies is to fix it in connection with something that they are familiar with — a telegraph pole, a shot-tower, or some other familiar landmark. That there may be no further loss of time in locating the two-tailed wonder we desire to say that it may be found directly above Bill Jones' barn.



The rain last Sunday was as welcome as a sweetheart's kiss. It cleaned the dust from the face of Mama Nature, then dashed over the mountains, leaving great diamond drops on the shrubbery which gleamed like tears. Then the moon, mellow and tender faced, ambled up from behind the eastern battlements and laughed upon the scene. The sky was a canopy of turquoise, flecked with the bas-relief of cloud. A mocking bird fluttered out and spread a sheet of music across the lea, the stars glistered in the zenith and threw twinkling kisses down to the world's people, and the earth was glad.



A lady pedagogue connected with an eastern school has been researching considerably of late and makes the astounding dis-

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covery that women are much smarter than men in "motor co-ordinations." We decline to be convinced of this. Any man who has sense enough to pound sand can work a "motor co-ordination" with his hands tied behind him and his eyes shut. Of course, a great many ladies are also expert, but they are no more so than many men who go about among us quietly and soberly. We grant almost everything that may be said in favor of the sex, but when any woman has the audacity to stand up and say that the gender, as such, can motor co-ordinate any more skillfully than men folks it is time to call a halt!



Nashville, Tenn., has a wonderful genius who is editing a new magazine called *The Literary Gazette*. Speaking of the South, he states specifically that "Before the radiac scintillations of her intellectual splendor the transient meteors of other nations and climes vanish as a thin mist from the mountain top before the virgin blush of the rosy morn." He states, further, that her "sphere is unbounded, for when you attempt to limit southern intelligence you fling a cord around all space." If we hear of anybody attempting to fling cords around southern intelligence, or the slightest attempt to bottle up this genius who bubbles like a bottle of champagne when freshly opened, it will go hard with him. A man who can grind out such lovely language as this must not be hampered by any strings, nor have the hose turned on him in any manner whatsoever. *The Literary Gazette* must be permitted to scatter her "radiac scintillations" far and wide, for they are simply glorious, you bet!



Admiral Dewey says of Lieut. Hobson that the young hero of the *Merrimac* "takes life too seriously." Sure. The way to take life is to look upon it all as very much of a picnic, and the man who makes it the greater picnic with the sunshine of his presence, his good humor, his generosity to his fellows, his cheerful optimism, his unselfish patriotism and an universal and all-compelling buoyancy of spirits is not only the wiser man but the better man. He is the man whose coming gladdens and whose going is regretted. He brings sunshine into the home, the camp, the ship, or the counting-room, and when he goes over to the great majority the light of a star is quenched. Life has all too much of sadness and seriousness in it at the very best, hence the cultivation of a cheerful demeanor, and of the spirit



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of *savoir faire*, is to be commended to young and old alike. "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone."



Prof. Jordan of Stanford schoolery, where the young and callow idea is taught to shoot and play football, declares by the jumping jackass of Palm Springs that there isn't any sea serpent in the whole, big, boundless, briny drink — so there! And the professor probably knows, for if there is a submarine layout that he has not penetrated in all its moist depths — a single, solitary, lone, lorn grotto among the reefs of the blue Atlantic, Pacific, Baltic, Mediterranean, Adriatic and such other oceans and water-scapes as are named in Andy McNally's atlas that costs \$2.50 — the Eagle would like to hear of it. Talk about monsters of the deep; there is not a square feet of the sea's bottom but what Prof. Jordan has crawled over on his hands and knees spying out sea serpents, and when any red-faced sea dog utters to the effect that he has witnessed one of those snakes whooping his way along through the brine in Long. 47 and Lat. 22, he's another and doesn't take it up. As authority on snakes of the sea sort, the Eagle will back old man Jordan "agin" the world. Gee ricks! he was raised on snakes.



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